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February 15, 1941

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Collier's

THE NAT[illegible] WEEKLY *

IOLA FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY IOLA, KANSAS

YOU CAN'T SAY THAT! BY WALTER DA[illegible]

A look at the strainer for the news

JOHN H HENDERSON
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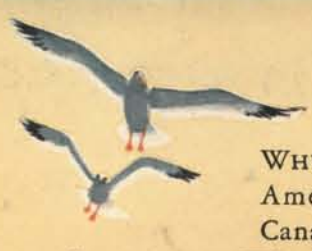
Escape to EASTER ISLAND

1. "I *can thank* Canadian Club for the strangest trip I've ever taken—to that weird speck called Easter Island," reads a recent letter. "I've always been fascinated by the giant stone heads on that island, sculptured centuries ago by an unknown race. So when I found a small one in a curio shop, I bought it.

2. "*One night* an acquaintance dropped in at my home. As usual, I produced a bottle of Canadian Club. As usual, that superb flavor found another convert. He stayed longer than he had intended, and among the things we talked about was the Easter Island head.

3. " 'H*ow would you* like to visit this place?' my friend asked suddenly. 'I've got the boat; you've got me interested in this place; and I'm asking you to go along!'...Well, what would *you* have said? In a month, we landed at Easter Island. We measured, made casts, and studied, and though we came no nearer to solving the riddle of Easter Island than anyone else ever has, we had the time of our lives, one reason for which must have been our ship's store of Canadian Club."



CHANGE TODAY, AS THOUSANDS HAVE

Taste for yourself why more Americans drink Canadian Club than <u>any</u> other Imported Whisky

WHY do twice as many Americans now drink Canadian Club as did a few years ago? Why have they changed to this rare, imported whisky?

The answer is in Canadian Club's utterly *distinctive* flavor—its all-round agreeable nature—that surprises and delights *all* tastes. Men themselves say Canadian Club is *"light* as Scotch," *"rich* as rye," *"satisfying* as bourbon." Yet it has a delicious flavor all its own.

In Scotland, as in U.S.A., Canadian Club is the leading imported whisky. It is a favorite in 87 lands. Discover why for yourself. Just try this unusual whisky in your usual drink, and taste the pleasing difference. Start to enjoy Canadian Club today! Canadian Club Blended Canadian Whisky. 6 years old. 90.4 proof. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

IN 87 LANDS WHISKY-WISE MEN ASK FOR

"Canadian Club"

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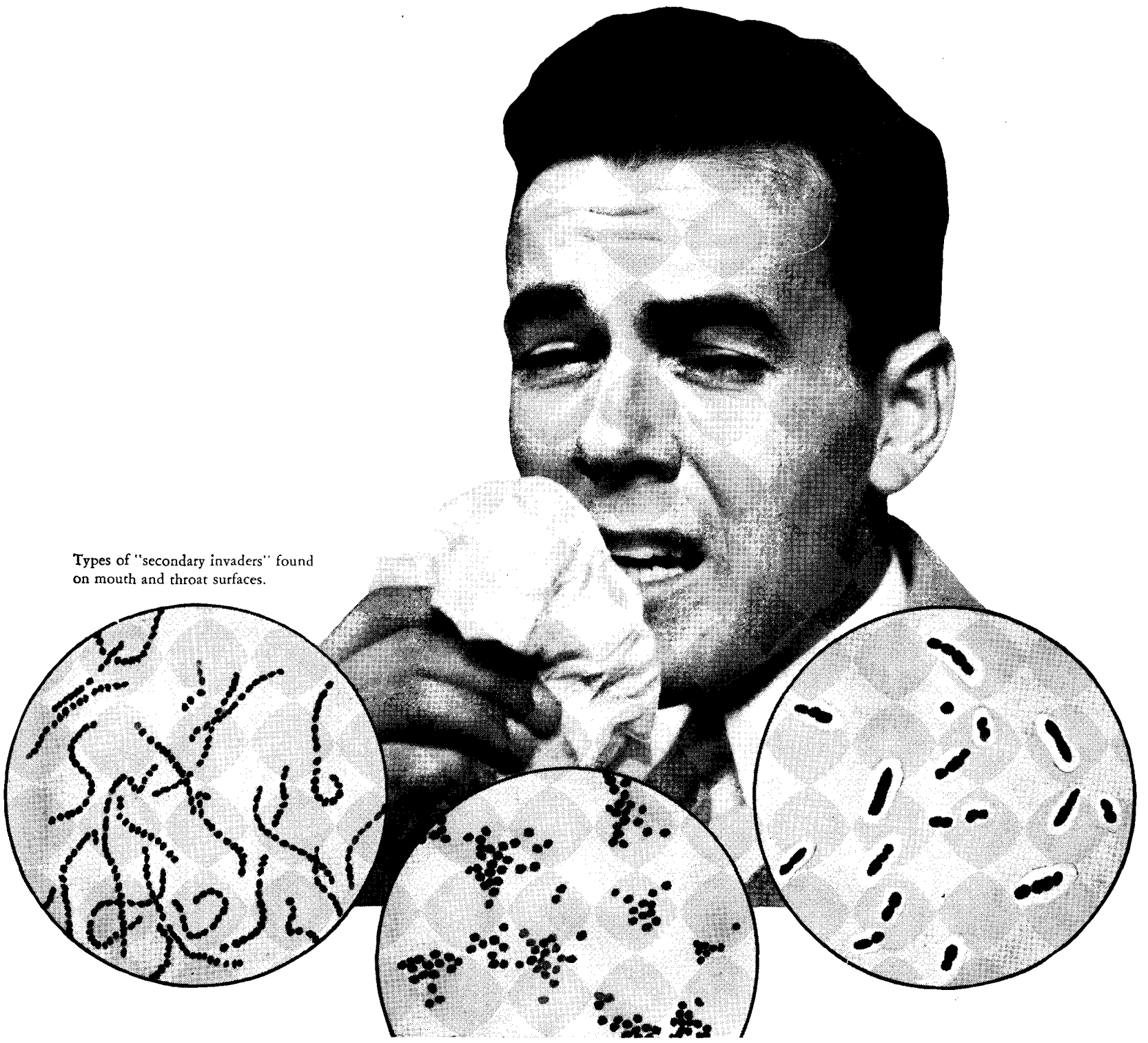


Types of "secondary invaders" found on mouth and throat surfaces.

These germs may make a cold serious—get after them with Listerine quick!

DOCTORS call such threatening bacteria the "secondary invaders." They are among the many, say numerous authorities, that so often complicate a cold . . . make it troublesome . . . are largely responsible for most of the symptoms that you are all too familiar with.

Millions live even in normal mouths and throats, apparently causing no harm. Then, suddenly, when body resistance is lowered by fatigue, chill, wet feet, drafts, they frequently strike with quick ferocity. Invading the tissue, they set up infection and what started out as a simple cold may become a trying one.

Kills Millions of Germs on Tissue Surfaces

You can see how important it is to guard against these invaders . . . to systematically reduce their numbers before they strike. So we say: As a regular precaution against colds and as an aid in the treatment when a cold is already started, gargle full strength Listerine Antiseptic.

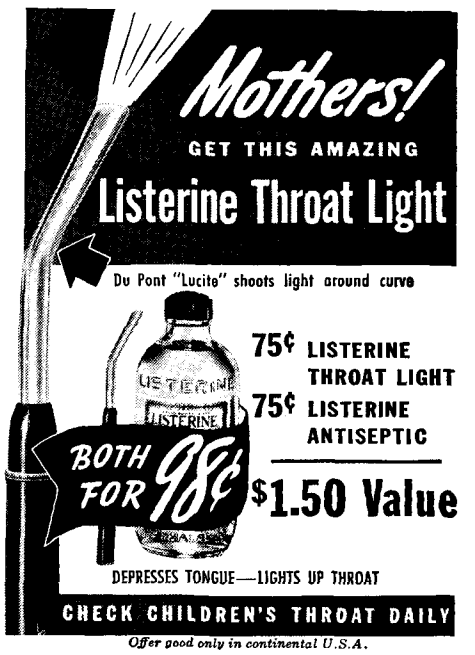
Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back in the throat to kill millions of these "secondary invaders" on surface tissues. Actual tests showed bacterial reductions ranging to 96.7%, even 15 minutes after Listerine Antiseptic gargle. Up to 80% an hour afterward.

Listerine's Great Record

Clinical tests made during nine years of painstaking research actually showed that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not gargle with it.

With this evidence before you, isn't it a good idea to use Listerine Antiseptic systematically, especially during the winter months?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*



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COVER KARL MILROY

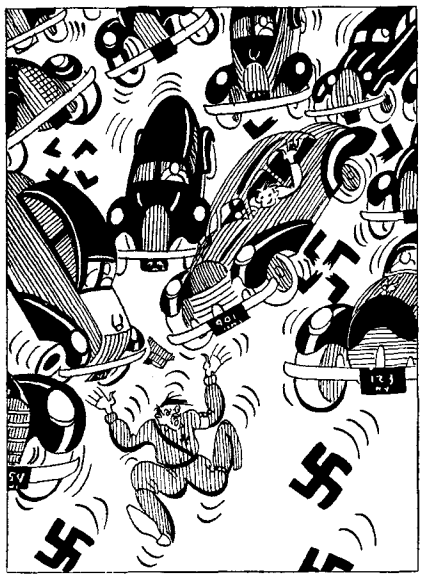
ANY WEEK

OF COURSE, it's our own fault. Competent legal authority has informed us that there is no law compelling anybody to attend a discussion of The Problems of Our Confused Youth. Nevertheless, we were invited and we went. The whole subject, with many rocky detours, was discussed by five elderly ladies and gentlemen, all of whom sympathetically became as confused as possible. We managed to grope our way out just before the talk became dangerously acrimonious. But not before we had begun to suspect that confusion knows no bottleneck. So we began to make inquiries. Our chief reward was a talk with a bright young man, recently graduated from school and now engaged in trying to make something coherent of his first job. He's working in a large airplane plant. He said he liked it. We urged him to be more explicit. He tried. "All I know," said he, "is that I am a helper to a man who makes something that goes on the top of something that's made somewhere else to be attached to a gadget that the pilot of an airplane does something to to make it go off. They're going to be sent to England if they work." Whereat, we quit our inquiry, feeling a trifle more tolerant of the five elderly ladies and gentlemen who had launched us on our vague little survey. We learned, too, that after we had gone, the conference discussed the possibility of becoming a permanent body to be known as The Clear Thinkers of America.

AND a great service they might render, too. Unless there's an unlooked-for change—in Washington, for example—a certain amount of confusion is likely to creep into our rearmament, aid to Britain, fiscal affairs and other objectives and enterprises. It happens in the best organizations in extraordinary circumstances. For example, there was the unidentified crisis in Hollywood that brought together some of the nation's best minds, including our associate Kyle Crichton. It had something to do with a movie. After the argument had seethed for about an hour, an associate producer got completely derailed and launched upon a tirade against union labor, thereby creating confusion that lasted until the chairman screamed: "Think, think, you damned fool, think!" The associate producer came back: "Think of what?" The chairman was stopped but only momentarily. Riffling through the papers on his desk, he demanded: "What were we talking about, anyway?"

OF COURSE we could enlist in a pilgrimage now being organized by another member of this staff, Jim Marshall. Mr. Marshall, having just completed a ten-thousand-mile look around our Army training camps, is thinking of settling down in the Uncompahgre Valley. The Uncompahgre Valley is in southwestern Colorado. That's as definite as we can be, Mr. Marshall telling us that even the few people living in the Uncompahgre Valley have no idea just where it is. He has selected it because "there are fewer people there to be wrong about what's going on—not that they know what's going on."

WHEN Mr. J. H. McCluer of Cody, Wyoming, heard that Major General E. B. Gregory, our Army's Quartermaster General, expected the automobile industry to equip our troops with 250,000 motor vehicles by next August, he sat down and wrote Adolf Hitler a letter of warning and invitation. He invited Mr. Hitler to come over this spring and spend a nice, balmy week end motoring over a few of America's more popular highways. Mr. McCluer hopes it will be one of those week ends when all of America's 25,000,000 motorcars will be out, all of them making their conventional unsuccessful effort



to arrive at the same destination at the same time and on the same piece of road. He would then tell Mr. Hitler that by late summer 250,000 more cars will be added to the carnage and that there is a plan afoot to send them all to Europe for a race from Paris to Berlin. It is Mr. McCluer's belief that Mr. Hitler will at once call up Berlin ordering the German government to negotiate for peace at any price immediately. If the 25,000,000 originals have previous engagements, Mr. McCluer is convinced that it will be necessary to send only the additional 250,000. At the wheels he would put 250,000 Sunday drivers, "give each of them a few drinks and turn them loose on the highways of Europe. If one American motorist, either sex, can't wreck at least four German tanks and pile up ten or twelve corpses, then this country is slipping." Anyway, Mr. McCluer expects Mr. Hitler to call the whole thing off.

ORIGINALLY we'd regard Mr. McCluer's idea as a bit impractical. But every now and then we find reason to believe anything possible. For example, here's a letter from Mr. John J. McCormack, a student at the University of Alabama. We read it with our customary calm until we got to the last page. Thereon Mr. McCormack told us that he was a journalism student, but that, "God forbid that my name ever be affiliated with the name of Collier's." We should have known that some time there would be a student of journalism who would refuse to write for us. Nevertheless, it took us some time to recover from the shock of finding one. So we (and you) shall be deprived of Mr. McCormack's stuff, and all because a few weeks ago we published that piece by William Bradford Huie—"How to Keep Football Stars in College." It was about Alabama football stars and how they grow. Mr. McCormack regards us as "a cheap nickel mag which trafficks in all the lowness of vicious, yellow journalism." As for Mr. Huie, Mr. McCormack denounces him with a vigor worthy of the football traditions of Alabama—"a backbiting heel," for example. Toward the end, however, Mr. McCormack relents a trifle. "I will upon request," writes he, "send you authoritative statements from this year's football squad and how they feel about the future."

AND we can't think of a more absorbing theme for the Alabama squad to feel about either. We dabbled in it a bit the other day at Fort Slocum, New York, where a large batch of brand-new soldier material was being inducted into the Army. We asked one of the lads what he thought things were coming to. "I don't rightly know yet," he said. "I've been so busy lately I ain't had time to get a good grip on the situation. I'll look around in a few days and write to you."

BUT we prefer to think of Miss Bettine Williamson, who lives at Number 4 St. John's Avenue, Putney, London, S.W.15, England. It was on the day following the night when the German Luftwaffe had set fire to London's famous City that Miss Williamson sat down and wrote us a tidy little note. Incidentally, the section in which Miss Williamson lives has taken repeated and horrible beatings from Mr. Hitler's airplanes. Not that she mentioned it in her note. "It would be a great privilege," writes she primly, "if you would kindly grant me the use of your paper to acquire pen friends among the citizens of the United States of America. I am eighteen years old and am interested in anything of a general nature, most especially the arts."

YOU'RE wasting your time, Adolf. . . .

W. D.

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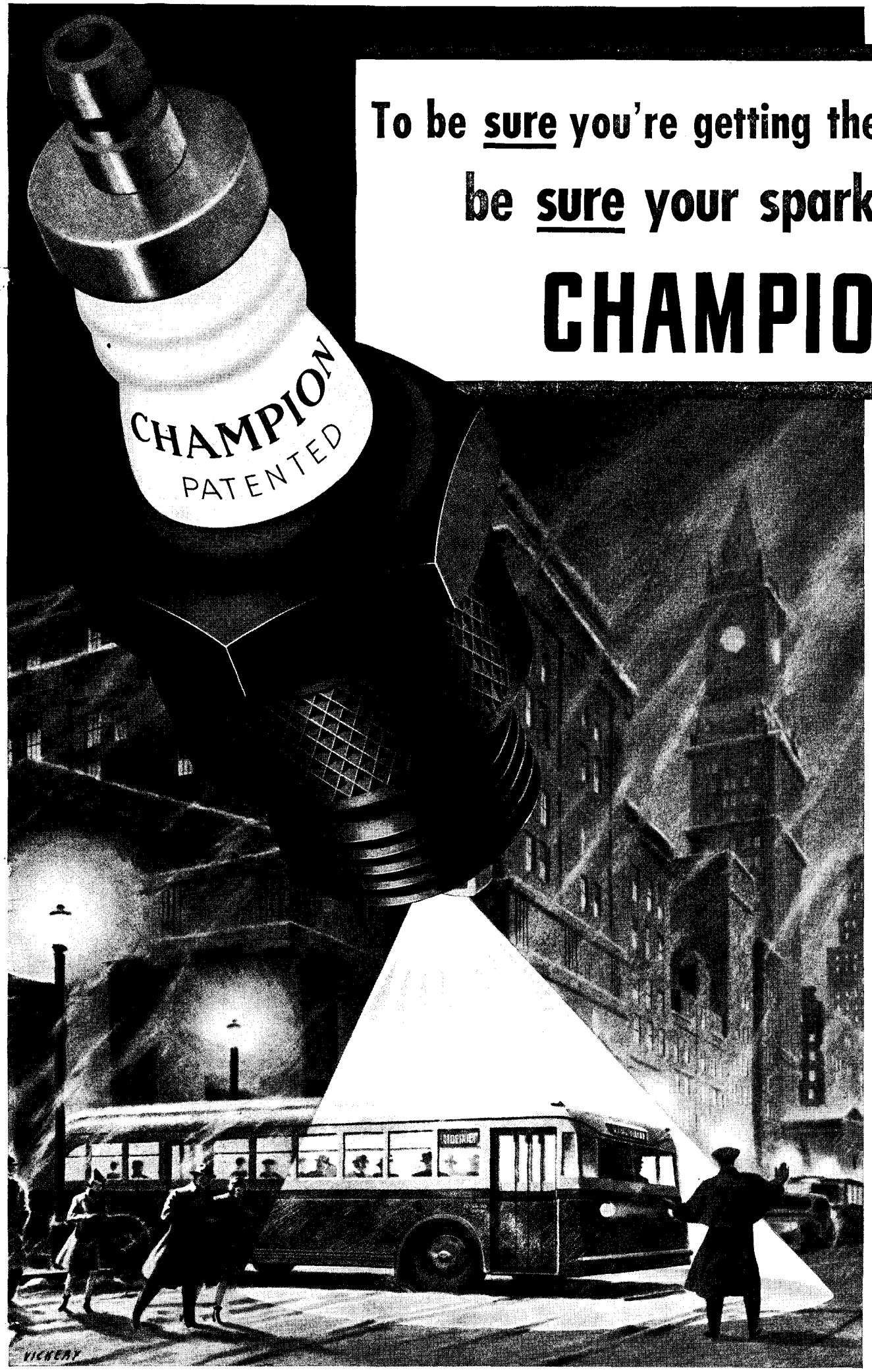
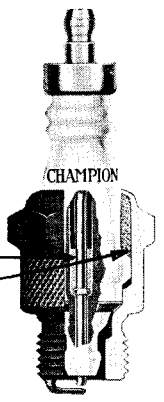
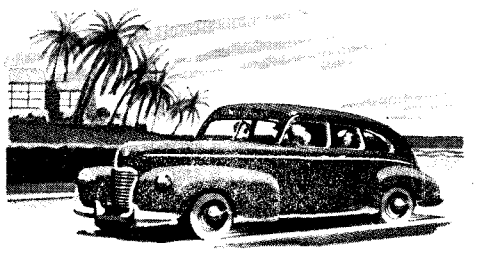
To be sure you're getting the best performance be sure your spark plugs are CHAMPIONS!



Eastern Massachusetts Street Railway Company, using Champion Spark Plugs exclusively in 658 buses, has twice won national competitive awards for efficient low cost operation.

No other spark plugs have the Sillment seal which makes Champions permanently free from troublesome leakage common to ordinary spark plugs. Tiny pinches of this Sillment powder compressed around the center electrode and the insulator shoulder form a seal preventing overheating, rough, uneven and wasteful engine operation.





Cars run smoother, have more power and use less gas when equipped with Champion Spark Plugs with the sensational Sillment seal.

●

Spark plugs were never more important than today—never more determinative of the degree and quality of the performance you get from your car. Champion Spark Plugs—the spark plugs champions use—offer definite performance advantages not obtainable with any other spark plugs.

Champion's exclusive Sillment seal alone, described above, is a feature which will make it worth your while to insist on Champions when you buy spark plugs. Remember, too, that Champion manufactures spark plugs exclusively, and naturally is more alert to the importance of spark plugs in high-compression engines using modern high-power fuels. For better performance and dependability demand Champion Spark Plugs.

You're always ahead with Champion!
SPARK PLUGS

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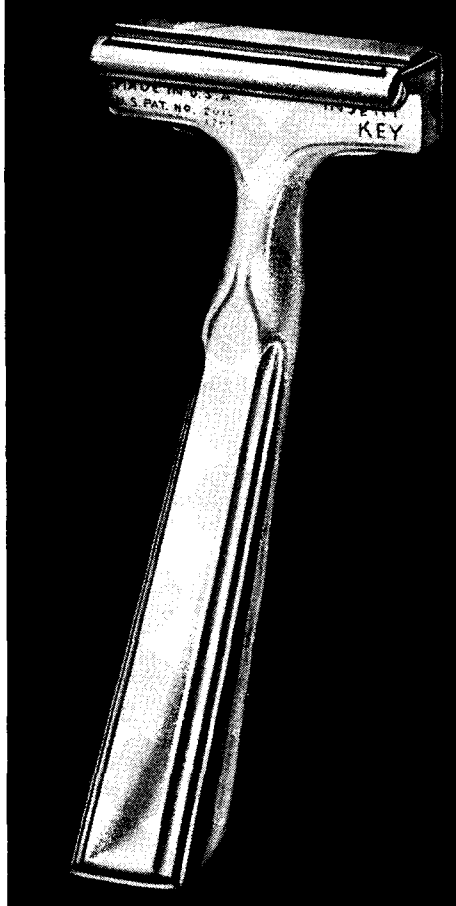
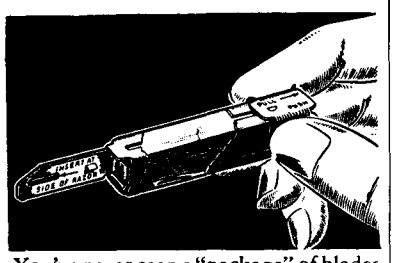
Meet the Latest Edition of the only Razor with automatic Blade Change!

You're looking at the new, improved model of the only razor that changes blades automatically! The razor that has the greatest improvements in safety razor design in more than 35 years! It gives such a cleaner, smoother, more comfortable shave that more than 5,000,000 men have switched to it!

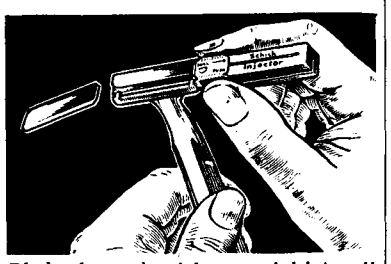


It's streamlined—every inch of it! But not just for "looks." Basic simplicity of construction that does away with ordinary "come-apart" razor design makes it simple and modern in appearance.

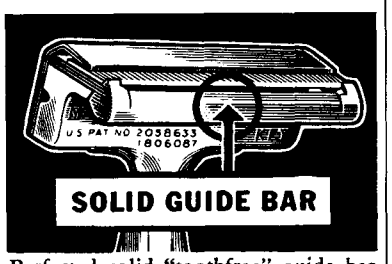
SCHICK
INJECTOR RAZOR
MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR CO., Bridgeport, Conn.



You've never seen a "package" of blades like this metal Schick Injector cartridge. It actually holds the blade edges suspended in space. Nothing can rub or dull them. Comes packed with 12 or 20 blades.



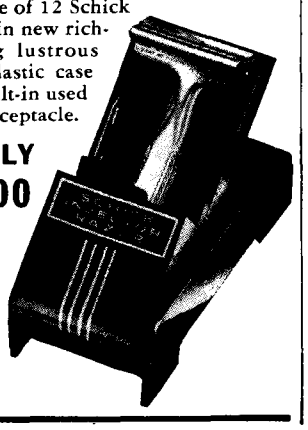
Blade changed quick as a wink! A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart. Nothing to put together. Hands never touch blade.



Perfected solid "toothfree" guide bar with roughened grip surface stretches and flattens the skin directly in front of the blade edge. "Times" each whisker to pop up out of natural hair pit directly in front of blade edge for cleaner, more comfortable shaves. No nicks, cuts or irritation.

NEW KIT, complete with the 1941 streamlined one-piece Schick Injector Razor, cartridge of 12 Schick Blades, in new rich-looking lustrous black plastic case with built-in used blade receptacle.

ONLY $1.00



Wing Talk

OUR air strategists hope your understanding of their problem won't be entirely conditioned by the catch-phrase "mass production." They point out that total air defense cannot be achieved with planes and factories alone. Consider, for example, highways and landing fields.

Germany's successful exploitation of air force on the Continent last year was in measure due to her organization of highways and landing fields. These were integral parts of her thorough preparations.

In all peaceful elements United States highways are peerless on this earth. But airmen say they lack auxiliary values today demanded of national roads for complete application of air power, while militarists say they are not adequate for the beatings imposed by tractors, heavy guns, tanks. As, for instance, the vast and unparalleled sweep of Germans from Poland to the Westwall that I witnessed in the first autumn of this war.

The Reich's "autobahnen" network was designed for just such an armed tide. Moreover, its secondary importance for practical tie-in with the flight arm was always calculated. More than 4 years ago you read in Collier's of those new German highways swerved in many places into the direction of prevailing winds, bald of trees and poles or obstructions that would hamper use as landing strips. You read, too, of squadrons observed practicing landings and take-offs on those roads, attended on the ground by petrol trucks and by compact motor units that were virtually portable repair shops.

Our national highways were conceived in happier mood.

Our Army and Navy between them now have 90 land airports. In 1935 they had 89. Also in 1935, there were 2,264 nonmilitary fields of all kinds—private, commercial, municipal, intermediate, and miscellaneous. Today there are only 2,246. Springfield, Missouri, furnishes an ominous example. Springfield is a fine city of about 60,000, importantly located with respect to lumbering, agriculture, mining and husbandry. It is an authorized stop on American Airlines, but has not been served for six years because its airport is not in condition for large-plane operations. Albany, capital of New York, was suspended from airline service most of the past two years for a similar reason.

Of civil airports, no more than ten per cent are suitable for full-scale military use. Yet civil fields should be the backbone of wartime air defense. Every one of Germany's hundreds of civil airports was deliberately framed to be as useful to the Luftwaffe as to the Lufthandel. Improvements have been made in many of our fields, yet this does not offset their decline in numbers. More than ever we need abundance of fields, not alone for defense, but, to provide for the big increase in private ships and pilots. This spring, thanks largely to the Civil Air Training Program, there will be more than 100,000 fliers in the United States exclusive of professional and military ones. Your news interest is concerned with Hurricanes, Spitfires, Messerschmitts. But those aren't the names young folks are bandying. Their talk is of Piper Cubs, Stinsons, Luscombes, Aeroncas, Taylors, Monocoupes and others—just as when you were a boy you discussed Appersons, Stevenses, White Steamers, Locomobiles, Maxwells, Stutz Bearcats and such romantic and ear-filling cars. The nearest thing we have achieved to "mass" production lies in the light planes. Currently more than 80 per cent of civil plane manufacture is of single-engine one- and two-seaters. The chief handicap to the growth of this market is the lack of airfields. Barred from military fields and from certain airports, our boys and girls with private and other noncommercial licenses have too few places to land.

IN TRANSPORTATION the old and the new seldom get completely out of touch; they usually achieve a nostalgic blending. Like buffalo robes in your family's first automobile, and those passenger railroad cars that used to be heated by coal stoves at one end. It mayn't surprise you too much, therefore, to learn that our most de luxe and modern airliners are steam-heated.

Water is piped around the hottest part of the motors, and the steam is generated in a radiator forward of the bulkhead between passenger cabin and pilot room. Fresh air sucked in from outside passes over the steam radiator, is warmed, and blown on into the cabin.

For your comfort and memories—

W. B. C.

HANS GROENHOFF

Private fliers—100,000 of them by spring—need more landing fields

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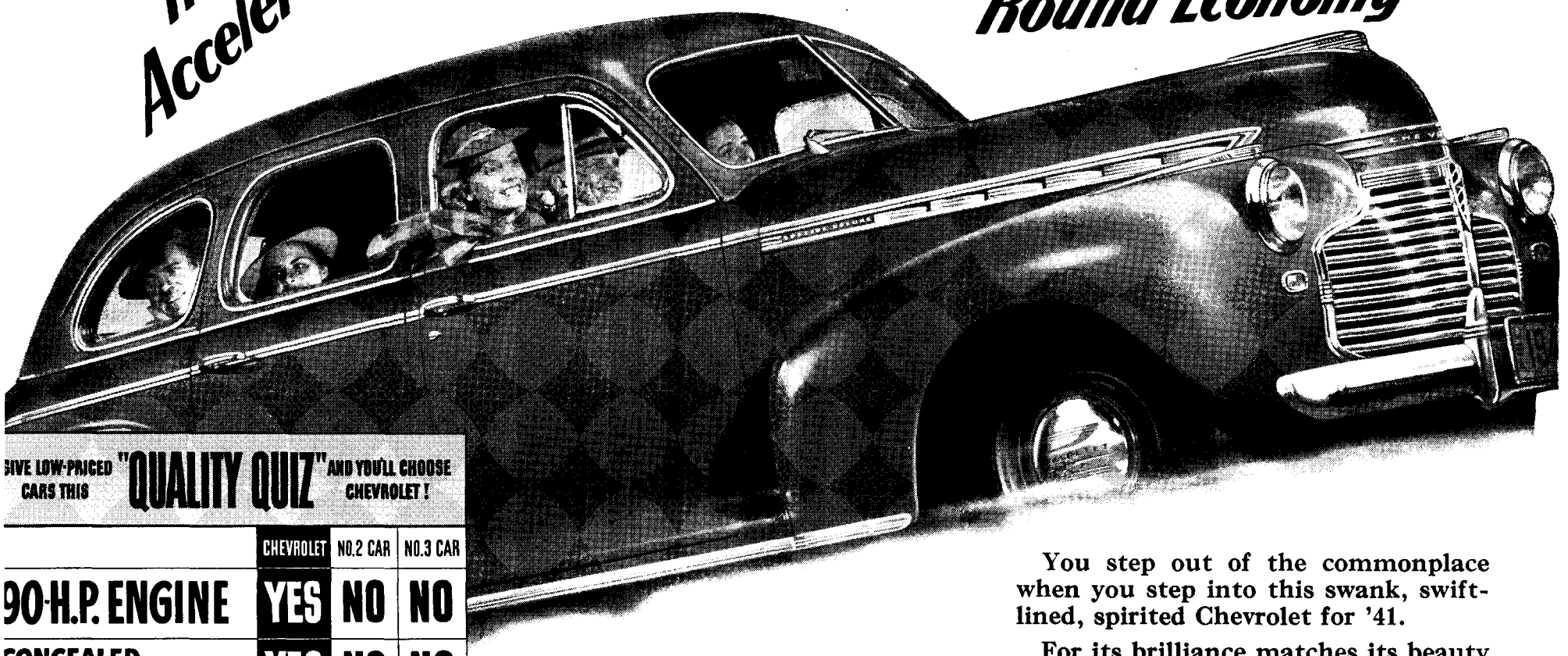
Among All Biggest-Selling Low-Priced Cars

CHEVROLET FOR '41 IS

FIRST in Acceleration

FIRST in Hill-Climbing

FIRST in All-Round Economy



GIVE LOW-PRICED CARS THIS **"QUALITY QUIZ"** AND YOU'LL CHOOSE CHEVROLET!

	CHEVROLET	NO.2 CAR	NO.3 CAR
90-H.P. ENGINE	YES	NO	NO
CONCEALED SAFETY-STEPS	YES	NO	NO
VACUUM-POWER SHIFT *AT NO EXTRA COST*	YES	NO	NO
BODY BY FISHER *WITH UNISTEEL TURRET TOP*	YES	NO	NO
LIMITIZED KNEE-ACTION	YES	NO	NO
BOX-GIRDER FRAME	YES	NO	NO
ORIGINAL FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION	YES	NO	NO
TIPTOE-MATIC CLUTCH	YES	NO	NO

YOU'LL SAY *"FIRST BECAUSE IT'S FINEST"*

—because Chevrolet for '41 is the only low-priced car with a 90-h.p. Valve-in-Head "Victory" Engine—the same type of engine that holds all world's records for performance on land, sea and in the air!

You step out of the commonplace when you step into this swank, swift-lined, spirited Chevrolet for '41.

For its brilliance matches its beauty—its liveliness matches its luxury—its road-action matches its style!

It's the most *powerful* of all the biggest-selling low-priced cars . . . the *only* low-priced car with a 90-h.p. Valve-in-Head "Victory" Engine . . . and it *out-accelerates, out-climbs, out-rides* all other cars in the big-selling low-price group!

This year, drive the leader! Drive Chevrolet—sales leader—value leader—for nine of the last ten years! Eye it, try it, buy it—*today!*

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation,* DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Again CHEVROLET'S the LEADER!

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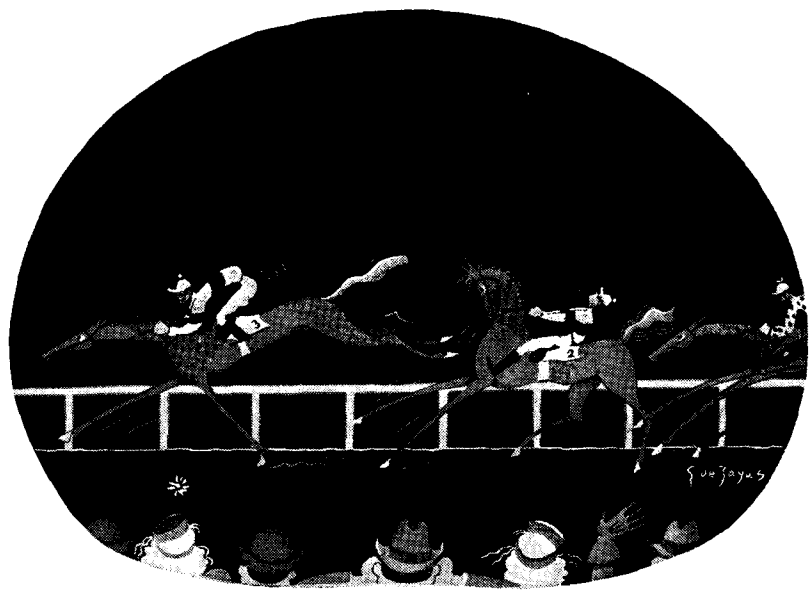

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In many states a jockey is permitted to hold in his horse so that another horse from the same stable may win the race, when their owner has given such instructions, informed the officials of the track at least thirty minutes before starting time and his "declaration to win" has been posted on the notice board.

If the early settlers of Maryland had possessed better geographic knowledge and claimed all the land granted to Lord Baltimore by the king of England in 1632, the state would be nearly 17,000 square miles in area, instead of 10,000 square miles, having lost the 7,000 miles, which are now worth about $12,000,000,000, to Delaware, Pennsylvania and what is now northern West Virginia.

Although only ten per cent of the people in the world can read or write English, it is the language used in fifty per cent of all newspapers, sixty per cent of all radio programs, seventy per cent of all magazines and eighty per cent of all correspondence.

One in about every five hundred horses has "horns," which are the result, it is believed, of a disproportionate development of the skull bones. These protuberances are skin-covered and sometimes extend almost an inch above the plane of the forehead.—*By Charles Tyrrell, Rolla, British Columbia, Canada.*

The council of the city of Cincinnati recently passed a resolution, part of which was a sentence containing more than twenty thousand words, or about one fourth of the number in an average-sized novel.—*By Elva Andes, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

Out of every 1,000 births of twins, 368 are a girl and boy, 327 are twin boys and 305 are twin girls.—*By Ruth Hale Aitken, New York, New York.*

The "bootlace worm," a marine nemertine found in England, is only one eighth of an inch wide and often thirty feet long.—*By Marjorie Smith, Indianapolis, Indiana.*

One of the most important pieces of legislation in English law, the Habeas Corpus Act, was passed in the House of Lords in 1679 only because a teller, it was learned later, had prankishly given ten votes for it, instead of one, to a very stout member.—*By Alice H. Morris, New York, New York.*

That man is readily affected by even the slightest toxic fumes is illustrated by the fact that a person will have a very definite, yet harmless, increase in the lead content of his blood after having slept for only one night in a freshly painted room. —*By G. S. Pope, St. Louis, Missouri.*

Persons who give names of federal tax dodgers to the Bureau of Internal Revenue are entitled by law to receive up to ten per cent of the amount collected. Each year, there are about a hundred of these informers, usually individuals seeking revenge, and they obtain a total of approximately $100,000 for their information.

Owners of real estate in Pennsylvania cannot be sure that they have a clear title to their property unless the search goes back to the original grant given by Charles II to William Penn in 1682.—*By Charles R. Rosenberg, Jr., Media, Pennsylvania.*

Mohammedanism and Buddhism, whose adherents constitute one fourth of the human race, are the only two major religions that absolutely forbid the use of wine or any other intoxicating liquor.

The only American priest permitted by the Catholic hierarchy to broadcast Mass regularly over a commercial radio station is Reverend James R. Cox of Old St. Patrick's Church in Pittsburgh. His service has been put on the air every Sunday morning by WJAS for the past fifteen years.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

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SNAPPY LOOKING OUTFIT, MISS —

I ROLLED IT IN LAST NIGHT

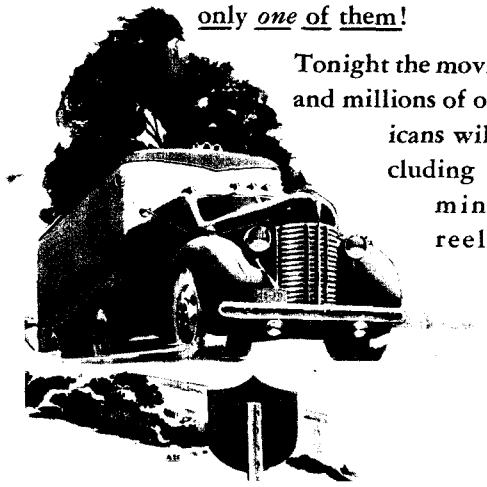
***Today You Get Better-Looking Clothes—Better Food—More of Everything—for Less Money! Want to Know How—and Why—Motor Trucks Make* Your Budget go so Much Further?**

* * *

WHEN you flashed by that truck last evening—you passed your new Spring suit on its way into town!

Just a few hours ago it was only an *idea* in the mind of a fashion designer. And today you're wearing it to tea!

Bringing you the latest styles — days, even weeks ahead of time — is one of the miracles of modern highway transportation. But only *one* of them!



Tonight the movies that you and millions of other Americans will see — including up-to-the-minute news reels — were delivered all over the nation simultaneously by truck.

Trucks bring you strawberries in February . . . fresh seafood in June. And at prices practically anyone can afford!

TRUCKS CUT COSTS

Due to their overall speed, flexibility, and economy — trucks save you money on everything you buy. They travel the shortest routes . . . are subject to fewer delays.

Motor freight requires less packing and crating, too. A truck can load at the door of the shipper—and unload at the door of the store. So, there's less handling — less chance of loss. And all those economies are reflected directly in the price tags!

* * *

Today you can be thankful that America has had the foresight to develop this modern form of transportation.

Tomorrow you can look to still greater benefits . . . as Motor Freight continues to grow!

* * *

FREE MOVIE! — *"Singing Wheels" — Thrilling 22-minute feature, for club meetings. Inquire — your State Motor Truck Assn., affiliated with ATA.*

A FEW POINTS TO REMEMBER—

In the last 10 years, special highway taxes collected from trucks were enough to build 137,000 miles of modern roads.

* * *

Good roads — and modern truck equipment — are vital to National Defense.

* * *

More than half the trucks in the world are serving the American Public.

* * *

1 in every 10 pay checks in America comes from Trucking.

SAFETY ATA COURTESY DISPATCH

AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS

WASHINGTON, D.C.

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Your Voice Is You . . .

Do you realize the value of a smile when telephoning? It helps a lot. Of course, the other person can't see you but the smile is there just the same. It's in your voice. And it reflects a friendly, cordial personality.

In times like these, "The Voice with a Smile" is especially important and worth while. It is a characteristic of the American people. And one of the fine traditions of the Bell telephone business.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

THE BELL SYSTEM IS DOING ITS PART IN THE COUNTRY'S PROGRAM OF NATIONAL DEFENSE

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Collier's The National Weekly for February 1[illegible]41

TO GLORY

BY I. A. R. WYLIE

HE CUT the switch and the outboard motor that, for good reason, he called Jezebel, stuttered resentfully, gave a last expiring cough and died. At its passing, the man with his hand on the boat's tiller reached down for the bottle at his feet, found it empty and with a gesture of irritation tossed it overboard. Well, thank heaven the village pub would be open. An hour from now he could be comfortably blind to the world and deaf to whatever foolish hubbub it might be making about itself.

The keel of his boat gritted against the sand. He climbed clumsily into the shallow water and tossed ashore his fishing gear and catch. He pulled his boat high above the normal tide line. In an ordinary way he wouldn't have bothered. He knew this weather. Fog would creep up stealthily during the night, and by morning the whole coast line would be muffled and still as a corpse.

The village street ran down a cutting in the cliff's face. He walked stiffly, like an old man. But he wasn't old. He tried to remember how Kathy had described him in that book of hers. "A golden fruit withered overnight by a black frost." A lot of people must have recognized him in her wilted hero. They would remember that she'd married Peter Desmond and subsequently tossed him overboard like one of his empty bottles.

The street was quiet as a graveyard. Like ancient yet honored tombstones the whitewashed fishermen's cottages straggled up the hill on either side of him. The "Sailor's Anchor" stood halfway up. Its black blinds were already drawn so that its face had a blank, livid look. But Desmond smelled warmth and drink and life. He pushed open the swing door and stood still for a moment getting his eyes used to the sharp juxta-

They were one among a thousand craft, beating their way home under a hail of death

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position of light and shadow. The low-ceilinged barroom was hot and thick with men. Though he rarely spoke to them he knew most of them by name.

Desmond lurched over to the bar. Fred Fletcher, a lusty hulk of a fellow with the squally temper of a south-eastern wind, leaned over his counter, his square-jowled face between his fists. There was violence in his immobility. When he saw Desmond he stood up glowering. The men around him came back to life. They clenched and unclenched their great hands that had been held rigid too long. Their eyes, turned on the newcomer, were level and dangerous.

Desmond's money, tossed on the counter, made a shrill sound, like a woman's voice breaking in on a heavy masculine quiet.

"Two quarts," he said. "This feels like a wet night."

Fletcher set down the bottles. "You can keep your money," he said. "I'll take the loan of your boat instead—"

"For how long?"

"Maybe a night—maybe longer."

"For what?"

"That's my business."

DESMOND uncorked a bottle. After a first gulp he felt better. He could return that hostile stare with amusement.

"Well, boys," he said. "What tune do you dance to this time? Are you to lay mines? Are you to take your nets out so that the nice people of this fair island shan't miss their morning kipper? All right. Dance, my hearties. But take a look at me first. Twenty-odd years ago I was a beauty. A glamor boy—till they made a blasted hero of me. Blasted's the word. Who wants to look at a face that's been patched by the smartest surgeons in England with a bit of this and a bit of that? Who'll want to look at you tomorrow morning —except the fish—"

He took another mouthful. He lurched to the door and over his shoulder gave them his distorted grin. "I'll tell you something, my hearties. Life's all there is to living. The rest's just hot air and balderdash. Die for it, my lads, and you'll never know what you fought for. If you live, like me, you'll find out, and you'll wish you were dead. And if anyone touches my boat," he said as a parting shot, "I'll smash his face."

He went out with the uncorked bottle upright in his pocket and began to climb the hill again. Then the last of the little white houses released their hold on him. He took to the sheep track that led up onto the downs. Bleak loneliness closed in about him. He was used to loneliness. He wrapped it about him as a cloak against the bitter winter of his discontent. But he was glad to see the huddled shadow of his cottage, waiting faithfully, like a shaggy, uncouth watch-dog, in a fold of the headland.

The door that Desmond had left closed stood open. That in itself was nothing strange. The latch was rotten. A ghost could have shifted it. But to the one room that housed the squalid confusion of his life something profound had happened. The familiar things were in their places—the unwashed pots and pans in the greasy sink, the unmade bed by the window.

"And who the hell," he asked, "are you?"

But it was a stupid question. He knew at once. This boy was himself risen from the dead. This gangling, rawboned youngster, all wrists and knuckles and brown tousled hair was Peter Desmond before maturity had shaped him into a thing of beauty, if not a joy forever. But the eyes were not his. They were Kathy's—a clear hazel, bright with a cruel candor, looking out from behind their horn-rimmed glasses like innocent, gallant pioneers onto an unchartered country.

"My God—Kathy's son—and so, doubtless, mine."

"I'm Peter," the boy told him. "Young Peter."

"Of course. You were Peterkins when I saw you last, just about the time when your mother decided rightly that I was not fit company for a nice child. May I ask what made her change her mind?"

"She hasn't changed. I mean—I didn't ask her. I came on my own—to find you."

"Just filial curiosity, eh?"

"Listen—please, sir. We haven't much time—I know you're angry with her. But you mustn't be. It was because she still cared that she wanted to understand what had happened—to you and her. She wanted me to understand—"

"That's interesting. Sit down, my dear fellow." With an ironic gesture of hospitality the older man swept a chair clear of his soiled clothes. The boy obeyed him. But in his attitude was tensity and haste.

"P'raps because I'm young, too," he said, "I know how smashed one could be. It wasn't just dying. Dying might be easy. It was living—with everything gone—not even sure it was worth while. I mean—that was the real sacrifice—the losing one's faith in sacrifice."

"What profundity!" said Desmond.

"YOU'RE laughing at me, sir. But you mustn't. It's awfully serious. That was why I had to let you know how we feel—youngsters like myself. We think what you did was great. If you hadn't chucked up everything you had—even what you believed in—I—we couldn't believe now—"

"What do you believe, Peterkins?"

"That it *was* worth while—that it *is* worth while."

"Thank you. But I should still like to know what you want of me—"

"I want you, sir."

"For what?"

"Listen, sir. You can hear the guns. They're much closer than they were yesterday. And they won't let me fight. I'm too young. It's my damned eyes. The glasses, you know. They say—if there isn't a miracle—we're lost—you and I and all those others. That's why I thought if you and I stood together we might be able to do something."

"I see. Our dear country's being as usual in a damn' mess and father and son should stand shoulder to shoulder. But as it happens I don't care a damn for the country or for anything you think it means to you." He went over to the sink, and fishing out a glass, filled it and took a long, consolatory drink. "Not a single damn," he said.

"Listen, sir." The boy stood up. "It's you who don't understand. I guess it's you who aren't grown up. You stopped just where you were when you got knocked out. You were a kid then. You thought because you gave everything you'd a right to everything—that because you'd put up a good show the show had to be good. But that's old stuff. We know better now. We've learned something—that we haven't any rights—that no one owes us anything. All we've got is a great fight on our hands. It may last a million years. Sometimes we'll win and sometimes we'll be licked. If we can hold onto the bit of ground we've won we'll have done our job—"

Desmond set down his glass. "You're ranting, Peterkins," he said. "A lot of damn' nonsense set to high-sounding words."

"You say that because you lost your job. But other men lost their lives—"

"The lucky ones."

"We all die," the boy persisted. "The lucky ones die for something worth while—splendidly."

"Then I shall die disgracefully—for nothing at all—and drunk as an owl." He stopped short. "By all that's wonderful, Peterkins, I believe you came here to die with me."

"Yes, I did. But it was—damn' nonsense." The young voice was torn with a sort of furious grief: "Because you're dead already."

"Get out, Peterkins," Desmond said softly, "or I may kick you out."

But when the boy with his uneven stride broke past him he turned to follow. He saw the tall, lanky body blunder downhill like a hunted, badly wounded deer, into the mist toward the sea. And just then a light flared to the southwest and spread in a vast incendiary glare along the whole horizon.

HE HAD not meant to follow. But in his half-drunken state the edges of reality were blurred. Instead he was sharply aware of imponderable events that were closing in about him, driving him against his will to their secret purpose. Out of the fog, ghosts were forming. If ever he were to have peace again they would have to be conjured back into their graves. Kathy was there —the Kathy he had called the Laughing Victory—she had been so radiant until he had laid her radiance in the dust. But also there was himself.

Poor, lovely little Kathy. Well—he owed her a debt he could now pay in part. He could send her son back to her with a human face and a whole body.

Night had fallen. And with darkness a change had come over the narrow village street. Doors that had been tightly closed stood open. Desmond could see into the empty, unlit rooms. If, as he had imagined grimly, the little white-washed houses had been gravestones, then the last trumpet had sounded and the triumphant dead had risen. He went

(Continued on page 41)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

They clenched and unclenched their hands. Their eyes, turned on the newcomer, were level and dangerous

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Bashful Brenda

By Kyle Crichton

Brenda Marshall may not be a wizard in the art of repartee, but she can dream up a swell performance with a movie script in her hand

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES KERLEE

WHETHER Brenda Marshall has a sense of humor is beside the point. She may have it; she may not have it. The most that can be reported is that she is a serious lady who has little facility at chitchat. This is a deficiency in Hollywood, where fast talk is treasured. Through years of practice at the art, the colony has developed a language that is quite special. It consists of a rapid-fire and endless series of allusions and abstruse gags, and Brenda does not operate too briskly in this interchange.

The fact that this hasn't injured her film career may be set down to the circumstance that an actress is confined strictly to the words of the script. In this field she is all right. At least Warners' keep giving her such parts as The Sea Hawk and East of the River, and she keeps acting them competently. We mention the matter only to show that it takes all kinds to make up an industry.

Although her experience on Broadway was confined to one Federal Theater Project show, she is just beginning to rid her mind of the impression that the stage is dominated by a group of white-robed figures bearing aloft torches of pure white flame. Just when she took the vow to uplift the drama is not clear but she recalls that slight twinges were beginning to affect her even in those days when she was still living on a sugar plantation in the Philippines. She was Ardis Ankerson at that period and her father was overseer of a large establishment on the island of Negros. Ardis (the future Brenda) lived on the island until 1930, when her father decided she needed the benefit of American training and sent her to San Antonio, Texas, where she lived with her stepmother.

"They looked at me pretty strangely down there at Alamo High and kept insisting that I do the hula-hula, and I never could get them straightened out about Hawaii and the Philippines and I never could convince them that I was an American of Danish extraction who just happened to be born over there."

Strictly No Improvisations

The acting thing was so firmly embedded in her mind that when she went up to Texas Teachers College for Women, at Denton, she specialized in voice, speech and dramatics. By the end of the two years the stage mania had her completely. There was nothing to do then but hie herself off to New York and enroll in Madame Ouspenskaya's dramatic school. Ouspenskaya's success as a teacher is so well established that it will do no harm to know that the school almost ruined our Brenda. Again it was her own fault. She was good at speaking lines but when Ouspenskaya asked for improvisation, that business of making up actions as the player went along, Brenda was stuck.

"I always selected the part of a deaf mute," says Brenda, "and then just acted dumb. I'm not joking about it—I really did that."

Brenda was always hoping that they would put on a complete play some day and Ouspenskaya was always promising it and never getting around to it. Instead the improvisations went on endlessly and Brenda developed an inferiority complex. She could act when she knew what was to be acted but her imagination was on the down side.

"Now, we'll take this situation," the teacher would say. "The father is a drunkard and the daughter comes home from Vassar and brings with her a man from Williams who wants to marry her. Now, we'll improvise on that."

Without an instant's hesitation the other students would wade right into a soft one like that, making up lines and situations on the spot and weaving a great drama from it. In panic Brenda would assume the role of a maiden aunt, also a dipsomaniac, who slept fitfully in a chair and occasionally lifted her besotted face to mumble, "Whash thish all about?"

As if this weren't bad enough she lived in one of the many maidens' retreats in New York, those faintly virginal institutions where man can get no farther than the reception room and rules are strict for the girls. It didn't make life in New York very exciting for our heroine.

So the first summer after she came to New York, she was pleased beyond measure to get a job with the Peterboro Players in New Hampshire. The company was directed by Richard Gaines and drama was taken seriously. Having a script before her and imbued anew with ambition, Brenda swung right into the spirit of the joint. She not only acted in everything the company presented but she also married Mr. Gaines. They lived on their two salaries and a cloud of dreams.

Movies? Phooey!

"Nobody in the world was ever as solemn as we were," she says. "The sanctity of the stage, the great mission of the drama and all that. We scoffed at Hollywood and the movies."

When the usual movie talent scouts came around on the usual routine visits, she refused to see them. They weren't particularly anxious to see her but she felt insulted when they went through the motions of doing their jobs. Then one night after doing She Stoops to Conquer, they met a young Oxford graduate named Hugh MacMullin.

"We liked him. He seemed to feel toward the stage as we felt. When we learned he was a screen talent scout with Warners', we froze up and practically asked him out of the house."

Next year he was back again insisting that she make a test and finally she

(Continued on page 30)

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One-Trip Darling

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Mrs. Darling didn't care for plumbing. Mr. Darling did. An American dream that was like a nightmare for the happiest couple in Ashtabula

YES, I'm Darling. I'm *the* Darling. You've seen my face and name. I'm the Fellow with the Fish, to wit: A. B. Darling, retired, of Ashtabula, Ohio.

At times it's tough to be a man. If a woman doesn't like the name she was born with, she can change it. Same with her face. But a man's got to make the best of his.

I've made out pretty well, as a matter of fact, for a freckled-neck with a pushed-up bugle and a mushy tag. You can readily see how it would not help a plumber to have to advertise: "For your new house, get a Darling bathtub."

When I was a bashful young punky-dunk, learning my trade, I used to blush like a tomato when the boss said in front of strangers, "Hand me that wrench, Darling." So, when I set up my own shop, I called myself, "One-Trip Darling, The Plumber with a Conscience." Now everybody calls me One-Trip, even my wife.

On the ninth of last May I finally got to be fifty. I put in a day of work, and I was back in my shop, getting the putty out of my ears, when in marched a large, serious man and said, "I'm Higby from headquarters."

Now, offhand, I'd say I'm the most respectable fellow in Ohio, but I gulped, "I didn't do it." I don't doubt I looked as guilty as sin.

"I'm from the home office of the Frugality Insurance Company," he said, and grabbed my hand and pumped it as if he were jacking up a car. "Congratulations, Darling!"

I said, "What for?" "On your retirement," he said. "When did I retire?" I asked. "Today," he said. "I'll bet you're mighty glad you took out one of our retirement annuity policies twenty-five years ago."

"I am now," I admitted, "but there were times when I wasn't." "When was that?" he asked, and I said, "The first of every month." He laughed like a man who had taken lessons, and said, "Well, from now on, Darling, *we* pay *you*. Yes, sir, fifty dollars each and every week. All you have to do is loaf and fish. Pretty soft for you, hey Darling?" "It would be softer," I said, "if I liked to loaf or fish." He said, "Well, then, what is your hobby?" and I said, "Plumbing." And he laughed again on the company's time. Then he said, "Of course, you won't mind if we hold you up as an example?" I said, "Of what?" He said, "Of a man who looked ahead."

I said I didn't see what harm that could do and he whipped out a paper and a fat fountain pen and said, "We're getting up a series of little messages to the men of America, 'Things Young Husbands Should Know.'" "I'm an old husband," I said. "We just want permission to quote you as saying that you think it is a good thing to save money," he said. "Here's where you sign. It's just a formality."

After all my years in business, I should have known that, when a fellow says, "It's just a formality," you ought to lock yourself in the safe till your lawyer gets there; but I felt careless that day because the time had come when I could stop working and not stop eating, though I didn't intend to stop doing either as I am fond of both. I signed.

"And now," this Higby said, "I'd like a picture of you." "Printing my pan might queer some sales for you," was my reply. "Folks might think that paying your premiums gave me these right-angle ears."

He argued, so I got out the only picture I had, taken in '28, when I had the new front put in my shop. I'm sitting in the window among the fixtures. Higby said no—it did not look very retired. "I'd like a recent one of you in your fishing togs," he said. "I don't have any fishing togs," I told him. "How soon are you going home?" he asked. "Not till six," I said. "I'll be back," he said.

Pretty soon he was back with a big bundle. In the bundle were a rod and reel and a complete outfit of fishing clothes—everything from hip boots to a hat with flies on it. "Now, just slip them on," he said, "so I can get a shot of you fishing." "What? On Main Street?" I said. "Don't worry about the background," he said. "Just put on this rig and I'll do the rest."

ONE reason I've made out so well is that I'm obliging. I put on the khaki britches, and checkerboard shirt. I'm tubby; but the man they were made for was tubbier. Higby got me out into the back yard, boosted me up on a packing box and began snapping his little camera at me.

I heard some titters. The boys in the barbershop next door were watching through the window. As I'm not a hard-drinking man, they thought I'd gone buggity. There I stood, yanking at the rod for dear life, with this Higby yelling, "I'm a big one! Don't give me any slack. Fight me, Mr. Darling, fight me!" He had tied the end of the line to his belt.

"Now start reeling me in!" he hollered. I reeled until my thumb got caught in the reel. Then he stopped taking pictures of me. I climbed down off the packing case and out of the clothes and I handed them to this Higby and he said, "Keep them. Compliments of Frugality." I said, "What'll I do with them?" and he said, "Why, wear them when you go fishing," and I said, "I never caught a fish in my life." He said, "You certainly must have had a lot of bad luck," and I said, "It wasn't so much bad luck as the fact that I've never gone fishing."

He slapped his head as if a thought had bitten him. He said, more to the ceiling than to me, "*The man who couldn't go fishing till he was fifty!*" "That's not me," I said. "I could have gone but I didn't want to." "Oh!" was all he said, and he gave my hand another jacking and hurried away. I tossed the rod and togs into the stockroom and went home. I thought so little of it I didn't even mention it to Doll. That's my wife. Her name is Doretta, but I call her Doll, because that is what she reminds me of.

It was mighty nice, I can tell you, to see that fifty per coming in; but I had plenty of plumbing, so I just put the checks in the bank and let 'em lay.

COUPLE of months went by and, one evening after supper, I lit up my pipe and was getting ready to settle down for a quiet evening when there came one of those little homemade thunderstorms which blow up in the lives of all married folks. We haven't had many, Doll and me, in our twenty-five years. Sometimes I do something that makes her sore. I don't mean good and sore or even real sore, just sore. I've got a way of telling when my wife is sore that most husbands haven't. When she calls me One-Trip or, maybe, Popsy, I know everything is all right; but when she calls me Darling, I get ready to duck. By and large, though, we're what they call a "devoted couple." One of Doll's girl friends, who bridges at our house every other Wednesday, nicknamed us "The Oldlyweds."

Now, I'm a fellow who likes to be comfortable around the house in the evening; but Doll claims that to see a plump party sitting on his front porch smoking a corncob pipe, with his shoes and coat off, and his socks and suspenders showing, gives a wrong impression. I tried to please her by doing my sitting on the back porch. She said that was better, but, with her all neat and dainty on the front porch, and me, like a tramp, on the back porch, the neighbors would think we weren't speaking. And, furthermore, she said, it wasn't very nice for the people for two blocks around our house in every direction to get the idea that somebody's henhouse was burning. Doll said she liked to see a man smoke a pipe; but wouldn't I get just as much pleasure if I used tobacco?

This night I refer to we were eating supper and I was telling her about a very tricky plumbing problem I solved that day. I heard a sigh. Doll had a far-

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There I stood, yanking at the rod for dear life, with this Higby yelling, "I'm a big one! Don't give me any slack, Mr. Darling!"

away, moony look in her eyes. I said, "I don't believe you heard a word I said," and she said, "What?" I said, "I bet you've fallen for some other fellow." Of course, I said it just to tease her. She didn't smile and say, "Where could I find a better one than you, One-Trip?" She looked waspy and said, "I wish you'd take that incinerator where it belongs, Darling."

So I went out on the back porch and sat there puffing my pipe, with my feet on the rail and my suspenders showing. Pretty soon Doll came out and said, "Sorry I was cross, One-Trip." That's Doll. She don't stay cross. "Let's go to a movie," she said. "It's so nice and cool out here," I said, "and not a single mosquito has come near me." And Doll said, "They've gone home to get their gas masks." But I let that pass. "Now be an angel and get out the sedan," she said. "There's a wonderful picture at the Bijou-Dream, The Loves of a Prince." "Has it got cowboys or Indians?" "No," she said, "it's the kind of picture *I* like." I made a snoot. "I bet Greasy Gus is in it." She said, "For the last time, Darling, I'm going to ask you *not* to refer to Ramon Valcour as Greasy Gus." "I'll try to remember," I said, and got out the sedan.

WE STARTED down Clinton Street. "Doll," I said, "I'll have to leave you at the theater. Meet you after the show. Got to see a guy about a deal." Doll said, "I know the man; and I know the business. You seem to prefer guzzling beer with Ed Stutz to my society." I said, "Aw, Doll, I'd much rather be with you, even though Ed is, without a doubt, the second-best plumber in Ashtabula. But," I said, "a lot of good my society does you when you're sitting with your mouth open watching this Toothy Tony making passes at girls which they don't mind from him, but if I tried them I'd get a slap in the kisser."

"Hmm," remarked Doll, "so you want to chase girls—at your age!" "Now, Doll," I said, "you know perfectly well that from the time I got one look at you I never took a look at any other woman. Though," I said, "I can't deny that I've been looked at once or twice. Little do *you* know," I said, "what temptations we plumbers have; but I'm no Valcour. I've behaved. Though on some jobs I've had a chance to do otherwise and at one-fifty an hour and time and a half overtime."

"I know you're no Valcour," she remarked. "I can hardly wait for Thanksgiving," I said. "Aw, now, Doll, let's not battle over that cheap ham." "Ramon Valcour is a polished aristocrat," she said in a voice fit to freeze a radiator. "On rye toast with mustard," I said. "What is he but a boiled shirt that blondes get flattened against?" Mrs. D. sighed. "I'm afraid it's too late," I said, sarcastic, "for me to turn into a wop or spig with large, loose eyes. But, if it will please you, Doll, I'll make the moths give me back my dress suit and wear it every day—to work even. But don't forget," I said, "that the last time I wore it to that Community Chest ball, I spent half the time going back and forth to the kitchen because I was too polite to tell people I wasn't a waiter. And don't forget," I said, "that when you egged me into kissing the hand of the governor's wife, she let out a yip and claimed I was trying to bite her."

Doll shuddered and said, "It would be a good idea for you, Darling, to spend more time watching Ramon Valcour than playing duckpins with an oaf like Ed Stutz who sleeps in his underwear." "And how do you know that, Doretta Phelps Darling?" I barked. Then we had it hot and heavy.

I accused her of this, and she accused me of that, and then we turned off Clinton into West Adams and Doll stopped in the middle of a word and let out a squeal. I looked, and there, on a billboard, is myself. There I am, bigger than life-size, with those fishing togs on my body and a goofy look on my puss, fishing away like I liked it.

(Continued on page 45)

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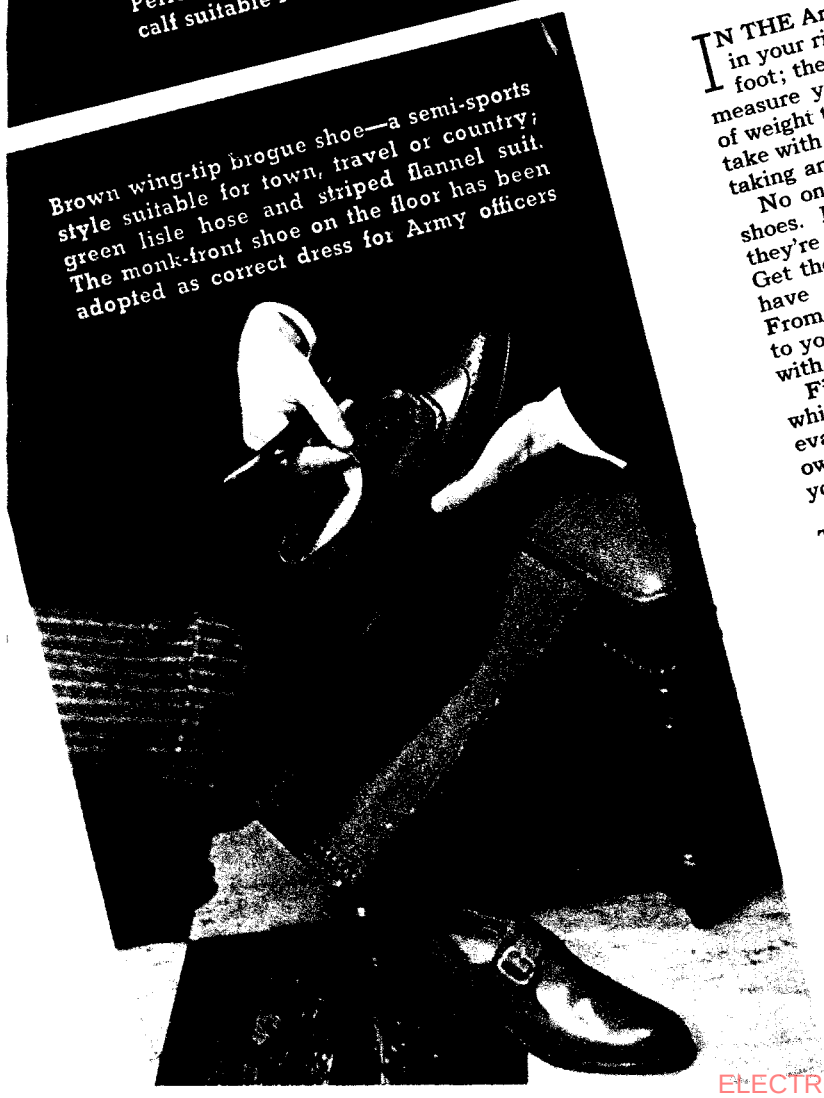
FEET FIRST

By Henry L. Jackson

Perforated shoes are recommended for hot weather wear, these a lightweight calf suitable for business; worn with lightweight lisle hose, tropical worsted suit

Black lightweight town shoes with plain toecap for spring business wear; ankle-length hose are in all-over pattern; the suit is of lightweight worsted flannel



Brown wing-tip brogue shoe—a semi-sports style suitable for town, travel or country; green lisle hose and striped flannel suit. The monk-front shoe on the floor has been adopted as correct dress for Army officers

IN THE Army you hold a fifty-pound sack of sand in your right hand while they measure your right foot; then you shift it to your left hand and they measure your left foot. It represents the amount of weight that goes on each foot with every step you take with a full pack on your back. Uncle Sam isn't taking any chances with your shoes not fitting.

No one should have to "break in" a new pair of shoes. If they're fitted properly in the first place they're comfortable the first time you wear them. Get the best shoes you can afford—you'll find you have a better-constructed, longer-wearing pair.

From there on the care and feeding of shoes is up to you. You can save up to $30 a year in shoe bills with proper handling.

First rule is to change your shoes every day, which gives the worn pair a day to let perspiration evaporate and to spring back into shape. If you own two pairs of shoes and wear them alternately you'll be surprised at how much longer they'll last.

It's a good idea to wear rubbers in wet weather. They've been streamlined to the point where even a confirmed hater of rubbers can find no objection to them. The newest types simulate your own shoes so closely that it's almost impossible to tell they're rubbers. Wet leather becomes soft and gets out of shape and even after drying is inclined to be somewhat lifeless.

However, if you've been caught in a downpour, the thing to do is to wash any mud off with tepid water and go over the whole shoe lightly with castor oil. Then straighten out the shoe and stuff with crumpled paper. This speeds drying and helps to retain the shape. But don't put them up against the radiator—the heat will dry and crack the leather. Let them dry slowly, polish, and they're almost as good as new.

Frequent polishing, in addition to being a point in grooming, actually keeps leather soft and pliable, thereby lengthening its life. Don't stint on the shoe-shine boy or, if you take care of your shoes yourself, don't spare the brush.

Grease spots on shoes seem to stump the average guy—you get rid of them by coating the grease spot with a thick solution of rubber in some solvent. A little rubber cement, which can be bought at any stationery store, should be applied to the spot, allowed to dry partially and then peeled off; the grease comes off with it. If it's a particularly bad spot you may have to repeat the operation, but it gets it off.

When you're not wearing your shoes don't kick them under the bed or throw them on the closet floor. You can take your pick of several types of shoe wardrobes on the market, but the point is to use one. Always put your shoes on trees when you take them off—it preserves their shape.

If you've put your shoes into a damp corner somewhere it's possible that you'll find them covered with mildew. You don't have to throw them away if this has happened—just wash them off with soap and warm water. It works wonders.

The easiest way to clean reverse calf shoes is to rub them with sandpaper, which removes spots and brings the nap up. The sides of the soles should be gone over with black or red enamel, which you can buy in any shoe repair shop. Since reverse calf shoes are never polished the sides of the soles will soon develop a scrubby look without the enameling process.

In general, brown shoes may be worn with any color suit but black, but for business the dark red-dish-brown shade is best. Known as an antique or bootmaker finish, you get it by applying a dark red polish to the shoes. Any number of dark red polishes are available in the market. Don't wear rubber-soled or heavy brogue shoes with business clothes; and don't wear dressy business shoes with odd slacks and tweed jackets. However, with semi-sports clothing, which includes gabardine, flan[illegible] and Glen Urquharts, semi-brogues and even revers[illegible] calf shoes may be worn in town.

We don't want you to play nursemaid to a p[illegible] of shoes, but you owe it to yourself to see that he[illegible] are straight and laces tidy.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

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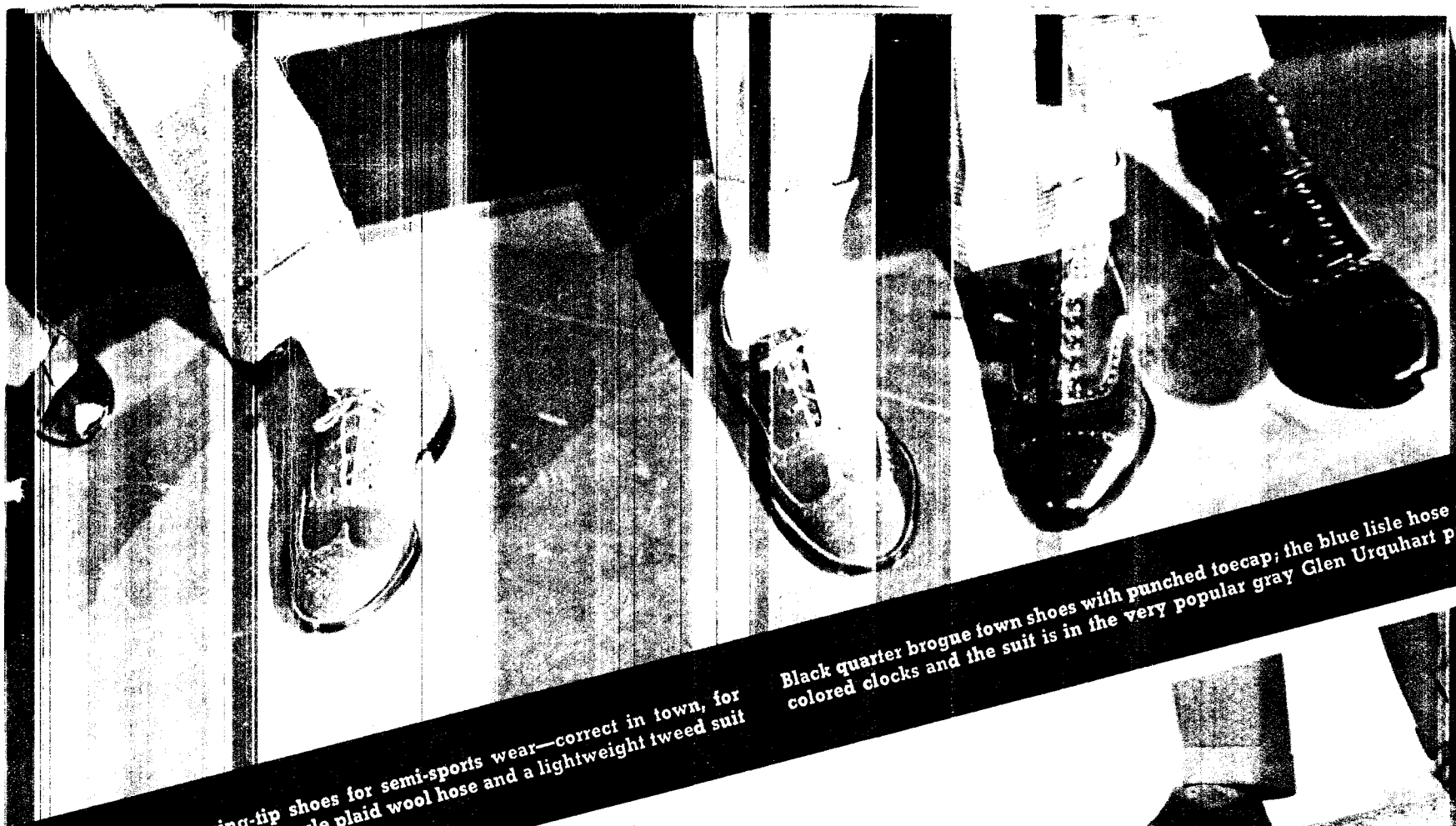
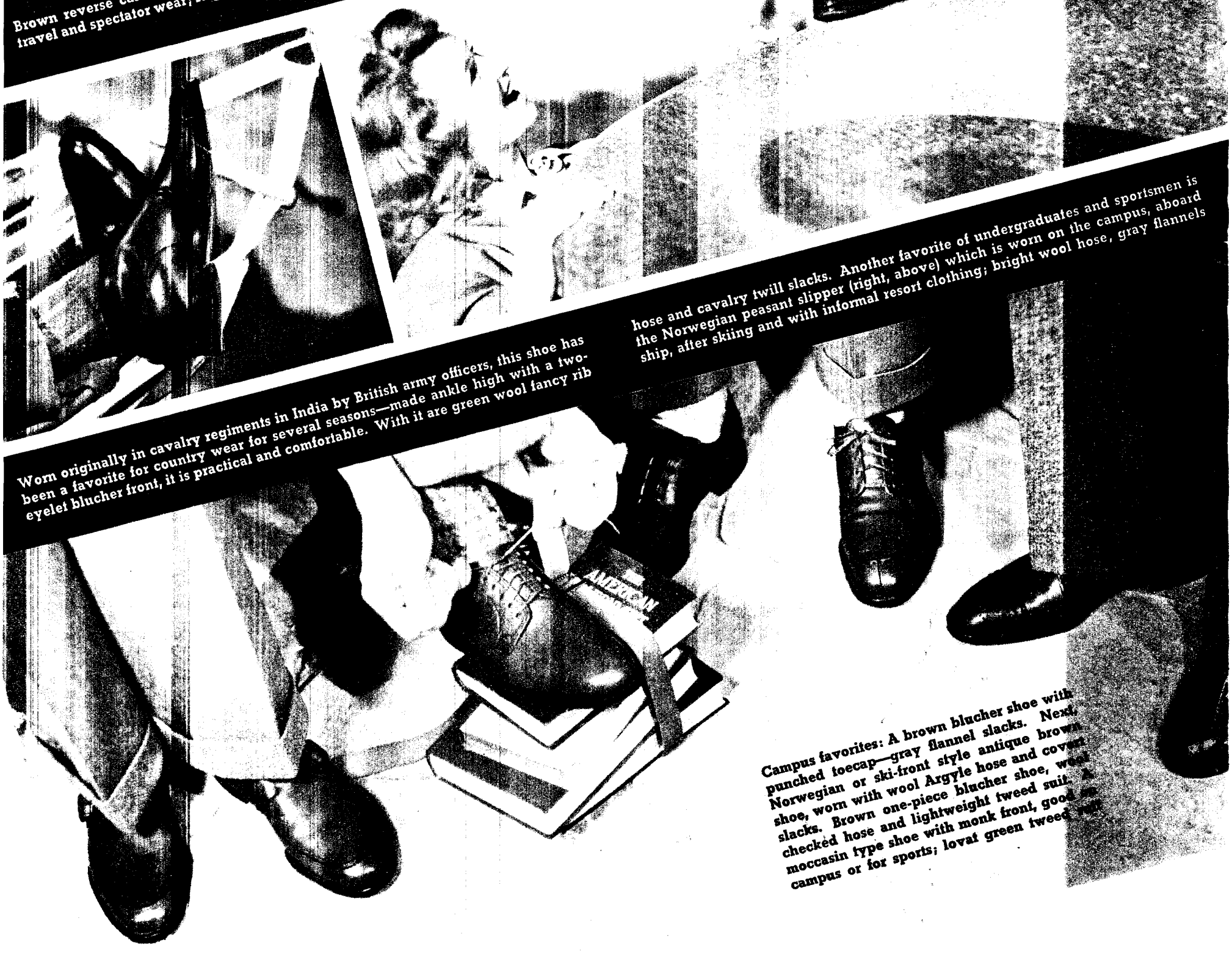


Brown reverse calf wing-tip shoes for semi-sports wear—correct in town, for travel and spectator wear; Argyle plaid wool hose and a lightweight tweed suit

Black quarter brogue town shoes with punched toecap; the blue lisle hose carry colored clocks and the suit is in the very popular gray Glen Urquhart pattern



Worn originally in cavalry regiments in India by British army officers, this shoe has been a favorite for country wear for several seasons—made ankle high with a two-eyelet blucher front, it is practical and comfortable. With it are green wool fancy rib hose and cavalry twill slacks. Another favorite of undergraduates and sportsmen is the Norwegian peasant slipper (right, above) which is worn on the campus, aboard ship, after skiing and with informal resort clothing; bright wool hose, gray flannels

Campus favorites: A brown blucher shoe with punched toecap—gray flannel slacks. Next, Norwegian or ski-front style antique brown shoe, worn with wool Argyle hose and cover slacks. Brown one-piece blucher shoe, wool checked hose and lightweight tweed suit. A moccasin type shoe with monk front, good on campus or for sports; lovat green tweed suit

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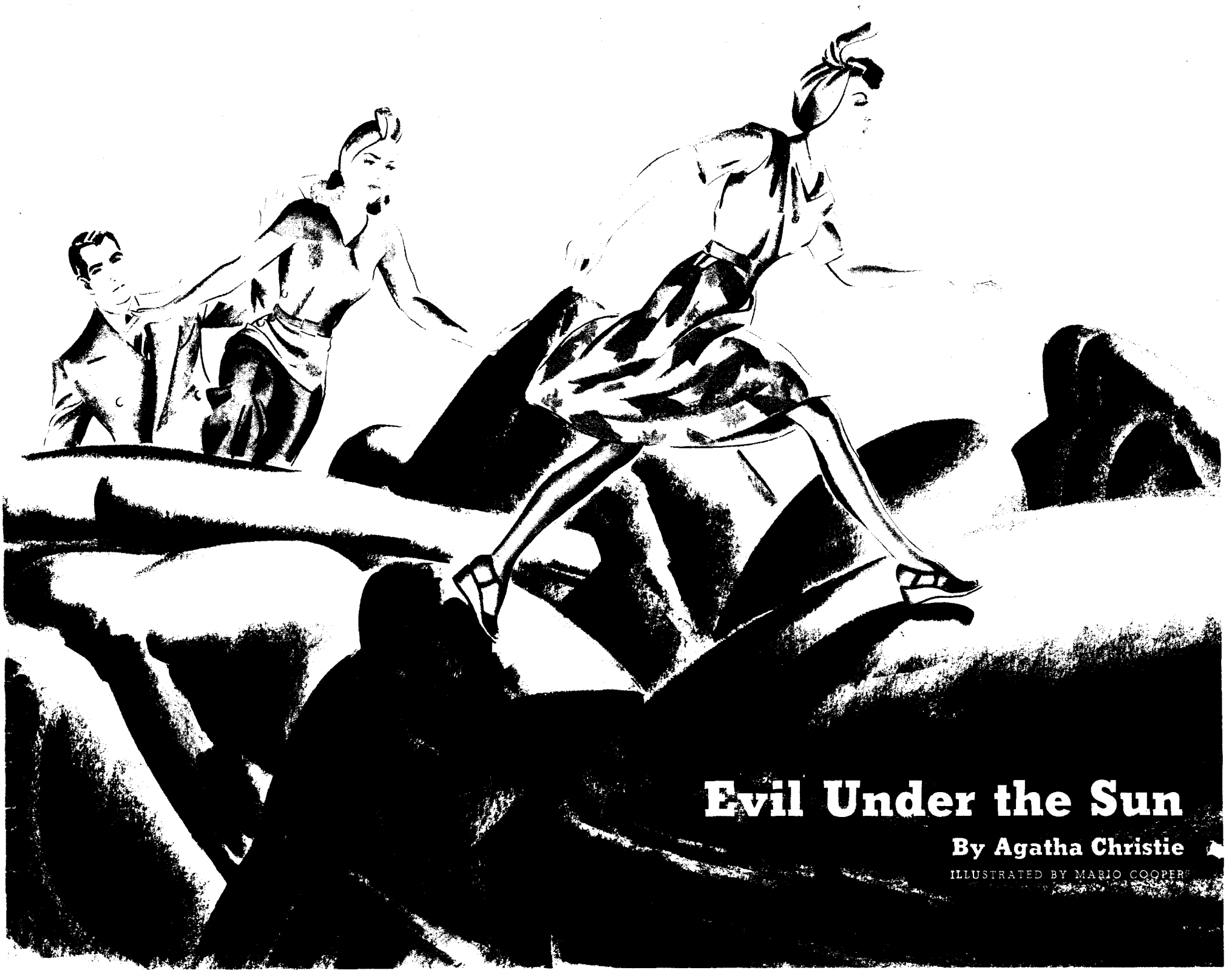

Evil Under the Sun

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Christine Redfern sprang lightly from stone to stone and her husband was never far from her

The Story Thus Far:

IN NEED of a rest, Hercule Poirot, noted Belgian criminal investigator, goes to the Jolly Roger, a simple old hotel on an island off the southern coast of England. A short time after he arrives, one of the guests—Arlena Marshall, wife of Captain Kenneth Marshall—is found dead, strangled, on the beach at Pixy Cove, which is not far from the hotel.

Because Mrs. Marshall and another guest—Christine Redfern's husband, Patrick—had been giving Marshall plenty of cause for jealousy, the Captain is an obvious suspect. *But he has an alibi.* . . . Among the Jolly Roger's guests, in addition to those already mentioned, are: Linda Marshall, Kenneth's daughter by his first wife; Miss Emily Brewster, an old maid—seemingly harmless; the Reverend Stephen Lane, a religious fanatic; an American couple, Mr. and Mrs. Odell Gardener; Major Barry, a veteran of the Indian Service; Rosamund Darnley, who had once been in love with Marshall—and probably still is; and Horace Blatt, a hail fellow well met with quite a bit of money.

Assisted by Poirot, Inspector Colgate and Chief Constable Weston go to work on the case. They interrogate everyone at the hotel. Then they go to a cavern—Pixy's Cave—not far from the scene of the crime. There, in the cave, they find a box. The box contains heroin!

By this time, Poirot has a number of excellent clues. Returning to the hotel, he questions everyone he meets in the hope of learning *who had taken a bath, a short time before the killing.* He is likewise interested in the kind of perfume the various women guests use.

He interviews Christine Redfern. She astounds him by asserting that, shortly before Arlena had been murdered, Linda Marshall (who had hated her stepmother) had purchased some candles. Leaving Christine, Poirot finds Linda. But when he mentions *candles,* the girl—terror in her eyes—turns and leaves him. . . . The three investigators learn that the Reverend Stephen Lane had once been in a home for mental patients—that he had suspected the devil of snooping about in the guise of a "scarlet woman." . . . Taking with him some reports on the recent operations of a strangler, in England, Poirot goes to Pixy Cove. There he reads the reports; and, as he reads, he begins to wonder if—well, Hercule Poirot feels that he is on the right trail, at last.

X

TO HERCULE POIROT, sitting on the ledge overlooking the sea, came Inspector Colgate.

Poirot liked Inspector Colgate. He liked his rugged face, his shrewd eyes, and his slow, unhurried manner.

Inspector Colgate sat down. He said, glancing down at the typewritten sheets in Poirot's hands: "Done anything with those cases, sir?"

"I have studied them—yes."

Colgate got up, he walked along and peered into the next niche. He came back, saying: "One can't be too careful. You know we don't want to be overheard."

Poirot said: "You are wise."

"I don't mind telling you, M. Poirot," Colgate said, "that I've been interested in those cases myself—though, perhaps, I shouldn't have thought about them if you hadn't asked for them." He paused. "I've been interested in one case in particular."

"Alice Corrigan?"

"Alice Corrigan." He paused. "I've been on to the Surrey police about that case—wanted to get all the ins and outs of it."

"Tell me, my friend. I am interested—very interested."

"I thought you might be. Alice Corrigan was found strangled in Caesar's Grove on Blackridge Heath—not ten miles from Marley Copse where Nellie Parsons was found—and both those places are within twelve miles of Whiteridge where Mr. Lane was vicar."

Poirot said, "Tell me more about the death of Alice Corrigan."

"The Surrey police didn't at first connect her death with that of Nellie Parsons," Colgate said. "That's because they'd pitched on the husband as the guilty party. Don't quite know why, except that he was a bit of what the press calls a 'mystery man'—not much known about him—who he was or where he came from. She'd married him against her people's wishes, she'd a bit of money of her own—and she'd insured her life in his favor—all that was enough to raise suspicion, as I think you'll agree, sir."

Poirot nodded.

"But when it came down to brass tacks the husband was washed right out of the picture. The body was discovered by one of these women hikers—hefty young woman in shorts. She was an absolutely competent and reliable witness—games mistress at a school in Lancashire. She noted the time when she found the body—it was exactly four fifteen—and gave it as her opinion that the woman had been dead quite a short time—not more than ten minutes. That fitted in well enough with the police surgeon's view when he examined the body at 5:45. She left everything as it was and tramped across country to Bagshot police station where she reported the death.

"Now from three o'clock to four ten,

(Continued on page 57)

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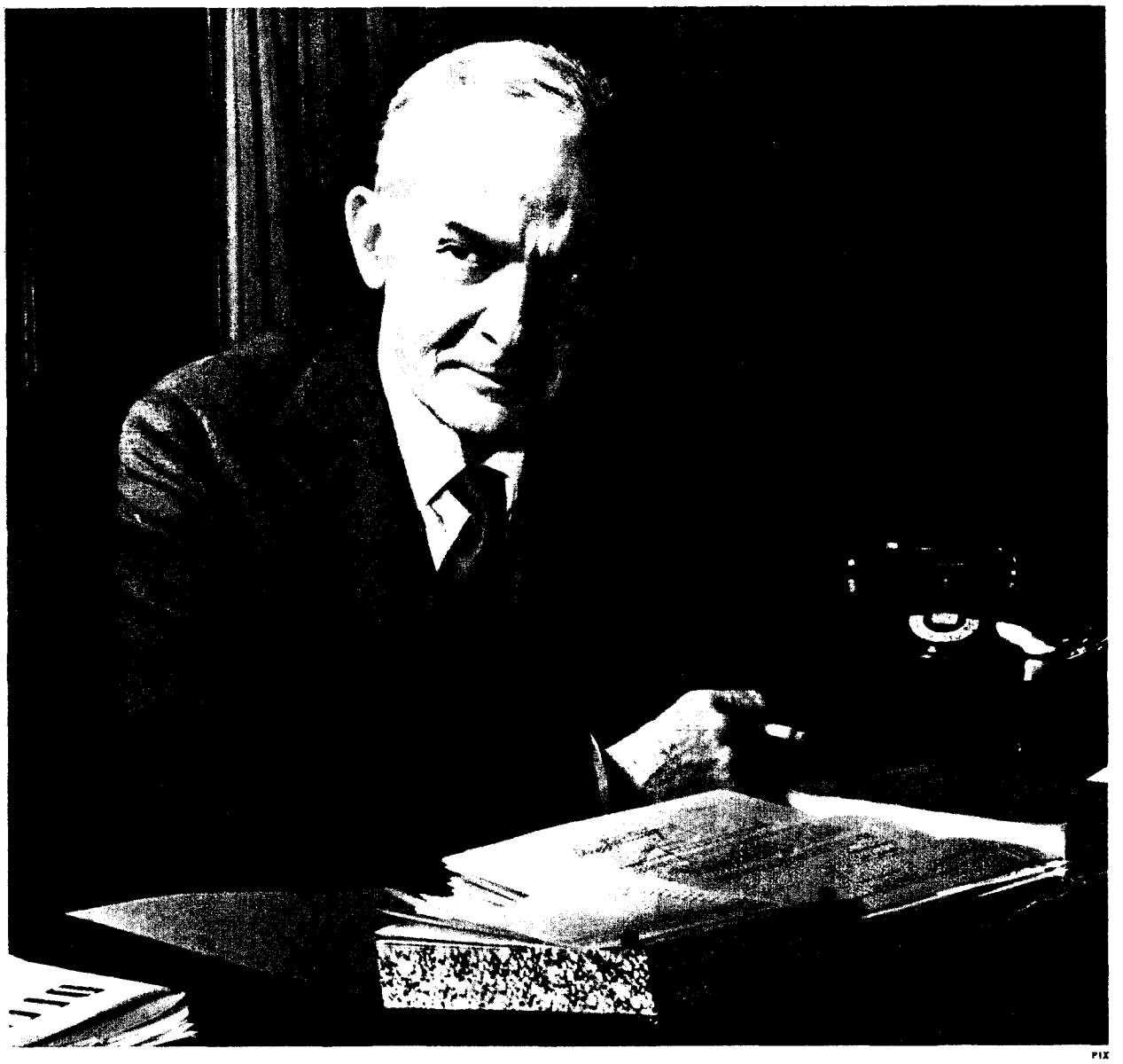
You Can't Say That!

By Walter Davenport

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS

The propaganda machinery is now being set up in Washington and will start grinding out choice words (mostly adjectives) whenever the President decides to press the button. Its chief engineer is standing by—Lowell Mellett, a shy, scholarly, able newspaperman, a friend of the President and, if this job goes through, of no one else

Head man of American censorship will probably be the President's confidential adviser, Lowell Mellett



PIX

AMID the clangor of the anvils of defense its birth will be a whisper. Your newspaper will dismiss it with an item. Your radio commentator, tearfully solicitous of your feelings, will assure you that it means really nothing. It will be merely that a few publishers, broadcasting impresarios and movie makers will have been invited to the White House to discuss the only topic anybody discusses—National Defense. Afterward, both radio and the press will bid you not to be fearful, that both are still free, that you will get the news, fact upon fact. Rumor will have it that both are to be censored forthwith, the magazines too. But this will be denied.

When you consider what censorship means in Germany, Italy, Russia and Japan—and even England—the denial will be proper. They'll assure you that at the White House they merely discussed a possibility—oh, well, a probability if you insist—that will happen if and when we get into this war. And then it will be the patriotic duty of print and vocal broadcasters to see to it that important tidings do not reach unfriendly ears.

Nevertheless, when this happens—this conference and the ensuing reassurances—you will be entitled to arrive at three conclusions, all of which will not be far from exact: First, you may assume with complete safety that the White House is convinced that the likelihood of the United States remaining out of the war is remote. Second, that publishers and broadcasters have been asked to consider and adopt a plan of self-censorship. The third is that it won't be long before dispatches from Washington will carry "Censored at Source" warnings.

A number of President Roosevelt's ear-warmers have been urging him to call the publishers now. They plead that even now the press, the radio, the mails and the cables are far too free for the good of our side in this fight. The more eager of them have been urging that a journalistic observation post be established at once to study news outlets with a view to discovering before actual censorship sets in who may be trusted and who may not. But Mr. Roosevelt has not warmed to the idea.

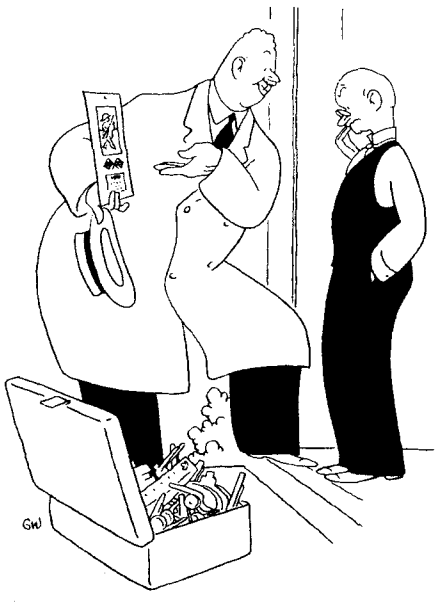
Too Many Mouthpieces

Unofficially, the State, War and Navy departments, some members of the Defense Commission and a few important munitions manufacturers would like to see it happen at once. Actually, all of them have clamped down a semisilence on what they regard as facts, activities, successes, failures and projects. They tell you that they are anxious merely that such tidings should not trickle into unfriendly ears and that their only desire is that America and Americans should be protected. The State Department is thinking of censorship as a matter of self-protection, Mr. Hull among others being convinced that his office has too many mouthpieces sounding off in too many places on too many subjects. And the Army would be happier were it able now—before censorship, voluntary or enforced—to dictate the style and phraseology of articles on military subjects as well as facts.

But these are mere symptoms. Our job is to tell you that when the publishers are called to Washington they will learn that, lacking a plan of their own, they may avail themselves of a plan already beyond the skeleton stage. It will be given to them as a guide rather than as a proposal. They may rewrite it until sick of it. They may be told that they may pick their own censor or nominate their own director of public information—for such will the gentleman be called. But here, too, they will be informed that failing to agree upon a cen-

(Continued on page 62)

One of the aims of the present plan is to sell the war to the halfhearted and the doubtful



Congressmen aren't going to relish submitting their off-the-floor statements to the censor

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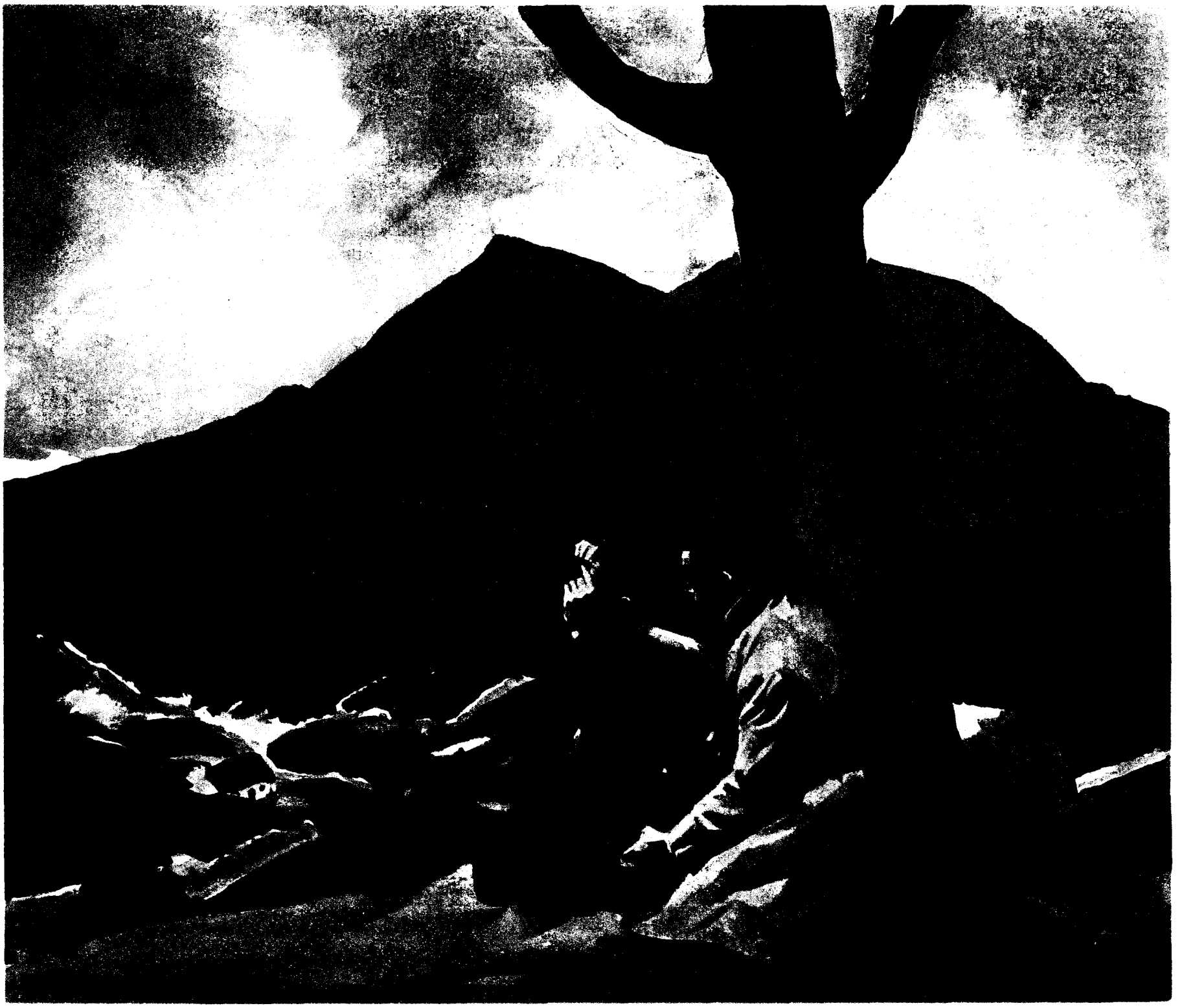

"Looks like it," Ryan said. Hubie lifted the machine gun. He took out the clip, slid it back in

St. Patrick for England

By Howard Breslin

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The German officer made a mistake in his estimate of the men of Ballymoran. Why? They were Irishmen

IT WAS a gray day. The sky was the color of stale cigarette smoke; the air was damp and smelled of fog. Snow still clung to a few places in the green of the Irish countryside. But there was none left on the hilltop where the two men were.

Ryan, lying flat, put his hat down on the damp ground beside him, and placed the field glasses on the hat. He looked at his watch and swore. He turned his head and looked at Hubie McMurrough.

Hubie, his back comfortable against a tree trunk, was watching the road behind them. He had his hands stuck up his sleeves for warmth, but the submachine gun lay across his lap. Hubie's trench coat was buttoned high around his neck, and the long, lean face under the brown beret was expressionless.

"Well?" said Ryan. It was the third day of waiting.

Hubie shrugged. "The day's young. We've time, man."

"Maybe." It was you they contacted in Dublin, thought Ryan. You with your beret and having fought with the Francos in Spain. We've got a whole unit of the I.R.A. out here on the hills because you talked to some man in a Dublin pub. It better be good, Hubie, my lad. He rolled over and glanced down at the road. "Who's covering the road?"

"Timmy and O'Malley. With the old Vickers gun."

"And the other gun?" Ryan waved toward the valley. "Beyond?"

"Coyne."

Then they both heard it, a low buzz in the distance. Ryan whirled, picked up his glasses. He swept them in a slow arc, searching. If they had any sense they'd come in from the west. In the glasses he saw a darker spot against the smoke-gray clouds. It grew darker, then, bigger. Suddenly, it was clearly a plane, dropping fast in a long dive.

"Looks like it," Ryan said.

Hubie lifted the machine gun. He took out the clip, slid it back in with a click. He did it again, and a third time. Each time the clip clicked home Hubie's eyes got brighter.

Ryan took his rifle from against the tree, and worked the bolt, sliding a cartridge into the chamber.

They knelt together, watching the plane come low over the hills to the west.

"A Stuka," said Hubie.

(Continued on page 27)

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Dinner Date

By Duane Decker

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

AS LILY ran a small amber comb through her hair, she heard the telephone ring in the next room. She paused, the comb in mid-air, listening to the tap of her mother's feet, then her mother's brisk hello, and finally: "Lily—the phone, dear."

It was Pike Burdett. If it had been anyone else, her mother would have announced who. That was one of her mother's ways of showing her disapproval of Pike. Rising, Lily walked with deliberate slowness to the telephone, aware that her mother's preoccupation with the newspaper was faked. Picking up the receiver, she felt a little bit self-conscious as she always did when she talked with Pike in front of her mother.

"Yes?" she said.

"Listen, Lily," Pike said, "there's big doings at the Hunters tonight. An anniversary party. I was supposed to tell you before this. But anyway, you can make it, can't you?"

"I'm sorry, Pike. I have a dinner date."

"I don't ask you to break many dates, kid. But this is special!"

"My dinner date is special, too, Pike. I'm late now. I'm not dressed yet. . . ."

"Your mother's listening, isn't she?" Pike said. "I can always tell. You talk in that strained way."

"I really must go now, Pike."

"It's another date with that guy, the one whose old man runs the bank, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"That makes three dates with him this week. And three last week. Right?"

"Yes."

"Well, okay, I get it," Pike said bitterly. "Me, I'm just Joe Baloney, the guy that fills in."

Lily's voice suddenly softened, as though she had dropped her guard in quick fright: "I'm sorry about tonight, Pike. I'd love to go—be just anywhere with you. You know that. If you'd only told me sooner—"

"Skip it," Pike said. "I'm used to getting tossed around by you. It's all I expect. So go get beautiful for Mr. Big. This is Joe Baloney signing off for the night."

HE HUNG up. Lily walked defiantly toward the bedroom without looking at her mother. She opened the closet and rummaged for a dress. Then, abruptly, she stopped and walked over to the bed and sat down, frowning, her chin propped in her hands.

Something told her that this was final-inspection night with Kenneth. The dinner date was at his *house,* with his mother and father. She knew that Kenneth wanted to marry her and that he wanted his family to approve before he asked her.

He was a good catch if you wanted to look at it that way. It wasn't just that his father was president of a bank and had a big home with servants in the smart section of town. It was Kenneth himself, too. Kenneth was really nice. And he loved her and treated her wonderfully. He'd always treat her wonderfully, she thought. He'd always be dependable.

Only—there was Pike. Generally broke, he was no catch, certainly, in *that* sense. And he could be so mean and naggingly jealous, without reason. He broke promises, stood her up on dates sometimes, picked fights with her when he couldn't get his own way about things. Making her upset was a game he seemed to play. Her mother had told her a hundred times that the woman who married Pike would turn into a nervous wreck.

And from the very first date she'd had with Pike, her mother had been afraid of him—afraid he'd get Lily in the end. Lily knew why. Because her mother had said once, "I know all there is to know about the Pike Burdetts of this world, Lily. I married one—your father."

It was true. Lily remembered what a hectic, scrambled life it had been for her mother before her father had died. She remembered the constant quarrels, the threats, the pleading. She remembered how her mother had finally gone to work in the department store because her father had never managed to make ends meet. And when he'd died, he'd left no insurance, nothing. It was easy to see why her mother felt so bitter about Pike Burdett.

Lily's voice suddenly softened. "I'm sorry about tonight, Pike," she said. "I'd love to go. If you'd only told me sooner—"

Yet there was something about the way Pike touched her feelings—it was hard for Lily to explain, even to herself. . . .

The clock on the dressing table said ten minutes of seven. Suddenly, Lily got up and walked into the living room again and faced her mother with a tight, troubled expression on her face.

"I want to ask you something important, Mother. And I don't want a mother-to-daughter answer. I want it woman-to-woman."

"I'll answer it that way, Lily," her mother said.

Lily frowned. "I think Kenneth is going to ask me to marry him tonight. I guess I could be happy with him, Mother. Only, little things stick in my mind about Pike that don't about Kenneth."

"I see."

"I've been thinking, Mother. I know that if I ever married Pike, I'd be terribly happy—for a little while. Then I'd probably fight and plead and have to get a job in a store, as you did. But if I married Kenneth, everything would last. I wouldn't ever be terribly happy but I'd never be *unhappy.*"

Her mother nodded.

"You were terribly happy with Father for a little while, weren't you? It was the way I feel about Pike, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was, Lily."

"Well, what I want to know, Mother—and, gee, this is hard to ask you—was it really worth it? If you had it to do over again, would you honestly do it over?"

Lily waited, her eyes fastened on her mother's. Finally her mother said, "You asked me, so—well, it *was* wonderful for a little while, yes. But it was grief and misery for so much longer. I don't want you to make a mistake tonight, Lily." Her mother paused. "No. No, I wouldn't do it over again."

IT WAS a nice evening. Lily knew that Kenneth's mother and father liked her very much. Around eleven, Kenneth took her home. He drove straight to her house, but when she made a move to get out of the car he touched her arm and drew her back.

"Lily," he said earnestly, "I want to marry you. I love you. Will you marry me, Lily?"

She felt suddenly calm. All evening she'd been nervous, thinking about it, but now that he'd said it, she felt calm.

"I'm sorry, Kenneth. I like you so much. But—"

Five minutes later she opened the door of her house and walked in, ready to face her mother. She dropped her coat and hat on a chair and walked into the kitchen, quietly defiant. But her mother wasn't sitting at the table. Pike was. Sipping a beer.

"Pike!" she said. "Pike—where's Mother?"

"She went out to a movie," Pike said. He took a gulp of his beer. "She phoned me to come over. Said you'd be in early."

Lily sat down. "She phoned *you* to come over?"

Pike grunted. "Figure it out, kid, I can't. I know she hates me and—oh! She left this for you."

He handed her a sealed envelope. She ripped it open and read: "Lily, I meant what I said—I wouldn't do it *over again.* But I'd still do it *once.* So should you or you'll feel thwarted all your life. Even when you asked me, I knew if you really loved Pike you'd marry him anyway, no matter what I said. And I know you really do love him, Lily. So get him. You'll always feel that you missed the boat if you don't."

Lily glanced up. Pike was saying, ". . . and the party will be going until all hours. Let's look in, kid."

"Let's," Lily said. Pike got up, grinning, crooked his arm with elaborate politeness and said, "So here goes Mr. and Mrs. Joe Baloney." And Lily had to smile. Crazy, but she knew she'd remember—always—just the way Pike looked when he said that.

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The Man at the Door

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

This is the story of a visitor who called but once. Even that was too much

ON SATURDAY morning the wind was blowing straight in from the lake. My boss said, "George, you get some stuff together. We're going to spend the night at the camp."

"Yes, sir," I said. "How many are we going to be?"

"Well, let's see," he said. "There's me and Hobson and what's that man with the pointed beard named?"

"You mean Dr. Stone?"

"That's him. And J. Leonard Brownlye."

"Who, sir?" I asked.

My boss laughed. "Never mind," he said. "You'll see." Then he quit laughing and got serious: "George, do you believe in ghosts?"

My name is Booker but my boss is the kind of white man that thinks all colored people who cook and wait on them are named George.

"I never thought much about ghosts, one way or the other," I told him. "My old grandmamma used to tell me if I kept my place and minded my own business, nobody, flesh or spirit, would bother me. So I never thought much about ghosts."

My boss hired me one time when he went to New Orleans to see the Mardi Gras, and brought me up here to Chicago to show people what good, old-fashioned Creole cooking is. I don't like my boss but he pays me eighty a month and keep, and that beats fighting off the dogs with a WPA shovel.

"I'm going to let you in on the joke, George," my boss said, "because I don't want you to get scared and run off."

"Yes, sir," I said. I don't care much for jokes, especially when my boss plays them on other people, but I mind my own business and draw that eighty a month.

"Lincoln is coming," my boss said.

"That'll make five, not counting me," I said. "You and Mr. Hobson and Dr. Stone and Mr. Brownlye and the last gentleman you named."

My boss laughed. "You know who Lincoln is?" he asked me. "Abraham Lincoln?"

A man had better not answer too many questions about what he knows until he finds out why the questions are asked.

"I heard the name spoke," I told my boss.

"You bet you have, you dumbbell," my boss said, still laughing. "Abraham Lincoln set you colored people free. I thought every coon in the country knew that."

The man at the door said, "Son, don't try to make a god out of me. The Almighty is still doing pretty well"

"It must have been before my time," I said. I still didn't know what this joke was going to be about, so I didn't want to let on.

"And he's dead, too," my boss said. "Shot and killed seventy-six years ago."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"But he's going to show up at the camp about midnight, tonight."

"Yes, sir."

My boss studied that for a while. Then he said, "I don't believe you understand at all. I said Abraham Lincoln—he's been dead seventy-six years—is going to walk right up to my camp about midnight, tonight. You understand?"

I knew he wanted me to act scared, so I rolled my eyes a little and made my teeth chatter some, and I said, "It's going to be a mighty cold night for him to be walking about in the snow and him dead and all."

My boss laughed big, at that. "But don't you get scared, George," he said. "It's just a joke. If you weren't such a good cook I wouldn't tell you; I'd let it scare the fire out of you, too. But I don't want you running off in the dead of winter and getting lost among the sand dunes."

"I won't run off," I said.

"This man—J. Leonard Brownlye—ever hear of him?"

I KNEW him when he was named Link Brown and we were in McDonogh High School in New Orleans. That was before he got started writing poetry and winning prizes and scholarships and parting his name in the middle. Link was all right, I guess. I never had any ill feelings toward him.

"No, sir," I told my boss. "I don't believe I know a man by that name."

"J. Leonard Brownlye is a colored man who is an intellectual," my boss said. "He is, in a manner of speaking, a leader of your race. I'm ashamed that you don't know him."

"Yes, sir," I said. "But times have been so hard I don't have time much to circulate amongst the high colored."

"Not only that," my boss said, "he's got a money gift from some foundation to do an epic poem on the life of Abraham Lincoln."

"Yes, sir," I said. For four years now, I have been applying to that foundation to get some money so I can write about what some of the white people are doing and not doing for the colored, seventy-six years after Lincoln's death, but the foundation turns me down.

"So we are going to pull a joke on him," my boss said. "Some of the boys down at the university think he's getting a little too big for his breeches. We are going to get him over to my camp and take him down a few pegs."

"You-all are not fixing to lynch him?" I said, putting on a big, concerned frown. "I'm against lynching. I pay my dues, four dollars a year to the society."

My boss laughed out loud. "No lynching," he said. "We are just going to scare the pants off Mr. J. Leonard Brownlye. That's all."

"Yes, sir," I said, and made like there had been a big load taken off my mind.

(Continued on page 31)

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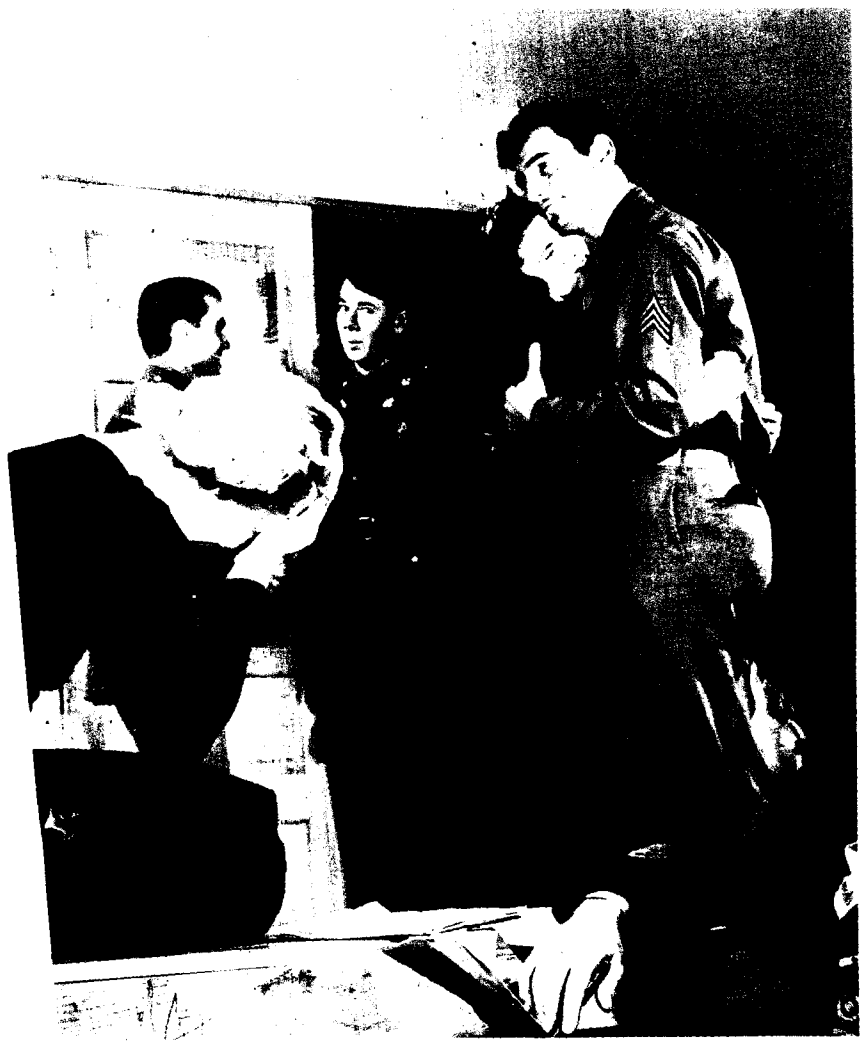
OUR NEW ARMY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES KERLEE

Doing their best to help make life pleasant for soldiers on leave are Marjorie Allen and Kathryn Beilby of the Watsonville, California, Little Theater Group. What's going on here is dramatic training

Studying scripts above are Corporal Walter Brazelton and Private Stanley Doughty of the 250th Coast Artillery, stationed at Camp McQuaide. Below, the boys rehearse—just what they've been waiting for



Here, Collier's special correspondents continue with high lights from camps in which the new American Army is being trained. This week there are items from the South, the Pacific Northwest, the Great Lakes; and about Army food and other things. In the next issue, other sections and subjects will be covered.

ARMY FOOD: The Army may be prejudiced, but it says it is giving a majority of trainees better food than they got at home. Everything is bought under specifications; diets are balanced scientifically. Here's some interesting information from Lieut. Col. S. C. Dildine, who buys a million pounds of meat products a month for boys from Pacific Northwest states in training at Fort Lewis, Washington.

The Army buys Grade-B beef because it's high quality and hasn't so much "waste fat" as Grade-A. It sticks to steer beef, banning heifers. Heifer meat is tender, all right, but has a higher moisture content and more waste. "Medium cured" cheese gets the Army's nod, instead of the green variety—less moisture, more digestible. Ever do any thinking about large eggs and small ones? The Army did: it buys large ones. The proportion of shell to egg is less.

Ninety score butter is what the soldiers get—and every batch is sampled by expert tasters. In salmon—romantically known to the A.E.F. as "goldfish"—the Army insists nowadays on high grade chinook and sockeye varieties. Milk standards are higher than in most cities. The Army rejects huge offerings of food on occasion because they don't come up to specifications.

Standards are so rigid because one piece of bad food can spread sickness through a regiment. Army experience is that it takes the services of four men to make one sick man well. Before he buys oysters, Lieut. Col. Dildine goes out and inspects the oyster beds. The Army's *that* careful.

●

PACIFIC NORTHWEST: New men at Fort Lewis, Washington, are acquiring the hobbies long indulged in by veterans. Many old-line soldiers, for example, collect insignia pins of various regiments: some of the crests marked with the dragons of China for oriental service; others with mementoes of Civil War battles. Some soldiers have 400 or 500 insignias in their collections. Private David Schaffer of Chicago, who enlisted for three years a few months ago, already has 20. One of his companions, John Dore of Milwaukee, who worked on a railroad before enlisting, has a collection of railroad timetables.

In one barracks at the Reception Center, Leroy Hampton of Manti, Utah, a new soldier now assigned to the 99th Field Artillery, started a fad of soap carving. Already his carvings of horses, battle scenes, and statuary are prized possessions in other barracks, and Derral Mecham of Salina, Utah, a 21-year-old blond little lad, also has carved a statue or two of soap. From all this sprung the hobby of Howard Lee, first draftee to be inducted from Oregon. He has devised a game called "Blitzkrieg" which he is trying on fellow soldiers in the barracks. It was pawns made of soap—in the shapes of soldiers, tanks, artillery pieces and airplanes. Four people—representing the mythical nations of Hati, Gillopea, Vernonia and Eeland, play. They move across squares representing waterworks, factories, airports, taking "out" the enemy like chess. Goal is the enemy capital in the center of the board. Lee hopes to sell his game.

●

SOUTH: New Army concentrations are creating boom towns and boomtown problems. The Army figures that each soldier added to a camp brings in one new civilian to the area near by. The United States Public Health Service figures one new civilian to every two soldiers. Taking the Health Service figures this means that the 13,000 inhabitants of Brownwood, Texas, probably will be increased to 28,000—the 30,000 troops will bring in 15,000 new civilians.

Hinesville, Georgia, had 800 population late in 1939—and will have to absorb 7,500 more when 15,000 troops move in. Around the little town of Starke, near Camp Blanding, Florida, will be 60,000 soldiers. Starke's 1,400 citizens will be invaded by 30,000 more men, women and children. Tullahoma has a normal population of 4,500. Around 28,000 troops are being concentrated at Camp Peay, near by. That means nearly 15,000 new inhabitants for the town. Alabama's Anniston will have to provide for 10,000 newcomers; Hattiesburg, Mississippi, for more than 25,000. Fort Bragg, North Carolina, will have 66,000 men.

●

LAKES: The Army's putting a lot of its recruits through school. At Fort Custer, Michigan, the post command is very proud of the good report cards brought home by thirty-two men of the Second Infantry, who are learning shorthand and typing at Argubright College in Battle Creek. The cards are all above average. The Army sends its scholars to school in trucks every morning, feeds them a hot lunch at noon and trucks them home evenings.

●

GENERAL: New soldiers can't always be given the jobs they want or are best fitted for, in the Army—and here's why: There are some 29,000 different occupations in civil life, but only 272 are needed in the fighting force. That's why a lot of square pegs have to be rounded off before they'll fit into the Army's circular holes.

Many trainees are discovering unsuspected opportunities in the Army. For instance, there's Lawrence Perez of Los Angeles. He was on the stage and in radio with a flock of about forty bird calls, mostly Californian. Always wanted to travel around and find new birds to imitate; never could afford it. Now he's in the Pacific Northwest, hunting up new birds; hopes to go to some Rocky Mountain post in the spring—and find other sets of warblers. Incidentally, he finds the Army's chow and exercise are building out his chest and giving him more lung power.

In many camps there's a shortage of new uniforms—and so some of the recruits have to make out with the old

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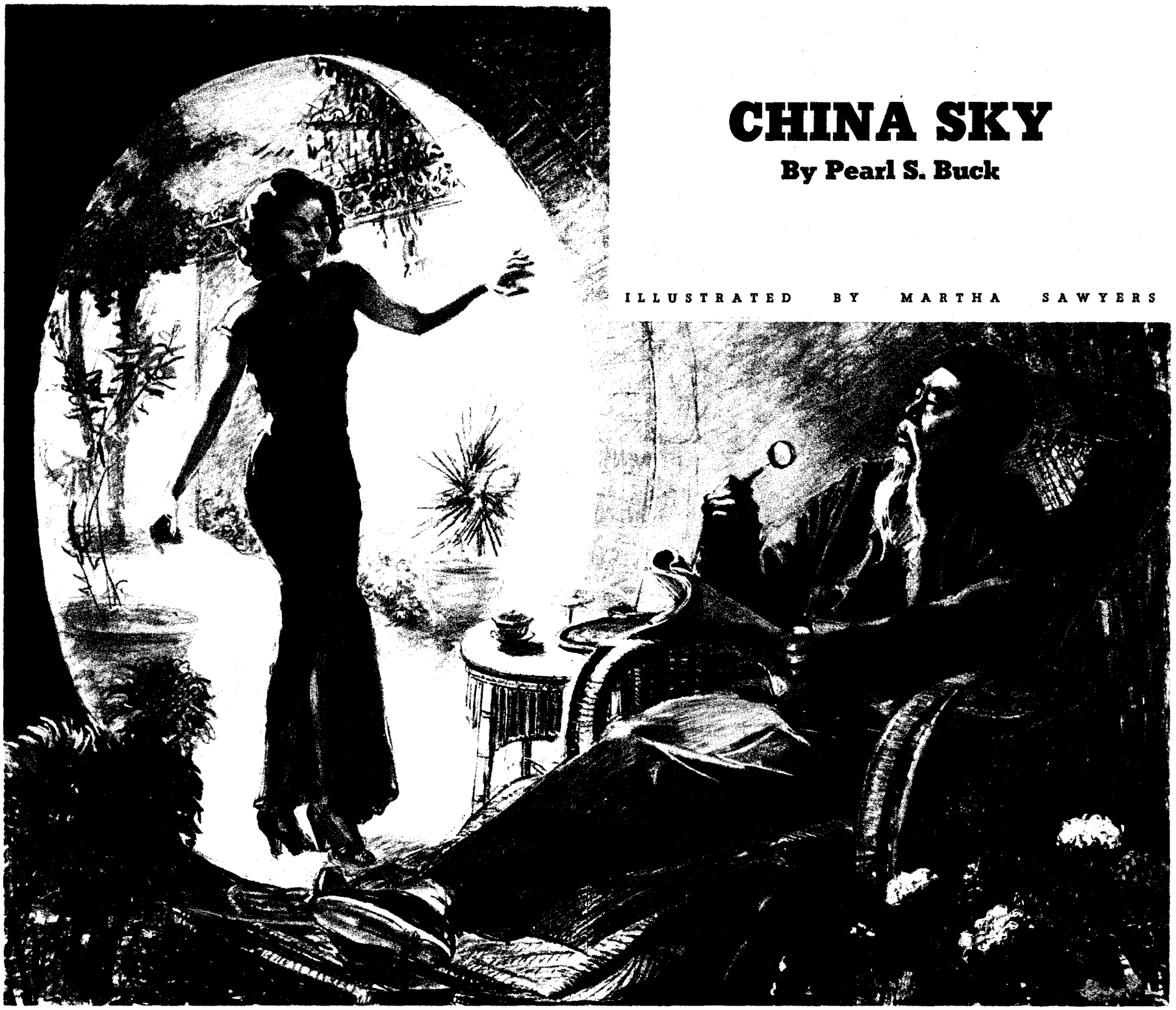
CHINA SKY

By Pearl S. Buck

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS



"Father," she said gently, not to startle him. "Eh!" He looked up and put down his paper. "You are late"

The Story Thus Far:

SECRETLY in love with her chief—Dr. Gray Thomison, head of a hospital in the Chinese city of Chen-li—young Dr. Sara Durand eagerly awaits his return from America, where he has gone to raise funds for his work.

The war is raging, and at frequent intervals the hospital is a target for Japanese bombers. Getting the patients into shelters, when the sirens blow, is difficult and at times perilous. But, with the assistance of two Chinese—Dr. Chung and Dr. Siu-mei—Sara manages to protect her little flock fairly well.

Weeks pass. Sara receives a cablegram. It is from Gray Thomison. It informs her that he will soon be back with "Louise"—*his bride!*

Stunned, Sara tries bravely to repress her emotions. But there are moments when she is wretchedly unhappy. . . . One day a seriously wounded Japanese is brought to the hospital by his captor—Chen-ta, a famous guerrilla, who is known as "the Eagle." Chen-ta says that he himself has wounded the Japanese. And he urges Sara to make every possible effort to save the man's life. *Why?* Chen-ta will not discuss the matter.

Assisted by Dr. Chung (who donates some of his blood), Sara operates; and the Japanese does not die. . . . The Thomisons arrive. Sara gives them as cordial a welcome as she can, under the circumstances. She notes that Louise is young and very beautiful. Louise likewise notes *that Dr. Sara Durand is very beautiful.* . . .

Gray has a Chinese cook—Siao Fah—who adores him. Siao Fah, watching this woman who has just come from America, dislikes and mistrusts her. But, despite the bombings (which terrify Louise), everything goes along smoothly, for a time.

Then, one day, a short time later—after an unusually severe bombing—Gray goes to Louise's bedroom. There he finds her, badly frightened, in tears. Louise astounds her husband by demanding that he take her home. Feeling sure that, once she has grown accustomed to life in China, she will be glad to stay in Chen-li, he refuses to drop his vitally important work and return to America.

In his arms, Louise implores him to take her home. Gray holds her close. "No, Louise," he says firmly.

III

AM I recovering?"

Yasuda, who had gone through the Chinese doctor's examination without a word of speech now asked this question. His voice was calm and without weakness.

"You are," Chung replied.

"If my captor comes today, am I well enough to be returned to him?"

"In my judgment, yes," Chung replied.

The two men spoke in English and equally well, and yet upon their tongues the language could have passed for two, had English been unfamiliar to the listening ear. The Japanese spoke with the guttural intonation of the German-taught. The Chinese had learned from an English missionary, educated in Oxford. But there was no one in the room to hear them.

Chung straightened himself and covered his patient. He began to put away his stethoscope, his delicate, supple hands moving without a fumble. He had purposely come into this room alone, without the usual nurse. One of the nurses, Ya-ching, had been lingering near him waiting to be called, but he had not noticed her. Half the nurses in the hospital were in love with him, he thought scornfully, and why should he pay Ya-ching any heed? She was pale and pock-marked. Why pay any nurse heed when Siu-mei was beginning to yield? Siu-mei's family was rich.

"Why do you work when you need not?" he had asked her one day.

"I wish to work," she had replied with a proud look.

He himself worked because he desperately wanted money. His family was poverty-stricken, his father an idle son of a silk merchant who had used up the last of his small inheritance, and as if that were not enough had now begun to smoke opium because of kidney pains. The large family of his younger brothers and his parents hung upon Chung with an intolerable burden. He was compelled by tradition to take the burden, but the years abroad had destroyed all feeling for his family. One missionary scholarship after another had paid for his education until his own brilliance had won him all he needed.

He was quite willing to fall in love with Siu-mei, indeed, was more than half in love with her, but still the thing must not be brought too quickly to the point of money in his hand. She was sensitively romantic and her newly budding love might shrivel if he spoke too soon of his need; and her family was old and conservative in the city, and a betrothal, even in the modern fashion, could not proceed too quickly. But he needed money now, at once. His father had sent his second brother this morning for more money. But Chung had already used his month's salary and had borrowed another, and he could not ask at the office for more.

"You seem to think that because I'm fed and sheltered I do not need anything else," he had said to his brother.

(Continued on page 34)

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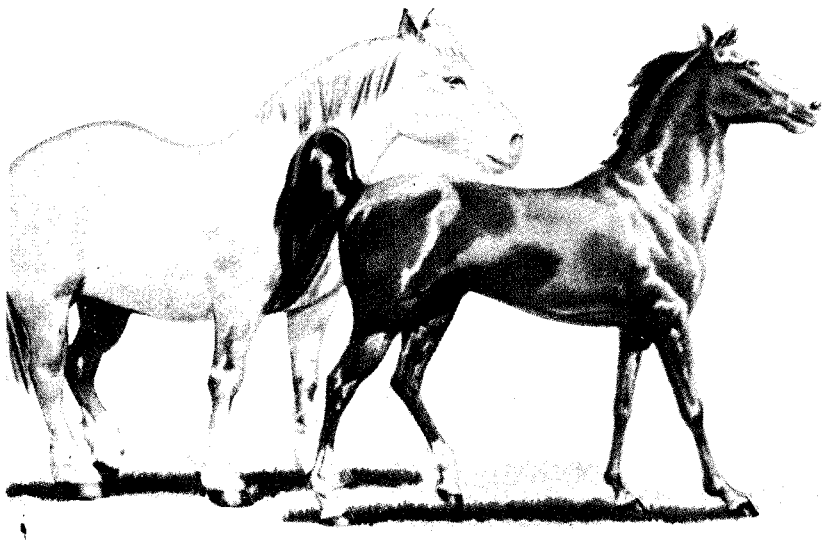


Here's Why Young Folks Go For MERCURY

MERCURY performs differently because it's built according to aviation principles ... with more power per pound than most other cars. It's a lot like a race horse in the pink of condition—trim, balanced—no superfluous weight—but plenty of alert and responsive drive. Naturally, young people of all ages like the "get-up-and-go" of this young kind of car. In a little more than two years Mercury has won over 175,000 new owners, and—have you ever known *one* who wasn't enthusiastic?

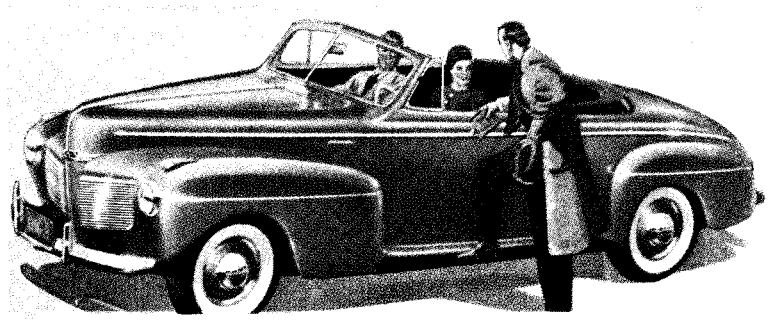
More Rubber On The Road. New larger tires and wider tread, combined with scientific springing give the 1941 Mercury more grip—more road-hugging security, plus better anchorage on the turns.

More Room And Comfort. The new Mercury is a surprisingly large car. Body lines and doors flare out over the running boards to gain extra width inside where big people and big families can use it.

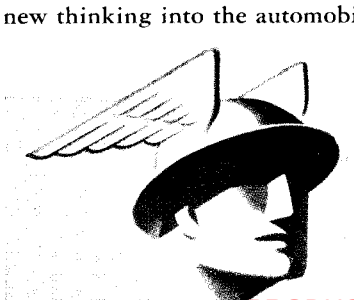
Get Out In Front With This One !

mple Luggage Space. There's plenty of room for he whole family's luggage in Mercury's spacious ear compartment! Spare wheel and tire are stowed ertically against the wall. Tools, automatic light nd floor mat are standard equipment.

FOLKS WHO buy Mercury are proud of their car because it gets out in front and usually stays there. It's mighty fleet, plenty mule-footed in hard going. The smooth, restful ride on slow-motion springs scores a new high in comfort. We think Mercury is pretty as a picture, inside and out. A bit restrained, of course—not too much dazzle, but clean, flowing lines and a perky "let's go" look. Here's a car without a single "super" something. Just a modern, well-conceived, honestly-built automobile that we believe is the best you can buy for the money. Mercury is amazingly economical too—costs less to own than you probably realize. We'd like to have you drive one and see that we really have brought some new thinking into the automobile business.



Most Everybody Likes A Convertible, and here's a fine new Mercury that we think is about the last word in this type of car. Automatic top is electrically operated. White sidewall tires extra.



MERCURY 8

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"Lady, you may know calico ...but I know tobacco!

"And I know Luckies pay the price for finer leaf!" says F. L. Warren, independent tobacco buyer of Danville, Va.

"In buyin' tobacco, you get what you pay for. Right before my eyes, I see Luckies pay the price to buy tobacco that's finer, lighter and milder. I figure that's why most tobacco men like me smoke Luckies. I've smoked them 15 years."

Yes, Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, lighter, naturally milder tobaccos. If you're smoking more today, *real mildness* is important. So take a tip from the independent tobacco experts—the buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen.

Copyright 1941, The American Tobacco Company

With men who know tobacco best_ it's LUCKIES 2 to 1

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St. Patrick for England

Continued from page 20

The plane was almost even with them now, and very little higher. The motor coughed, roared. It was climbing again before they saw the white streak that blossomed into the mushroom of a parachute.

Hubie sucked in his breath. "That takes nerve," he said.

The man hung swinging, dropping slowly into the valley. They could see him moving, working on the cords. The parachute drifted west and disappeared behind a clump of trees.

Ryan pulled on his hat. "Come on, Hubie."

They went down the steep grade quickly, moving easily through the trees. They separated almost at once, Hubie circling away from Ryan's right, but both working toward the place where they'd last seen the parachute.

It was Ryan who first saw the white of the parachute gleaming through the brush. He whistled once, low, and pushed on.

The parachute, shrouds and harness a tangled mass, was draped across a rock near the edge of a clearing. There was no sign of the man who'd come down in it. Just the parachute laid out, a tempting decoy. They'd sent a good man, all right.

Ryan slung his rifle over his shoulder, and stepped into the clearing.

He walked slowly, hands outstretched, palms open. He was exactly in the center of the clearing when a voice challenged in Gaelic.

Ryan grinned. It wasn't a true Irish voice, but it was pretty good Gaelic. Clever of them.

"I'm Ryan," he said, in English. "Conn Ryan. And strange as may be, I don't talk the old language." He waited a moment and added: "Come on. Come on. I'm the man you were to meet."

A MAN came out of the underbrush above him. He was tall, with good shoulders. He wore a cap, and a leather jacket with a jersey under it. The handle of a grenade was sticking from a jacket pocket, and the man held a short automatic rifle pointed at Ryan's stomach.

"Hello," said Ryan.

"Hello." The word was clipped. The rifle stayed steady.

"No foe but England," said Ryan.

"Ah. And for friends?"

"Her foes."

The man nodded. "Lieutenant Franz Kuhel," he said. "You're Ryan." He held out a hand, lowering the rifle.

Ryan shook hands. He raised his voice. "All right, Hubie. You can come in now."

The lieutenant's head snapped around as Hubie emerged from the bushes. Hubie waved a hand.

"Very efficient," said the lieutenant, smiling.

A lip smile, thought Ryan. He's annoyed that he didn't figure on Hubie.

"We'd better get rid of that," said Hubie, pointing to the parachute.

They burned it in the clearing and threw dirt on the ashes. Ryan sent Hubie to call in his pickets, and led the lieutenant through the woods away from the hill they'd kept watch on. Kuhel carried his gun but put the grenade in a fishing creel he'd brought. He had rods, too.

They climbed out of the valley, and followed a noisy stream down the other side. They spoke only once—leaving the stream.

"It's big?" asked Ryan.

The officer knew what he meant. "Yes. Big."

When they came to the abandoned barn that was headquarters, Coyne was there, wrapping the tripod of his gun in oily rags. He glanced at the stranger; looked away politely.

"I saw the plane," said Coyne. "But neither hide nor hair of anything else passed, till Hubie came."

Ryan nodded. He led the lieutenant into the barn. The roof had caved at one end but the other had the semblance of a room. A roll of blankets in a corner, three boxes and a bench. A brazier, with a few blocks of peat beside it, stood, cold, in the middle of the floor.

Ryan propped his gun in a corner and dug a bottle and two mugs out of the ancient hay in the manger. He waved the other toward the bench, clinking the mugs in his hand. "Usquebaugh," he said, pouring. "The wine of the country."

The lieutenant stretched his legs out. He took the mug and raised it. "Ireland," he said. "Her kings, her people and her whisky."

"And don't forget, gentlemen, if it weren't for my client you'd all be home shoveling snow off your sidewalks!"

REAMER KELLER

Ryan felt the warmth of the drink spread down his throat, and munched to keep the taste of it. He sat on a box, facing the German. Ryan cupped both hands about his mug and sipped.

"You sleep here?"

"Not often," said Ryan. "Never two nights running. Nor anywhere else."

"Ah, yes. Even in Berlin we have heard of Ryan."

GET on with it, thought Ryan. You'll catch no cows that way. He said: "Thanks."

"Yes," said the lieutenant. "The riot in Belfast, that was Ryan. And the railroad yards in Liverpool. And the affair of the Arsenal."

"You're well informed," said Ryan. There were voices outside, and he put down his cup, listening.

Timmy came in first, the old Vickers over his shoulder, and Ryan saw Kuhel's stare at the round little man. Timmy was a barrel with bow legs beneath, and a globe for a face on top. A brown knit shawl was draped around Timmy, bunched in front with a wide safety pin. Timmy plunked down the gun, took off his cap and mopped his face with it.

As usual, saw Ryan, Timmy was three sheets to the wind. Wanting no mistake about it, Ryan said: "This is Timmy. A first-class fighting man."

The lieutenant bowed, frowning.

Hell, said Ryan to himself, this is the I.R.A., not the Storm Troopers. Timmy's worth the lot.

HUBIE came in, and O'Malley. Hubie sat down on the floor, his gun beside him. "Coyne's on watch," said Hubie. He glanced from Ryan to the officer. "What goes?"

Kuhel took a map from a breast pocket and spread it on the floor. It was dark in the barn, and O'Malley lit a candle end. They grouped themselves about the map. Ryan stayed on his box, looking down at them.

"First," said the lieutenant. "You can talk for the organization?" He went on at Ryan's nod. "You know this section of the country?" His finger ran down the west coast of Ireland.

"Like the palm of his hand," said Timmy.

"And this—the northwest corner?"

"Wait!" exploded Timmy. "That's Donegal. You'll have the whole north at your throat!"

"Shut up!" Hubie snapped the words.

"But the man's talking nonsense."

"I'm talking of a blow at England."

That got them. Ryan could see it pass from face to face like a breeze rippling across a lake. Even Timmy wet his lips. England. The old enemy. And these were the outlaws, the die-hards. This Franz Kuhel was a good man, and smart. He'd press his advantage.

"Isn't that why you're here? The Free State after you—the police? Because you're still against England. You're the ones know that Ireland isn't Ireland until you've brought the lion to his knees. How much can you do with your bomb throwing and your gun stealing? But with us—"

"Get on with it," said Ryan.

Kuhel frowned. "You're for it?"

Hubie laughed. "You're talking to Conn Ryan, man. His father went down in Easter Week. And there were Ryans with Emmet and Wolfe Tone."

"Before that," said Timmy. "Before that. There were Ryans with Shane O'Neill in Elizabeth's time."

"Sure," said Ryan. "All the lost causes. We're thick."

"Look," said the lieutenant. "I'm not asking you to do anything but hold a bridgehead for us. There. In Ulster. Just till we get troops landed."

"And how will you do that?"

"Quick and quiet. The whole submarine fleet carrying a special division. Putting into that northwest coast. The I.R.A. to cover the landing—and take care of any arteries leading toward us."

"But the south—" began Timmy.

The lieutenant interrupted: "The south is where they expect us. The leader is too smart for that."

"You can get through the British navy?" O'Malley spoke for the first time.

"Leave that to us. It's a good plan. And there'll be planes, too. As soon as we've a base established. We'll roll the English to the Irish Sea. To their back gate."

RYAN looked at the lieutenant. "It's Roger Casement's plan magnified. And seventy times as daft. You don't know this country. Every old woman would have the whole thing in gossip before your submarines were out of the water. And what would DeValera be doing? And the English?"

"Wait." Lieutenant Kuhel was calm. "Wait. We've figured that. We could race them to the Shannon. And keep them back with planes."

"It's a fine gift you bring us," said Ryan, with bitterness. "Bombers in the Shannon Valley. Germans in the north, and the English in the south. A fine gift."

"I bring you a free Ireland," said the officer. "And the smashing of England. They told in the old tales that Irishmen would fight for that." Kuhel sneered. "That was long ago."

"Not so long ago," said Hubie. His voice was cold. "Not so long."

"Well, then?" the German said. "Well, then?"

"Hell!" said Hubie. "What have we got to lose?"

"It would put the fear of God in them anyway," said O'Malley.

Timmy pounded the floor with his big fist. "It would that. Win or lose."

They were all looking up at Ryan, and they didn't see the flicker of triumph in the lieutenant's eyes. Ryan saw it. You've got them, he thought. Got them because it's so crazy, and so big. Make big dreams for the Irish always, and wild plans. And these men of mine are hunted, tired. They're drunk now with the thought of being out in the open again, driving men in front of them.

"Put a name to it, Conn," said Timmy.

"Yes," said the lieutenant. "Put a name to it, Ryan."

"Maybe," said Ryan. I could put a name to you, Herr Lieutenant, he was thinking, with your special division by submarine. You're likely to leave us all cut off there in Donegal. A lot you or your leader cares if this succeeds or not. Even alone the organization would

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frighten England. And that's your ace, and you know it. Most of us would sell our souls to give one uneasy night to the English and a tight-lipped man in Dublin. "Maybe," he said, again.

Hubie said: "Malone's hiding in Donegal now. And there's fifty guns will come out of holes when I take this down to Dublin."

"Whist!" said Timmy, and blew out the candle.

Ryan heard the drumming of the horse a heartbeat later. Then, he was on his feet, rifle in hand, and backing toward the loose plank in the rear wall. He heard the lieutenant's rifle scrape along the bench. The others were just dark shapes, motionless in the gloom.

They waited. The galloping came closer.

"All right," said Timmy. "All right. That's Finn McCool."

"Who?" The German's voice was sharp.

Hubie laughed. "The horse. That's his name. Finn McCool."

"And all horse, that one," said O'Malley, relighting the candle.

"You're sure it—"

"Timmy never misses, Lieutenant." Ryan put his rifle back in the corner. He looked at Timmy. "How did *he* know we were here?"

Franz Kuhel looked bewildered. "The horse?" He straightened stiffly when they all laughed.

"The rider," said Ryan. "That's Father Nolan's horse. No one else ever rides him."

"A priest? You let a priest come here?"

"Let?" Timmy chuckled. "Let's a small word for Father Nolan."

The horse had stopped running. They could hear the murmur of voices.

"I don't understand," said Kuhel. "Are the clergy with you?"

Ryan's smile was bitter. "No fear. I'm one who likes the clergy to keep to their side of the altar rail, myself. But Nolan's from Timmy's parish. Local. Timmy—how did he know?"

"Don't look at me," said Timmy. "There ain't much he don't know."

A BOARD snapped in the wrecked end of the barn. A man came toward them out of the shadows. "Greetings, Conn Ryan," said a soft voice.

Ryan spoke harshly: "Coyne let you by? The—"

"Any fault is mine, Conn Ryan," said the priest.

Ryan looked at him. Father Nolan was a small man, slender. His face was broad, high-cheeked, with a hook of a nose that was twisted to one side. He wore a black suit, the trousers tucked into riding boots, and carried his derby in one thin hand. In the candlelight Father Nolan's hair was mixed red and gray, like steel gone rusty. But the blue eyes in their nests of wrinkles were as cold as Ryan's own.

"I've business here, Conn Ryan," said Father Nolan.

"And I," said Ryan.

"Mine's the more important. I've come for Timothy." Father Nolan smiled at Timmy. "It's your wife, son."

"Norah?" said Timmy. "Bad, Father?"

The priest's smile was tender. "I've anointed her, lad. But she wants you. Your place is there, Timothy." He looked at Ryan.

"Of course," said Ryan. This was priest's business and Ryan used a friendly tone. He put a hand on Timmy's shoulder. "She'll be all right, Timmy. Once you're there."

Timmy's fingers plucked at the safety pin in his shawl. "I'll—I'll meet you in Ballymoran."

Hubie said: "You'll get him through safely, Father?"

Father Nolan nodded. "Finn McCool can carry us both. They won't catch Timothy." He looked about the barn; his glance held the lieutenant's for a moment. "Though I wish St. Patrick would find better work for all of you."

"I'm ready," said Timmy.

"A word, Conn Ryan," said the priest. He inclined his head toward Lieutenant Kuhel, but his eyes held Ryan's. "A word. We brought invaders in once to settle a private fight. And we've been centuries since trying to get them out. Think of that, Conn Ryan." He sighed for Timmy to proceed him, and they turned to go out.

"Wait," commanded the lieutenant.

Father Nolan stopped. Ryan saw Hubie reach down and take the submachine gun up into his lap. Hubie's face was blank. He smells trouble, thought Ryan, suddenly wary.

"Yes?" asked Father Nolan.

But the German looked at Ryan. "You're letting him go?"

"Why not?"

O'Malley scowled, puzzled. Timmy, his head lowered, was gazing at the floor. Father Nolan watched the lieutenant and waited.

"He knows why I'm here," said Kuhel.

"And who you're from," said Father Nolan quietly.

"How?"

The priest smiled. He shrugged. "A little bird told me."

Kuhel brought the automatic rifle level at his hip, putting the butt firmly on the wall behind him. "I do not like this," he said.

"Nor I," said Hubie. The candlelight made his glance at the priest very bright and hard.

FRANZ KUHEL looked across at Hubie and said something in Spanish. Hubie answered in the same language.

"Stop that," said Ryan, angry. "Talk English." They both fought in Spain, he thought. A priest's life was cheap in that war. "This isn't Spain," he said to Hubie.

Hubie stared back, unblinking. He sat cross-legged on the floor, but the hands on the machine gun were properly placed and steady.

"War is war," said Kuhel. "And the priest is not with you."

Father Nolan said: "No. I am not."

The German nodded. "I do not trust the clergy when they are not with you. In my country they stay in the pulpit. Or we put them where they are safe."

"I have heard of that," said Father Nolan. "But the man's wife is dying and needs him."

"That's right," said Ryan. "I'm not one to lick the doorknobs off the church either. But he's here on priest's business. That makes a difference." He felt better because the lieutenant had forgotten the talk.

"An old trick," said Kuhel. "It's too pat. The plan's important, and Timmy knows it. If the police make him talk—"

Timmy came out of his brooding with a roar. "Talk! Are you calling me an informer?"

"Stand still," said Hubie.

"So?" said Ryan, softly. "So?" There was a salty taste in his mouth. If Hubie and the officer stood together the odds favored them. Ryan saw the glance of approval Kuhel shot at Hubie. Hubie's their type of man, he thought. Young, hard, and a veteran at killing.

"No," said the lieutenant. "The priest stays."

Only Father Nolan was standing easily in the room, now. The rest were tense. Timmy's head weaved a little. "Conn?" he asked.

"You'll give your word, Father?" said Ryan. He let his weight come forward on the balls of his feet. There's your way out of this, lieutenant, he thought.

"Of course," said Father Nolan.

"No," said Kuhel. "The priest stays."

Why, they're thicker than the English, thought Ryan. The English know when to trust, when to let up. These are fanatics. "We can't carry prisoners," he said. "Not in the I.R.A."

"No," said Hubie.

Kuhel said, "I realize that."

Timmy's eyes were shifting back and forth. O'Malley's breath was audible. Father Nolan smiled.

"The organization won't like it," said Ryan. Damn the man, he thought. He knows enough to keep his gun on the priest, but not enough to know what a priest means to the Irish.

"The organization needn't know," said Kuhel.

THERE was a long moment of silence. Ryan knew he'd have to take the chance on Hubie. "I guess you're right," he said. He dove for the lieutenant's gun.

There was a sudden stamp of movement in the room behind him, and the quick, shuddering roar of a machine gun. The lieutenant bent double and went over the bench backward, crashing against the wall. One leg hung swinging across the overturned bench.

Ryan, on his knees holding Kuhel's rifle by the barrel, turned and looked through the smoke at Hubie.

"Hell," said Hubie. "You didn't think I'd let him shoot Father Nolan, did you? But you near got in my way with that crazy dive."

Father Nolan picked himself up from where Timmy had pushed him. Ryan noticed that they were all flat on the floor. The priest stepped to the bench, and raised his hand. He blessed the body, his lips moving.

"Are they all like that?" asked O'Malley, brushing himself.

Coyne came running in. He stared, white-faced.

The priest had finished and he scowled at Hubie. "You're too deadly quick with that thing, Hubie McMurrough."

"Thank God," said Timmy.

Hubie took the clip out of his gun, and put in a fresh one. He looked at Father Nolan coldly. Hubie said: "Why don't you stay in church where you belong? The man had a damn' big plan."

Ryan went out to the horse with Timmy and the priest. "A near thing," said Father Nolan. "I'll be thanking St. Patrick for keeping close watch on all of us."

"Us?" said Ryan. "Not us, Father. He gave this day to England." But he watched them ride off, and grinned. He stood a moment in the dusk, before he went back for the burying, and looked up into the darkening sky.

"I suppose you know what you're doing," said Ryan, aloud.

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"Mrs. Caruso...twin boys...seven pounds...Where's that beer?"

One A. M. . . . ***and the Doctor's day is done. Life and death. Pain and pleasure. He sees them all. And, through the wisdom that comes from experience, he knows that a tired man can find rest and relaxation in a glass of mellow beer or ale.***

• • •

In a world that's racing madly toward an unforeseen future, all men's days are crowded, worried, tense. You, all of us, need to relax...need to sit down in serenity, need to gather up the raveled threads of life . . . a quiet hour, when you can rest and enjoy the mellow wholesomeness of beer.

A product of Nature, beer is by nature good. It is rich in the appealing flavor of sun-ripened grain. It is fragrant with the pleasant odor of hops . . . and it is good to the taste.

The brewers of America want the conditions under which beer is sold to be as wholesome as beer itself.

The vast majority of beer and ale retailers operate decent and respectable places. We ask you *to avoid* any others and to report any law-breaking establishments to your local enforcement authorities.

"CLEAN-UP OR CLOSE-UP" is the title of a booklet that describes the Brewing Industry's significant program of self-regulation to improve beer and ale retailing (now operating in 14 states and being extended). We'd like to send you a copy. Address United Brewers Industrial Foundation, **Dept. B2,** ***21 E. 40th St., New York.***

UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION

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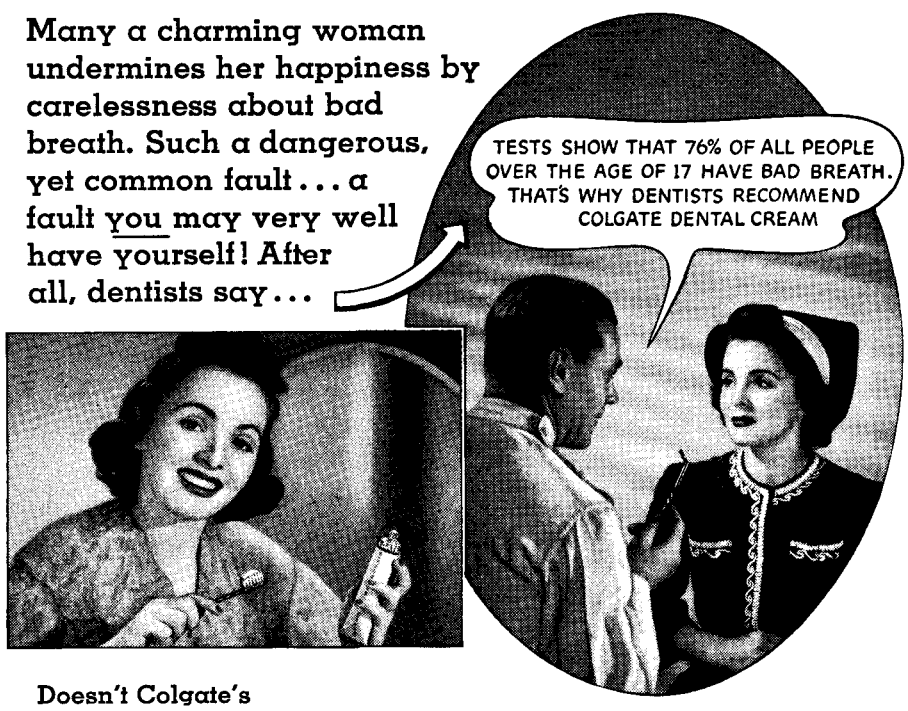
Husbands don't TALK about it

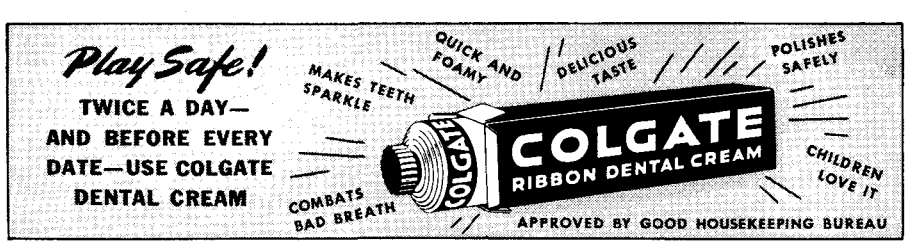
but you can't afford to risk it!

Many a charming woman undermines her happiness by carelessness about bad breath. Such a dangerous, yet common fault . . . a fault you may very well have yourself! After all, dentists say . . .



Doesn't Colgate's penetrating foam make your mouth feel clean and refreshed? Aren't your teeth brighter, more sparkling? Such a grand tangy flavor, too! What a pleasant way to combat bad breath!

"You see, Colgate's has an active penetrating foam that gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath."



Bashful Brenda

Continued from page 13

agreed. They suggested a scene from The Perfect Specimen. She turned it down scornfully because she would have nothing to do with light comedy. They suggested Golden Boy. That was all right. On the morning of the day she was to make the test, she was offered a role in the Federal Theater production of Bernard Shaw's On the Rocks. She called up MacMullin.

"That test is off," she said loftily. "I'm being an actress again."

Being a gentleman, MacMullin refrained from going around and braining her but it was plain that his patience was tried. During the run of On the Rocks, she made two screen tests for M-G-M, one for Paramount and one for 20th Century-Fox. Informed of this, MacMullin got on the job again and Warners' made an offer.

"That's when I really made a dope of myself," says Brenda. "I sent a lawyer around to make exorbitant demands. I figured they'd either laugh or think I was worth big money. They laughed."

The Actress is Never Right

Paramount still showed interest and wanted some still photographs of her in a bathing suit. They turned out badly. Brenda insisted with asperity that it was the photographer's fault; Paramount suggested politely that it might be hers. It was a losing battle because Paramount had the last word. She didn't like the photographer; they didn't like the legs. Let us part as friends, said Paramount, and hastily withdrew.

Then, just to show how irrational Hollywood can be, her agent took the Paramount test and the same still pictures over to Warners' and they promptly went mad and began wiring frantically to New York to get her on a plane and rush her out there. They wanted her for Espionage Agent with Joel McCrea. This was pleasing enough but when she landed in Burbank she was not thinking of Mr. McCrea and her future career. She was still mad at Paramount.

"Get me a photographer," she cried. "Get me a bathing suit." The press-department boys could scarcely believe their ears because most new arrivals are coy about their attractions and prefer to speak of their Art. They had her swinging from the steps of a swimming pool almost before one could say Edward Everett Horton. "Um-m, not bad," they murmured sagely, when the negatives were developed.

This took away the memory of the Paramount insult and she threw herself into her screen career with ardor, but that was the last independent gesture she enjoyed in some time. Acting upon the old Warners' principle that those who can't swim deserve to drown, they shot Espionage Agent, wrung her hand with gratitude when it was finished, and then hurled her into the arms of the magnificent Errol Flynn in The Sea Hawk.

The speed of all this was not good for her and things were not bettered by the fact that her first shot with Flynn was to be a love scene. To make it worse she was confined with the great man in a horse-drawn coach, with no chance to move around and nothing to do but act like one filled to the ear lobes with amorous affection. As a wife and mother (the little one had been born in Peterboro three years before), that should have been easy for her, but Flynn was obviously not one to be taken lightly. He looked at her possessively. He gave her an ogle which was nothing less than an All-American ogle. She cringed and trembled. She began to shake.

"You know what?" said Flynn presently. "You're the second shiest person I ever knew."

"Wh-o-o-o is the f-f-first?" she managed to stammer.

"I am," cried the big, jolly man with a big, jolly laugh, and everything was dandy thereafter.

But what really saved her in Hollywood was the friendship of Flo O'Neill, a script girl who worked on Espionage Agent. Flo introduced her around, helped her find an apartment and then came to live with her. In the meantime, the Gaines–Ankerson marriage had blown up and Brenda arrived in the Land of Myth with no money, no husband, a very slight reputation and a baby.

The Warners' press department uttered little moans when they saw the child and only strict federal laws kept them from attempting kidnaping. They did make faint suggestions to Brenda about keeping the bairn in the background but she clung to the baby with all the intensity of a lion cherishing its cub and Flo O'Neill carried on a campaign for mother love which eventually shamed the hard gentlemen.

In the meantime, the ménage was getting along well in a little bungalow near the studio, with Flo doing the buying and Brenda doing the cooking and both looking after the baby. Conditions were bright at the studio because Warners' were tossing her into films so rapidly that the critics thought she was on an endless belt.

By this time the press department was tinkering with the idea of proving that Brenda was actually a mysterious Oriental, for it was true that she had been born in the Philippines and had the dark, olive skin of a Eurasian. Brenda answered this by yelling, "Danish, Danish, Danish" in a voice of such intensity that they could only regard it sadly as an excess of racial pride.

What Can a Publicity Man Do?

All this time Brenda stayed home and pasted clippings and pictures of Katharine Cornell, her stage idol, in a gargantuan scrapbook. Her notions about the purity of the stage and the high ideals of the drama had subsided slightly but she was still a serious student of histrionics and Cornell was her goddess. What changed all this was the arrival of a young man named Bill Holden, who had scored a success in the screen version of Golden Boy and was considered one of the more eligible of the Hollywood swains. To avoid any misapprehension, Brenda trotted out the baby the first time Mr. Holden came to call and Bill chucked the tiny one under the chin and bounced him on his knee and seemed not displeased. The idea that this might discourage his ardor was immediately dispelled by the fact that he continued to squire Mamma all over the landscape.

This idyll was disrupted by the appearance in a gossip column of the news that Brenda Marshall and Bill Holden would soon see the parson. This infuriated Brenda, who stormed into the press department in protest.

They threw up their hands in astonishment. Brenda just doesn't seem to have any capacity for Hollywood chit-chat. She may never develop that properly light tone which makes social life so charming out there.

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The Man at the Door

Continued from page 22

"Tonight we are all going to be sitting around the camp," my boss said, "and along about midnight, somebody is going to knock on the door."

"I'll wait up," I said, "so's I can open the door."

"No," my boss said. "Won't anybody hear that knocking except J. Leonard Brownlye."

"You mean," I said, "everybody else will be sleeping?"

"Not at all," my boss said. "Everybody will be awake and will hear the knocking. But they will pretend not to hear it. Understand? Everybody except Brownlye will be in on the joke."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"J. Leonard, then, will have to open the door."

I didn't say anything.

"And when he opens the door," my boss said, "who do you think will be standing there?"

"*I don't know, sir,*" *I said.*

"Abraham Lincoln!" my boss said.

"Yes, sir," I said, rolling my eyes and chattering my teeth some more. "But he's been dead seventy-six years. And it's going to be an awful cold night. Maybe it's snowing too hard for us to go to the camp, anyway. Maybe we ought to wait until the weather clears up."

MY BOSS was tickled at the way I carried on. After a while he stopped laughing enough to say, "It won't really be Abraham Lincoln, you dumbbell. It will only be an impersonator."

"Who?" I asked my boss.

"A man named Stewart Coldwater," my boss said. "He is an actor who played Lincoln in a show and we hired him to dress up and come to the door and knock. Hobson is going to send him out in his car. Hobson will ride with us."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Now don't you get scared and spoil the joke," my boss said. "You just act like you don't know a thing and remember not to see or hear the actor when he comes to the door."

"Yes, sir," I said.

I bought a pair of thick steaks off a prime loin, a few pounds of potatoes, a can of shrimp and a can of tomato paste and some things for breakfast, and a case of Scotch. Then I got my boss' heavy furs that he bought from that Eskimo trader up in Toronto, and we started out in the big car. We stopped on 59th Street and picked up Professor Hobson and then drove across the Midway for Link Brown and Dr. Arbuthnot Stone. Dr. Stone was one of a group of advanced thinkers in psychology that my boss had taken up recently.

Naturally, I pretended not to know Link Brown and he looked past me as though I was not in the world. Link was talking to Dr. Stone when they came out of the house, and when they got in the car he kept right on talking. He talked about nothing but Abraham Lincoln. I believe he had memorized everything that had ever been written about the martyred President, and was practicing at putting it into epic poetry form. By the time we got to Gary, Indiana, he was reshaping some of Walt Whitman's lines to make them fit his own idea of poetry, and I began to see what my boss meant when he said some of the boys thought J. Leonard Brownlye needed taking down a few pegs.

The boss' camp is not really a camp. It is more a rustic mansion with all the conveniences of the city. But I understand it was once a camp during prohibition days, when my boss used it for a storage place for whisky that he hauled from Canada. But when prohibition ended and my boss took up other interests such as traveling about and meeting intellectual people, he got sentimental about the place. He had logs *hauled in over the dunes and built* around the sheet-iron storeroom and then took the sheet-iron walls down and made a real attractive place of it.

Things went about as my boss had planned. We almost got stuck in the snow three or four times before we finally got to the camp but we made it. I was turning on the automatic oil heater switch and building a fire in the big fireplace while the boss opened up the whisky, and nobody suffered from the cold. Then I broiled the steaks and made a sort of stew out of the shrimp and tomato paste, and French fried some potatoes and set the table. But before I poured that sauce over that fine steak, I trimmed me a good-sized piece from the short side of the bone, and then I served dinner.

DURING dinner, I noticed that the wind had died down and it began snowing in huge wet flakes. While I was cleaning up the dishes, J. Leonard Brownlye finished his interpretation of Dr. Barton's attitude toward Lincoln and came in the kitchen pretending to get a drink of water.

"How am I doin', Book?" Link said.

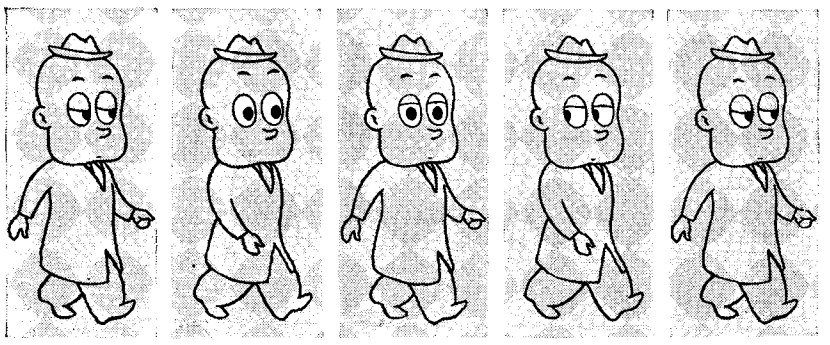
"Okay," I said.

"It's one way to live," Link said. "And I really am doing a great epic poem on the life of Lincoln. Our Deliverer has never been interpreted—"

I put my finger to my mouth and said, "Shh," and nodded my head toward the room where my boss and his guests were. Link stopped talking and nodded his head. Then he whispered, "I just didn't want you to think I was a phony."

When he went back to the living room I almost wished I had told him about the trick they were going to play on him but it was no business of mine, no more than it was any of my business that he was a phony intellectual living on the sympathy and ignorance of other people.

When I finished up in the kitchen, my



Celebrity

CROCKETT JOHNSON

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Bundy

Radio Director: No! No! You're going on the air for PEP! Where's that old "oomph" —you know—that zip-zip, that "pep appeal."

Radio Director: Now! Now! Don't feel so bad about it. I know you can rock 'em when you're feeling right. And—say!—that reminds me. Why don't we take time out to *try* a little KELLOGG'S PEP?

Radio Director: Here in the script it says that none of us can have pep without getting all his vitamins. And right in this crisp, toasted wheat-flake cereal KELLOGG'S PEP are extra-rich sources of two of the most important vitamins, B_1 and D.

The Singer: Hey! Hold on a minute! This is the best doggone cereal I've tasted in a month of Sundays. Zowie! What a flavor! Why haven't I known about *this* before?

The Singer: Hot diggety! If getting all my vitamins can be as much fun as eating PEP, just watch me! Before long I'll become the pep girl of the air.

Radio Director: Atta girl! Where there's pep there's hope!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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boss made me come into the living room. "This discussion will improve your mind," my boss said. "The subject is Abraham Lincoln. You know who he is?"

"I heard his name spoke," I said.

Everybody laughed. They already were getting pretty high. "Abraham Lincoln set you colored people free," my boss said.

"It must have been before my time," I said, and they laughed at that, too.

"He's the best cook in the country," my boss said. "But outside of cooking, he hasn't got a brain in his head. Have a drink, George."

I took a stiff drink and sat back down. Then Link opened up on me. About Lincoln. He was feeling the liquor, some, and his tongue didn't really need much oiling anyway. He spouted facts and dates for a while. My boss took three stiff drinks during that time. Professor Hobson sat and dozed and Dr. Stone twirled his thumbs and watched me. Out of the corner of my eye I could see he thought I was a laboratory specimen.

It may have been that drink I took or the drinks Link had taken, or it may have been something else. I don't know and it is not any of my business, but all at once J. Leonard Brownlye—old Link Brown, I mean—stopped spouting and began talking. Beautifully. He was saying something but I have no idea what he was saying. Maybe he was just making sounds instead of saying words. I don't know.

ALL at once there came a sharp rap-rap-rap on the front door. That pulled us all back to reality. After a minute, Link said, "I thought I heard somebody knocking at the door."

"I didn't hear anybody," my boss said. "Did any of you gentlemen hear?"

Dr. Stone shook his head. Professor Hobson didn't say anything.

"Did you hear anybody at the door, George?" my boss said.

"I wasn't listening," I said.

The knock came again, three more sharp raps, no louder or fainter than the first time.

"There it is again," Link said. "Didn't you hear it?" He looked right at me and I had to say something. One thing I won't do is lie. But on the other hand I get eighty dollars a month and keep, for doing practically nothing, so long as I please my boss. And as Link said to me out in the kitchen, it is one way to live.

So I turned to my boss. "Do you want me to open the door, sir?" I said.

My boss shook his head. "Never mind, George," he said. "It must have been the wind he heard."

I sat and stared at the floor. In a few minutes the knocks came again exactly the same as before. "I know damned well I heard somebody knocking," Link said.

"You're drunk," my boss said.

"Do you mind if I open the door, anyway?" Link said.

"Go to it," my boss said.

Link opened the door. There was no wind and the snow was falling straight down in great, big, soft wet flakes.

The man was there, all right. He stood framed in the doorway against the snow-night background. He looked exactly like the pictures I have seen of Abraham Lincoln.

When the man spoke his voice was high-pitched and slow and soft, just like all the books said Lincoln's voice was.

The man at the door said, "Son, don't try to make a god out of me. The Almighty is still doing pretty well." He laughed a little. "And besides, I heard an old fellow up the creek say, one time, that human beings are right noble creatures, once you get on to their fine points."

"Shut the door, Brownlye," my boss said. "Do you want to freeze everybody?"

Link shut the door and turned around. I looked at him. His skin was the color of ashes and his eyes almost bulged out of their sockets. I felt sorry for him. Dr. Stone studied him with all the coolness of a scientist. My boss winked at Professor Hobson. And then Link's eyes asked the question of each of the white men and his eyes read the answer in their faces.

When Link looked at me, I had my head turned and was studying the open fire. I can't lie, even with my eyes.

After a while, Link said, "It must have been the wind," then he sat down.

Everybody was quiet. My boss and Professor Hobson looked as ashamed as I felt, but Dr. Stone looked excited. I could tell he wanted to ask a heap of questions but he just stared at Link and didn't say anything.

Then my boss said everybody ought to go to bed and we did. It stopped snowing before I got to bed. I stood by my window and looked out while the snow thinned and finally stopped. And then I watched the clouds drift away and saw the moon come out cold and clear and still. There was no snow falling and no wind blowing when I crawled under the blankets that night.

I am not used to drinking and the drink of Scotch made me feel queer and kept me awake for a while. I wasn't exactly thinking but I let things pass through my mind. Once I laughed because it seemed very funny that Link had fooled the white gentlemen. For all he knew, Link saw a ghost and when a colored man sees a ghost he is supposed to be very scared. But Link wasn't frightened. Then I wondered if Dr. Stone would write a paper explaining Link's psychological reaction. We did not study psychology at McDonogh High, but I thought I understood why Link had not been frightened. Here he was surrounded by men who wished him evil and along comes a ghost with a friendly word. A man in trouble does not get scared at anybody, flesh or spirit, who offers a friendly word.

THEN I dropped off to sleep. I did not sleep sound but whether I woke up, actually, I cannot say. I remember hearing my boss snore very loud, but I know I dreamed that; because the master bedroom and the guest rooms were over the living room in the front part of the house, and my room was over the kitchen, too far away to hear anybody snoring. I remember hearing the wind blow through the trees but whether that was real or only a dream, I don't know. I just know the wind was not blowing when I went to bed and it was not blowing when I woke up in the morning.

By the time I got the fire in the living room going again, and a few bottles of tomato juice opened, they began waking up. Everybody looked pretty sour. They drank the tomato juice before anybody spoke a word.

My boss said, "You look all tuckered out, Brownlye. Didn't you sleep well last night?"

Link shook his head. "I'm afraid I was pretty drunk," he said.

"Not at all," my boss said. "You were swell. Just oiled enough to loosen up your tongue a little." He winked at Dr. Stone. "You said you heard funny sounds, somebody knocking or something. You finally decided it was just the wind."

Link looked down at his dish of cereal. "The wind," Link said. "Yes, it was the wind."

MY BOSS looked over his shoulder at me and winked. "Did you hear the wind last night, George?" my boss said.

"The wind stopped blowing before I went to bed and it stopped snowing, too," I said.

Link looked at me like he was thinking hard. "Are you sure of that?" Link said.

"Like I said," I told Link. "I stood by my window and watched the snow thin out and stop and there was not a bit of wind."

Link studied a little more and then got to his feet, suddenly. "Wait!" Link said, and he rushed to the front door.

It did not take me long to figure out what was going on in Link's mind. If it had stopped snowing and there had been no wind blowing during the night, there ought to be tracks in the snow.

Link opened the door, and there, spread out before us, was the whitest, smoothest snow you ever saw. Not a track, not a bump in that cold white stretch that waved over the dunes. Link breathed deep and it seemed like his inside nervousness relaxed a little.

Professor Hobson got worried about it first. Naturally he had seen a man at the door and he realized what it meant when he didn't see any footprints. Actors make tracks.

"Give me a drink," Professor Hobson said.

"Hair of the dog?" my boss said, still trying to have fun.

"Don't you see, you idiot?" Professor Hobson said, pointing out the door. "There aren't any tracks!"

Dr. Stone began to get the idea. He jumped to the door to look for himself. He backed away and rubbed his hands over his eyes.

Link and my boss were the only people who ate much breakfast. My boss kept up what he thought was pleasant conversation and Link ate steady and silent but I could tell he had certain things on his mind. Professor Hobson would take a mouthful of food and sit for a while without chewing it and then swallow it and ask for another drink. Dr. Stone was getting a tic in his left eye, like he was winking at somebody.

After I poured the coffee, the telephone rang. It was Gary, Indiana, calling Professor Hobson.

"You answer it, George," Professor Hobson said to me. "Take the message." His tongue was getting thick and I knew he would be drunker than a hoot owl pretty soon.

It was the police. A car with a license number belonging to Professor Hobson had been found in a snowdrift on the side of the road. The driver, identified as Stewart Coldwater the actor, was dead.

"What time did it happen?" I said. It wasn't any of my business but I was curious.

"We don't know," the police said. "The report states the driver was frozen. It might have happened around midnight."

When I carried the message to Professor Hobson, he sort of bawled like a calf and passed out. Dr. Stone began to make a clicking noise and his face twitched, too. My boss said, "That's too bad, Hobson. I'll buy you another car. It was my idea in the first place."

Link didn't say anything for a few minutes. Then he said, "Wasn't Stewart Coldwater the actor who played Abraham Lincoln in The Rail-Splitter?"

"I believe he was," my boss said.

Link said to me, "What time did that accident happen?"

"The police did not say," I said. "Not for sure. Maybe around midnight, the police thought, because he was frozen stiff when they found him."

LINK frowned and studied for a while before he spoke again. "It could have been around midnight when I first heard that wind making the knocking sound on the door, last night," Link said to my boss.

My boss said, "What? Why, you see, Brownlye—what's that, what's that?"

By this time Dr. Stone's whole head was twitching with that tic, and Professor Hobson was glassy-eyed.

Link got up and stood very straight. "The wind didn't blow, last night, but we all heard the wind," Link said. "And no living man came to the door. But we all saw the man at the door."

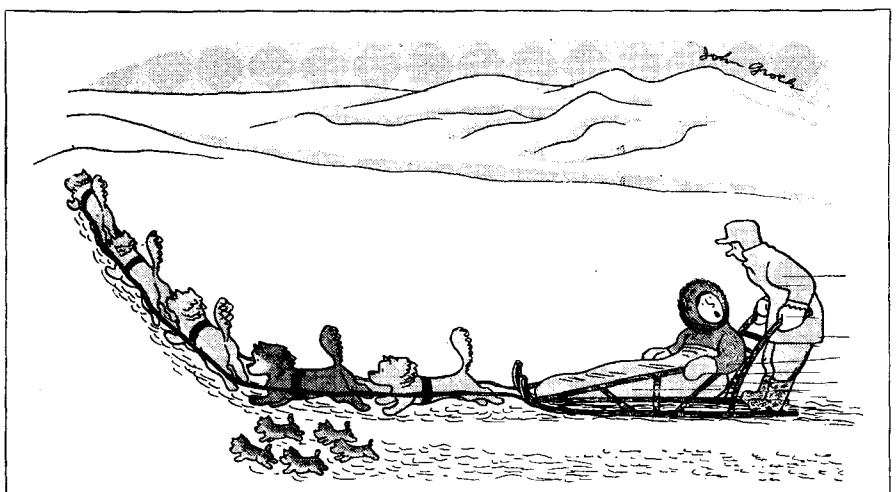
It was more like singing than talking, the way Link said that. And I wished my boss could have heard him. But my boss had keeled over in a fit.

I didn't have much trouble. I telephoned the Indiana state police because it happened in Indiana instead of Illinois. They came with the ambulance but they couldn't do anything until they went back and got the coroner because Professor Hobson was dead when the ambulance got there.

Dr. Stone's tic was all over his body, practically, and I heard that the doctors don't think he will live very long. I am a little sorry for my boss. He was crazy by the time the coroner got there and they had to put him into a strait jacket.

I never did talk about it with Link. He knew what he knew and I knew what I knew. They put us in separate cells in the jail at Gary, Indiana, until the police were satisfied that there had been no crime committed. Whether he was released before or after I was, I don't know.

All I know is, when I got out of jail I caught a bus for New Orleans and got a WPA job on the Writers' Project. I told this story to Mr. Saxon and he told me to write it for the Folk Lore book and I did. The job doesn't pay eighty dollars a month and keep, but Mr. Saxon doesn't call me George, either. And it's a way to live.



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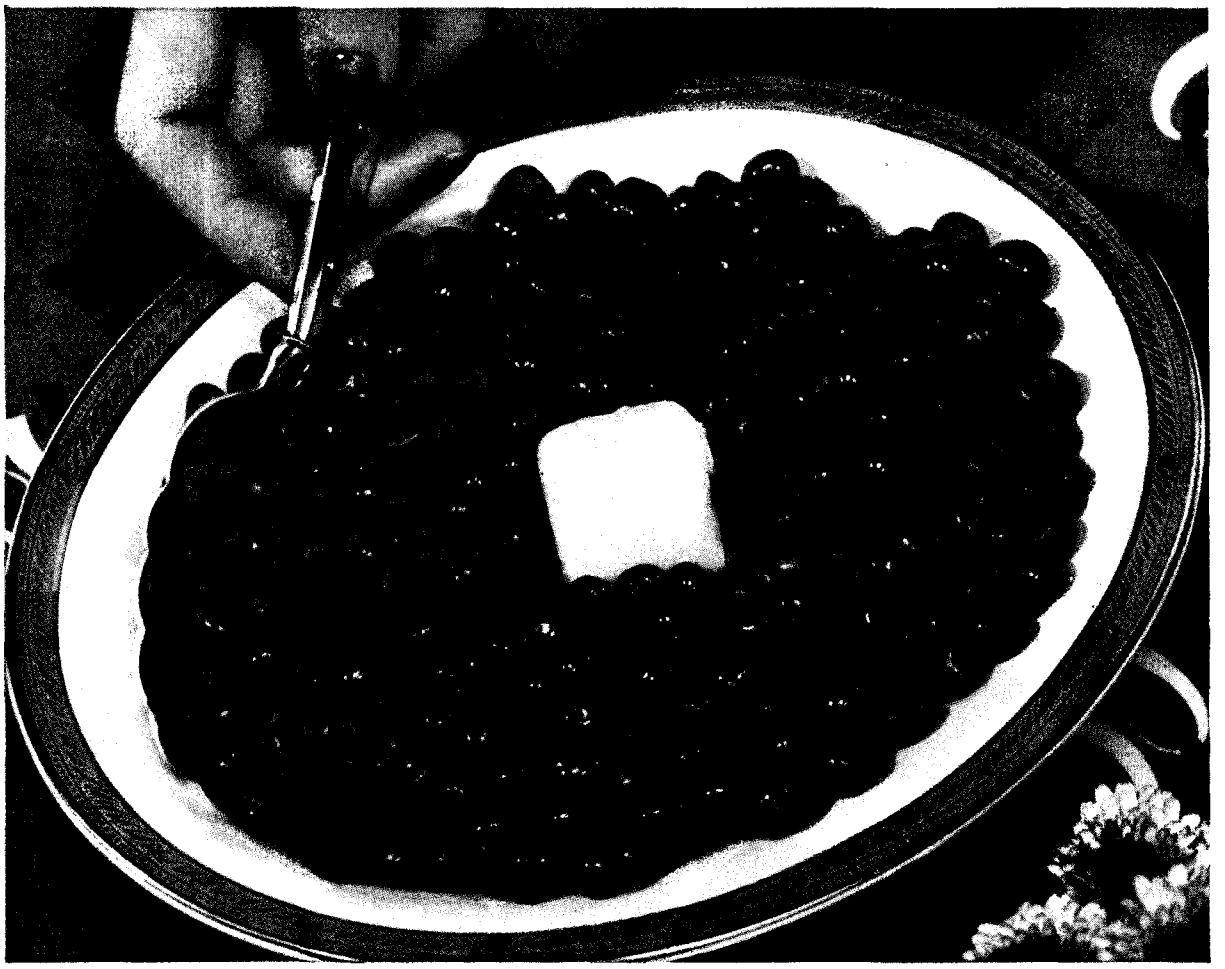

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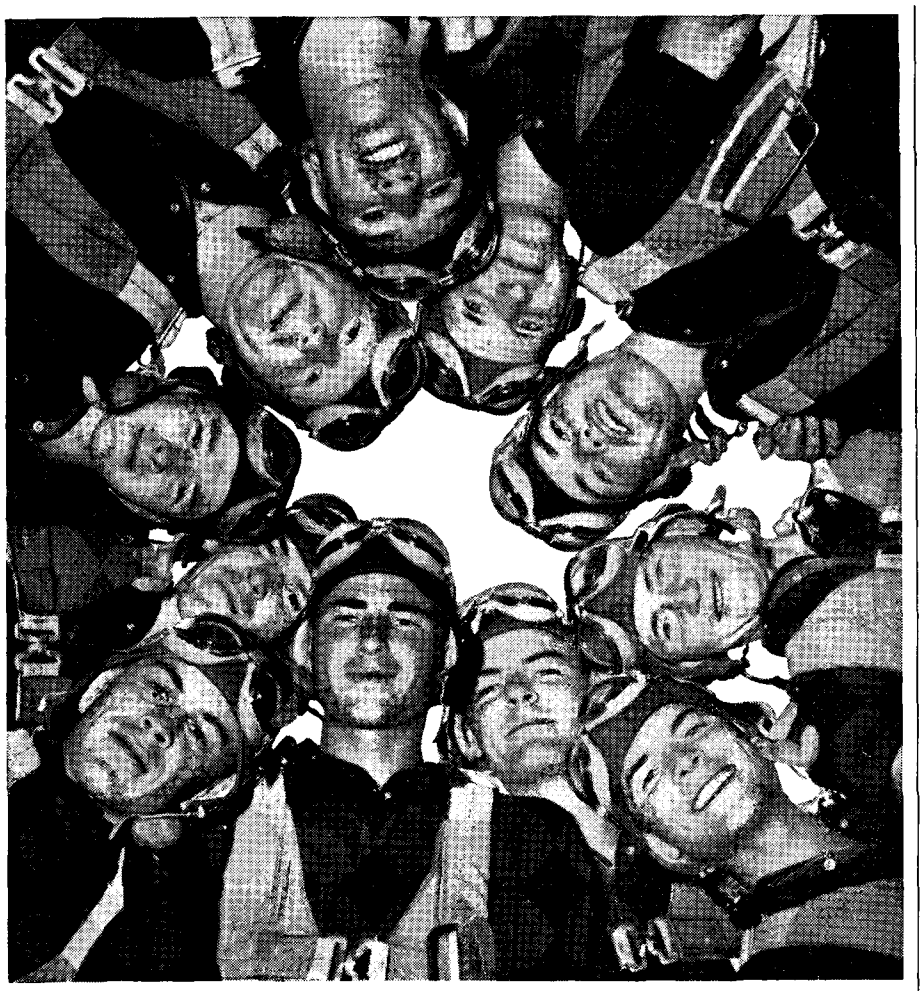

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China Sky

Continued from page 24

"What more do you need?" the boy inquired innocently, food and shelter being all he strove for.

"I have a position," Chung said haughtily. "I am a Western-educated man with many degrees. I have my friends to consider. It shames me to be so poverty-stricken that I cannot give them a feast when it is my turn or pay my share of a little pleasure."

It was true that he had a small circle of ten or eleven men, educated abroad like himself, who clung to one another and looked up to him. They lived in the old Chinese city, alien and contemptuous of it. They discussed bitterly, though always in secret, the filth and poverty and helplessness of their own people, though they had loudly denied these things before white men in foreign countries. In secret, behind the closed doors of a room in a restaurant, they even told one another that it might be better if the Japanese took China under their control and made a modern nation of the huge, shambling, old country.

"Then afterward we could take it back again," they said, and felt themselves patriots.

Still, they enjoyed certain ancient vices, as for instance, the pretty courtesans they hired for a night's feast, one to stand behind each man's chair. At such times how could Chung say that he had no money? Was he alone to endure the shame of having no one to stand behind his chair and for so mean a cause as poverty? Unfortunately, in order to add to their respect for him as a leader among them he had told his fellows that his salary was three times as large as it was, though it was good enough. As for giving up their amusements, all the young men would have felt it impossible. In these miserable times, when death threatened them daily, a few hours of amusement was all that made their lives endurable.

So, therefore, though he had no definite purpose when he came alone this morning into the room where the Japanese lay, nevertheless, certain thoughts had come into his anxious mind. This Japanese had money, even though he was a captive. He wrote checks weekly on a Shanghai bank, now in Japanese control.

. . . "It is necessary for me to remain in the hospital," Yasuda said.

CHUNG was surprised but he did not at once answer. He had been prepared to hear that Yasuda might wish to be helped down the river to a point where the Japanese army might find him.

"The hospital can scarcely keep one of its rooms needlessly occupied in such times, I fear," Chung said. His voice was entirely colorless. He went on rearranging and rearranging his stethoscope parts while Yasuda considered this.

"Your hospital needs money, doubtless, for its good work."

"No." Chung replied in the same colorless voice, "no, we are fortunate. Doctor Thomison's father is a very rich man. And I hear that Doctor Thomison's wife is also of a rich American family."

So sure was the touch of his hands that there had not been the clink of one metal part against another. Now he closed his bag swiftly and turned to his patient.

"I congratulate you on being so nearly well, Mr. Yasuda. Today there is no reason why you cannot get up for a little while, especially if we have no raids, and go out into the sunshine."

"I have no wish to get up," Yasuda replied.

Chung sat down. "This is strange," he remarked softly. He glanced at the door, and Yasuda caught his glance.

"Lock the door," he said.

Chung obeyed noiselessly.

"You are no ordinary man," Yasuda said abruptly.

Chung inclined his handsome head.

"Therefore I will speak to you frankly, as one intelligent man to another."

CHUNG did not answer. He lifted his head and gazed at Yasuda's knobby, strongly lined face with the calm and innocent gaze of a Buddha.

"We Japanese and Chinese do not hate each other," Yasuda went on. "There is no reason why we should not be friends in spite of this war, which I myself deplore."

"I also," Chung murmured.

"Myself, I advised against it," Yasuda said. "At the time when the matter was discussed, though I am a high officer in the Japanese army, I said, 'It is foolish to attack the Chinese when we should make them our allies against the white man.' "

"How wise!" Chung agreed.

"You hate white men?" Yasuda inquired with energy.

"Entirely," Chung said. Did he not hate the white-faced missionaries who had heaped favors upon him and then reproached him because he despised their religion? Would he ever forgive the reluctance he felt in American girls when he asked them to dance with him? Where among those raw and uncouth college boys had there been one who was his equal? And yet the most uncouth could find his partner and he could not, fastidiously as he took care to appear his best. He had come back from America sore with many small slights. The clamor of admiration in America for his country did not deceive him. The Americans considered themselves superior to him, putting him only a little above the black men they had brought from African jungles to be their slaves—he, the son of a civilization four thousand years old! When he remembered all this he said with more violence than he had yet spoken:

"I do hate them, indeed."

"Good," Yasuda said. "Then you will agree with me when I say that it is the common task of Japanese and Chinese to drive the white man out of Asia."

"Entirely," Chung agreed solemnly. About this he could even feel patriotic. This hospital, for instance, if all white people were compelled to leave, he, a Chinese, would be its head. He began to see the usefulness of the Japanese. Alone China could scarcely hope to drive out the white man. But if Japan drove them out, in the name of the conqueror of China, the difficult deed would be done. It would then only remain for the Chinese to drive out the Japanese, and there would be left China, their own country. It seemed easy and simple and clear. Anything which led to this conclusion it would be his duty to do.

"Japan regrets this war, of course," Yasuda said. "But she has no choice now except to go on. To withdraw without victory would be unbearable. Our people would be disgraced before the world. Our honor is concerned."

"Certainly," Chung murmured.

Through the mists of pompous talk the two men began to discern each other. Yasuda cleared his throat.

"In short," he said, "if I could stay here, at a price decided upon, say, by someone in authority, like yourself, I

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could hasten the fulfillment of our common purpose. For instance, the guerrillas into whose hands I mistakenly fell —they are very annoying to our advancing armies. If we knew, say, when they were planning to attack, it would greatly facilitate matters."

"It would be difficult," Chung murmured. But his mind was ranging over his large family of useless brothers, all idle, all wanting money from him. His second brother was a simple, good fellow, but the third one was clever and quick and a gambler who already knew how to win when he threw dice in the tea shops, as he did from morning to night. It would not be difficult to disguise him as a wandering soldier, deserter perhaps from the regular army, and so go to join the guerrillas. The boy had bold, honest-looking eyes and if he were asked why he had run away from the army he could say, "Because they are retreating from the enemy and I will not retreat." That would be a sure road to the Eagle's heart. After that the boy could come and go as he liked in the irregular spying of a guerrilla. That much was easy.

"There are many impossibilities," Chung went on in his calm, ordinary voice, the English enunciation soft and pleasant to the ear. "For instance, even if you knew what you wish, how could you transmit it to your own men? The borders are carefully watched; the post office is censored. No, communication is impossible—that is, regular communication."

BOTH men fell silent. Yasuda spoke first: "Is the white woman doctor also rich?"

"No," Chung said. "But—" he shrugged his shoulders.

"Ah, a single-minded woman," Yasuda said. "I admire them, of course, but they are often in the way."

"What were you about to propose?" Chung asked.

"Merely that she might be willing to write an occasional letter to a certain post office in occupied territory—an innocent letter, but containing certain specified words. To tell all the truth, I am prepared with a code already, possible for use in several foreign languages. It is part of our foresightedness. Knowing the great prestige and power of the white man in your country, we foresaw that there might be times when we might need to use, say, an English code, in order to gain at least the respect of censors. This code may be expressed in business letters, in the letters of a pupil to an old teacher, of two friends or even of two lovers. Love letters would perhaps be the least suspicious between two white people. White men and women are always writing love letters to one another, or so I am told."

"I do not doubt it," Chung agreed politely.

"But it is a pity we have only these two white people—one rich and so beyond temptation, one single-minded and so without imagination," Yasuda said and sighed. "Otherwise it would be simple. For instance, I am sure that my colleagues are daily expecting such a letter from me. We have in our employ a young White Russian, who speaks all the necessary languages, whose sole duty it is to appear as a white man of a name already arranged, Henry Brown, and receive any letters I may send, under whatever name."

"Can you not pretend a name?" Chung asked.

"You know yourself I cannot in so small a place as this," Yasuda returned. "Your post-office officials are too shrewd. They know every white person in the town. No, it must be a letter from a known person, whose servant, bringing the letter among others, would be unquestioned."

"I fear it is impossible," Chung said rising. His mind was in a ferment of excitement.

"It is too bad," Yasuda said. "I would have paid a very large sum monthly to such a person."

"How much?"

"Half as much in a month as you earn in a year."

Chung's heart leaped like a fish in a pool. Thus might all his troubles cease!

"It is unfortunate there is no one," he said.

"I will increase it—as much in a single month as you earn in a year."

Before the steady gaze of Yasuda's deep-set eyes Chung's own handsome almond-shaped eyes flickered.

BUTCH — **By Laurence Reynolds**

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"I will return this afternoon for further examination, Mr. Yasuda," he said. "That is," he added, "unless we are raided."

"I forgot," Yasuda said, "if the letter is sent I can promise one more thing—that the hospital will not be raided as long as I am in it."

Chung looked at him for a long moment. "Personally, as a Chinese, I am not afraid," he remarked, "but it may be—there are others unlike me."

He shut the door and walked quietly down the hall to his office, under his calmness astounded by the good fortune which might be his, which must be his, he thought in agitation, which would solve his every difficulty, and raise him instantly to any place he wished among his fellows, relieve him of his family and give him time to marry Siu-mei. He was restless with excitement and in his office touched a bell. A Chinese coolie in a blue hospital coat came in.

"Ask Dr. Siu-mei Ling to spare me a few moments," he said. "Tell her I wish to consult her about some X-ray photographs."

"So!" the coolie cried in customary assent and dogtrotted off.

IN HIS office Chung could not sit still. Now might be the time for him to make his formal proposal to Siu-mei. They were modern, he and she, and there need be no nonsense of an old-fashioned go-between for them. He would ask her himself, he would tell her he had chosen her, and then they would inform the parents. The parents could be as old-fashioned as they liked, if he and Siu-mei understood each other. First to make sure of Siu-mei, and then he would proceed to the possibility shaping in his mind, an enormous possibility, but it was shaping into the form of a small, pretty American woman, whose terror had moved him to contempt. He had not told Yasuda of Louise Thomison. But he had thought of her instantly. She could be tempted.

The door opened and Siu-mei came in.

"You sent for me?" she asked. Under her pale, golden skin a deep rose color crept up from the high collar of her long Chinese robe of dark green brocade. She was dressed to go out. She was off duty for the afternoon, and the messenger coolie had caught her as she was leaving her room next to Sara's. Her beauty and his own excitement made Chung hot, and a faint sweat broke out on his smooth upper lip.

"I wanted to show you these X-rays," he said. He picked up the photographs from his desk. Then he flung them down again. "Why do I pretend? I sent for you for one purpose."

Often enough he had seen upon American picture screens the approach of man and woman as lovers. But something in her kept him from that approach, the lovely dignity of a Chinese woman. He stood before her, not touching her.

"I wish to ask you—to invite you—to be my wife."

Her pretty face was all a rose now, but her eyes were brave.

"I—I thank you," she said, "but I—my family—I must speak with my father."

He interrupted her: "Naturally, but tell me first if you yourself can so consider me. You and I are what are called 'new' people. We are modern. Let us decide for ourselves."

She longed to say to him at once that she loved him. She knew she loved him, but she could not speak. The reserve of generations of separation between men and women still made a wall around her. She could not break it down alone to step outside. And he did not help her enough. The handsome face that she had come to look upon as the ideal face of a man, now that it was near, was suddenly remote in the very changelessness of its bland beauty. Her love shrank back.

"Let me think of it for a day," she said. "Let me tell you tomorrow."

His eyes flickered. "Tonight," he said. "Come, let us compromise. The night is hours away. I shall not sleep if you leave me uncertain."

Her heart yielded to his smile. "Tonight, then," she promised, and shut the door between them quickly.

And he, left alone, rubbed his soft, supple hands together. Then he looked at his watch. It was nearly three o'clock. Dr. Thomison would most certainly not be at home at this hour. His wife would be alone. He went to a mirror that hung on the wall of his office and examined his face, smiled and looked grave. He took a small, bright green comb out of his pocket and parted his hair freshly and combed it down smoothly and straightened his collar. Then he strolled out of the hospital door into the still sunshine of the autumn afternoon and sauntered toward the bungalow, stopping once or twice to admire a particularly fine chrysanthemum in the flower border that ran along the bottom of the compound wall. He glanced at the sky. For once he would not mind an air raid. An air raid might help him. Since it did not come this morning it was quite likely to come this afternoon. It would be a pleasant thing if in a raid the hospital could be an island of peace.

"A noble thing," he murmured, "very fine for the patients."

He went lightly up the stone steps of Gray's house and knocked at the door.

SIU-MEI, swaying gracefully in her ricksha to the curve of the cobbled street, gazed about her. Once a week on her day off duty at the hospital she passed along this street and each time it looked different. Certain homes and shops were gone, each time, but others were being built, some solidly of brick again as though the war were over, some of makeshift mats and bamboos. This week the changes were greater than ever. The raiding had been heavy. She was lucky to be going home instead of spending hours in the shelter. If she had had to take her secret into that long, dim quiet today she could not have borne it. She wanted to get out into air and sunshine. She wanted above all to talk with her father.

"Every seven days Chen-li is a new city," she said to her ricksha coolie. She knew him well. For years he had kept his ricksha at the stand in front of the hospital.

He laughed and wiped his face on the end of the strip of blue cotton cloth that hung over his shoulder.

"Yes, but the city is still here," he answered. "Our children and our grandchildren are still being born."

"Are you lucky?" she inquired.

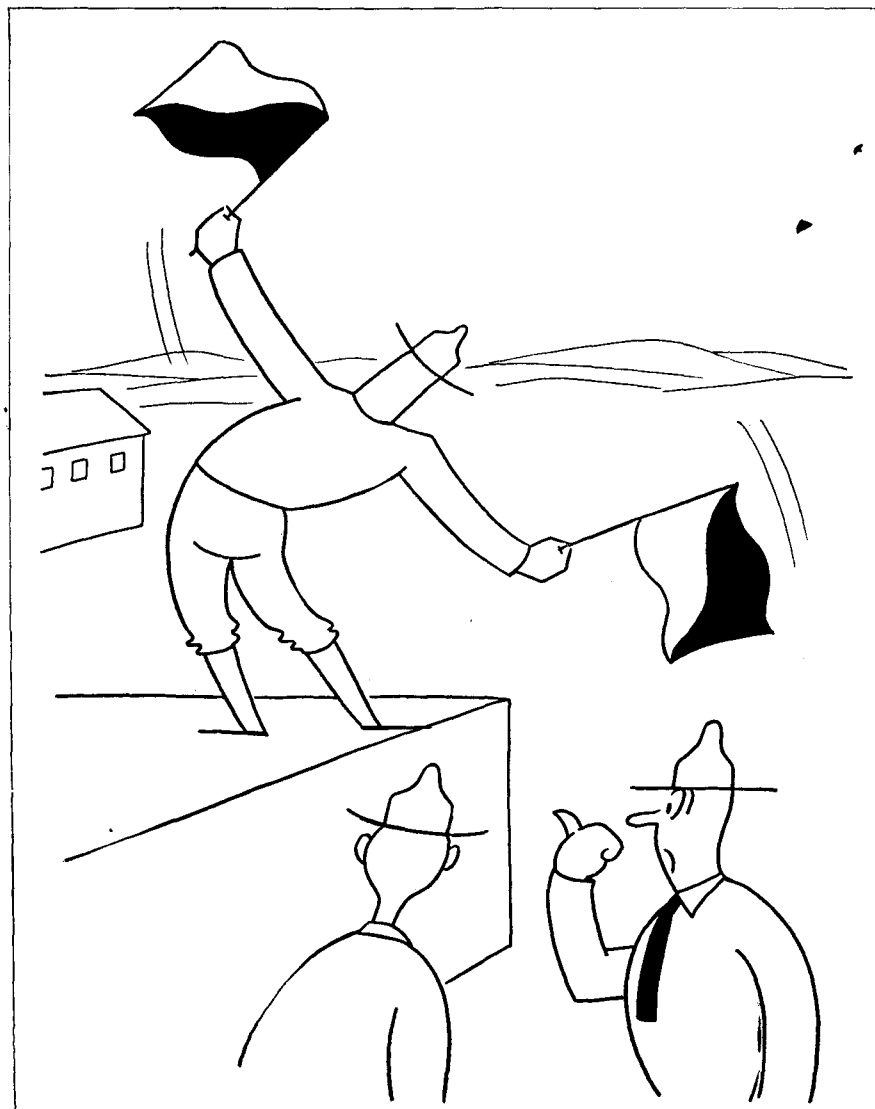
"I had a grandson yesterday," he replied, as though he had given birth to it himself.

"And you did not send your daughter-in-law to the hospital to have the child properly born!" Siu-mei cried at him.

The old coolie did not stop trotting. He flung another laugh over his shoulder.

"That son's wife of mine—she drops them like eggs!" he shouted.

They both laughed at that and by now they were at the end of the long street and he let down the shafts of the ricksha with a flourish between two stone lions on either side of the big black wooden gate studded with heavy brass nails set in a pattern upon its two leaves. It was the gate of her father's house. Siu-mei stepped down and paid him and added the copper coins he expected;



"It's a very important message—he's putting it in italics"

OTTO SOGLOW

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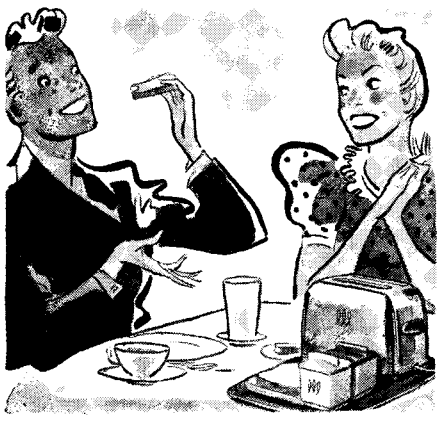
Why JUDSON MISSED THE 8:15

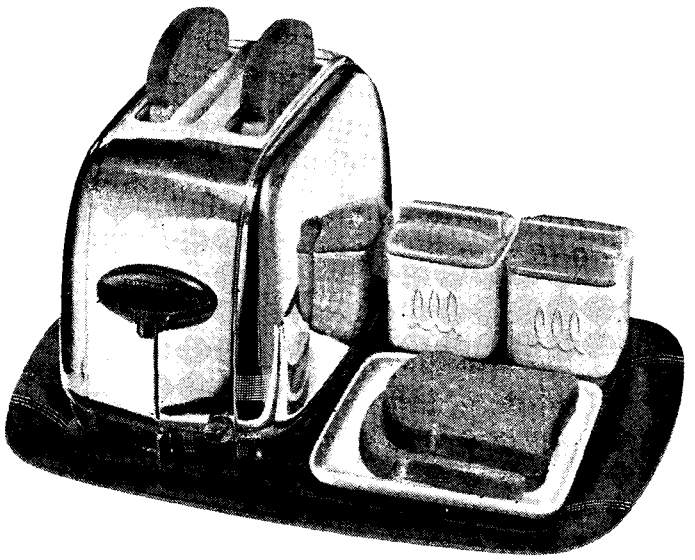
"This coffee's cold. This orange juice isn't. For Pete's sake, where's the toast? Burnt again, I suppose.... Say, what's that gadget?"

"John Judson, be quiet! I'm not making toast in the oven any more—I'm a free woman! How do you like your Toastmaster toast?"



"Not bad, not bad. I mean... best I ever tasted. What's in those little covered dinguses? Jam or marmalade? That's what I call service, darling."

"Good grief, I've missed the 8:15! What of it—what of it? Toast like this...feel like celebrating, for a change! Could I have another slice?"



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TOASTMASTER DE LUXE Toast 'n Jam Set

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then she pushed open the gate. Nowhere in the world did she feel the peace and security she felt always when she stepped into these courts. Even the war had not disturbed them. By chance the huge house of many courtyards lay at the foot of a hill, and her father had built a deep shelter far into the bowels of it. He had lined it with brick and furnished it comfortably and bought a foreign oil stove to burn against dampness. Here the whole enormous family of sons and daughters and their wives and children and the servants went always at the instant when the last air warning sounded.

A servant saw Siu-mei and cried, "Shall I tell the mistress of your coming, little mistress?"

"No," Siu-mei replied, "I will go myself to my parents. Where are they?"

"In their own court," the servant replied. But she hurried off for fresh tea.

THROUGH three courtyards Siu-mei walked, nodding here and there to someone working. It was very quiet. Her family was sleeping after last night's long raid. Well, if her father was sleeping he must wake at what she had to tell.

She stepped over the high threshold of a round gate and into her parents' own living place. It was very still. The afternoon sunshine drifted down through bamboo upon the square tiles of the court. In the corner, beds of chrysanthemums blazed and a pool, shaped as a flower, was set in the middle of it. The water was blue under the sky and shot with the flashing gold of small fish. She crossed the court and saw her father in a long bamboo chair, reading, his white beard on his bosom.

"Father," she said gently, not to startle him.

"Eh!" He looked up and put down his paper. "You are late."

"I was delayed a few moments at the hospital." She sat down on the edge of a chair. She greatly loved her father. When she was three years old, at a time when girls' feet were still being bound he had not allowed his old-fashioned mother to bind hers, and at a time when it was considered strange to educate girls he had sent her to school with her brothers. He was a man independent of times. She was glad now she had found him alone.

"Where is my mother?" she asked.

"She is asleep, but she wished to be waked when you came in." He was about to clap his hands for a servant when she stopped him.

"No, wait, Father. I had rather speak to you alone. Father, you have always said you wanted me to please myself, and yet that you hoped it would please me to be a man's wife."

"Yes, I have," her father replied. "Men and women are best when they are married to each other."

"But you have never chosen me a husband."

"No, because it is one of the good things about the new times that the young may choose each other and lift this responsibility from the old. My parents agitated themselves for years over choosing your mother for me. Before they decided they asked continually, was she the right one for me? After she was my wife they continued to agitate themselves asking, now that it was too late, whether they had done well and looking with long wishes at other young women. It was I who said, 'Comfort yourselves. This one is as good as any other, and for all I shall ever know, better.' "

His beard wagged mildly while he spoke and his clear, dark eyes sparkled. She laughed. Her parents loved each other well and all the house knew it.

"I have chosen, Father," she said.

He looked instantly alarmed and sat up. "No, now, if you have chosen, that may be another matter!"

"Now, Father, you cannot change your principles!"

"But what if I don't like him?"

"You will like him—he is intelligent!"

"Good." He stroked his beard quickly.

"And handsome."

"Good—good—that is very important in a husband."

"Well educated."

"Good, too, since you are educated."

"He earns money."

"Very excellent."

"He is modern."

"Necessary, for you."

"He is—perfect!"

"Ah, that is serious!"

"Why, Father?"

"It means you can no longer see him as he is."

She examined him to see if he were joking, but his long, mild face was grave. He pulled at his beard again.

"I suppose we must enter into formalities. But I had better know the name."

"He is the doctor at the hospital."

"You mean Chung Ming-Liang?"

"Yes—do you know him?"

"I have heard of him."

"Only good, Father!"

He did not answer at once. When he did it was a question: "How old is he?"

"Thirty-one—perhaps."

"Not a child."

"Nor am I."

"No."

"We'll never be younger, Father."

"That's true."

And then, as so often it seemed to happen, at this moment when she least wanted interruption the warning sounded for an air raid. Her father rose quickly and put all else aside.

"I must go to your mother. She will have waked too suddenly."

Within half an hour they were all gathered in the shelter, safe and comfortable, but there was the chatter and play of children, the bustle of servants, the exchange of family conversation and then the roar of bombs. She and her father could talk no more.

IN THE Thomison house nothing could have been more opportune than the warning of this air raid. Mr. Yasuda himself could not have been more helpful had he ordered it.

When Dr. Chung entered and asked for Mrs. Thomison the sullen-faced Siao Fah pointed to the living room.

"I will tell her," he said.

He was a long time about it because he first went into the kitchen and considered whether he would tell her or would go point-blank to Thomison doctor and ask him to come home. He decided he would tell her. Give her space to stumble over the cliff, he thought, leave her time in which to show what she was! So he went and knocked on the bedroom door. The moment Thomison doctor left the house in the morning she went into that room and locked the door. He had to get it cleaned as he could while they were at breakfast. Now he heard the lock scrape. She stood there, clasping a long robe about her, her hair tumbled, her eyes red with crying. Since she spoke no language he could understand he jerked his thumb toward the living room and made signs at her hair and robe.

"Dress yourself," he said distinctly in Chinese.

She did not understand. She peered into the living room. Then she called out and went back into the bedroom. He returned to his kitchen and drew a small, three-legged stool up to the door. From experience he knew that when he sat on this stool his eyes were at the exact level of the keyhole.

"I'll be out in a moment," Louise had called. Why, she wondered, did this

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young Chinese want to see her? She disliked all Chinese but he was a little more like an American. At least his English was perfect. She had not dressed herself properly for days. Why should she? There was nowhere to go. In the morning she put on a negligee and when Gray was gone came back to her bedroom to sleep and write long letters home to everyone she knew, to read something she had taken out of Gray's shelves. She had already finished the novels but after opening one book after another of solid pages she was beginning to read the novels over again. At night she put on one of her housecoats. Gray was easily deceived.

"You look gorgeous, sweet—what's this?" he asked, fingering velvet or silk or taffeta.

"Something I thought you might like," she said.

And day after day all the time she was tense with listening for the shriek of the siren that meant she must throw on her coat and rush to join the hobbling crowd of sick whom she feared and loathed. What were their filthy diseases? She shrank away from them. She drew toward the gentlemanly looking Japanese with whom was always the handsome Chinese doctor.

"I thought Japanese and Chinese were supposed to be enemies," she had said once to Gray.

"So they are," he replied.

"That Dr. Chung seems friendly to that Japanese."

"He is too good a doctor to allow his personal feelings to influence him toward a patient," Gray had answered. "That Japanese, by the way, is about well enough to go back to the guerrillas who captured him."

"Won't they kill him?" she asked.

"Sara says not," he replied.

She let him mention Sara now without a word. She knew Sara was in love with him, but most of the time she could feel complacent. Gray did not know about Sara—he was too much in love with his wife.

She dressed herself rather carefully in a thin dark blue wool with a wide white collar and went into the room where her visitor waited. Then she put out her soft, narrow, little hand.

"How do you do," she said gently. She said it timidly, scarcely aware of her wish to please even a Chinese man.

He looked down into her pretty face. She was very young, he thought, and very pretty—prettier, even, than Siu-mei. The old hurt that American girls like this had once dealt him came alive. If he had been in her country she would perhaps not have put out her hand. He disliked intensely shaking hands with a man, but this little hand was pleasant.

Louise drew her hand away. His hand was very warm and the palm was damp. His grasp was at once soft and powerfully strong. She felt a little afraid of him.

"Will you sit down? My husband—"

"I know your husband is not in, Mrs. Thomison. I came to see you—on a private matter."

"Yes?" Her eyebrows lifted slightly.

He leaned toward her and she smelled a faint perfume. He was immaculately clean and his American clothes made him seem not quite Chinese.

"Mrs. Thomison, I will be frank with you if I may be sure I can speak to you in confidence—in absolute confidence."

"You mean—not tell my husband?"

AT THE keyhole Siao Fah's small black eyes noted the lean of the man's body, the startled interest on the woman's face.

"Now he says something to her in that foreign tongue which he should not," he thought with great satisfaction.

"I cannot speak otherwise," Chung said.

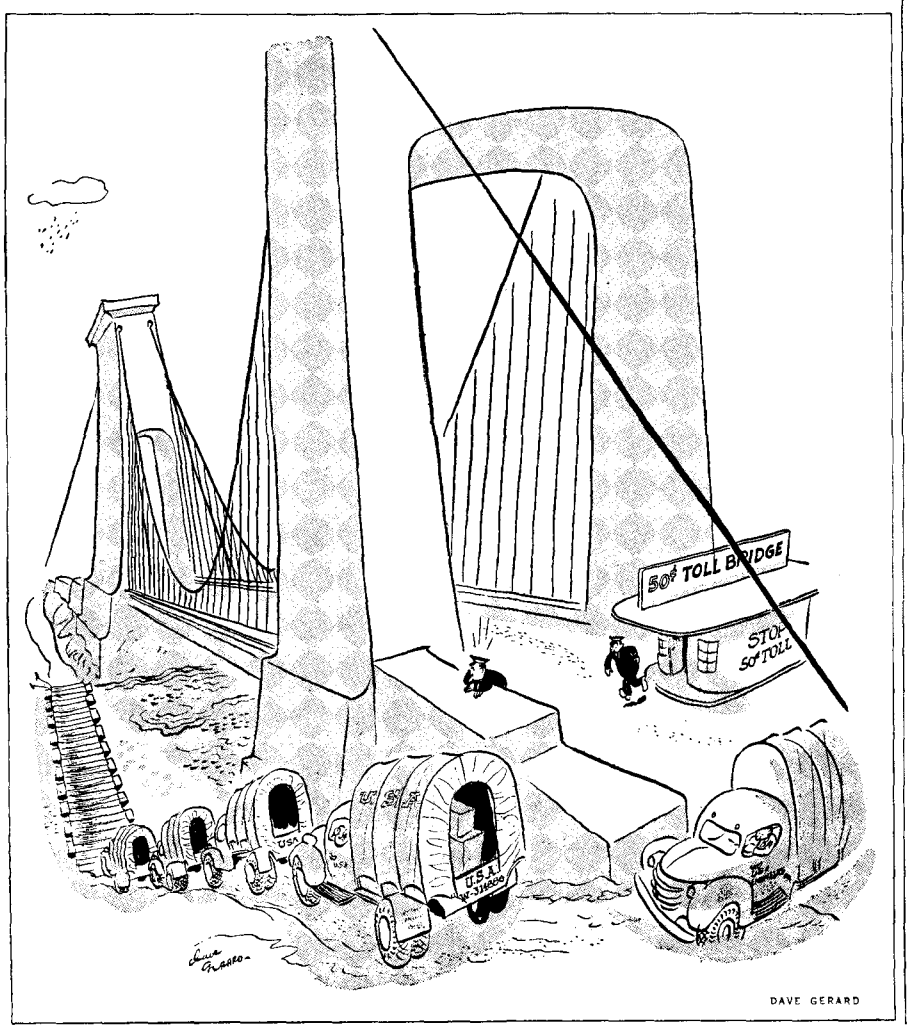
Louise drew back. Was this the Oriental intrigue which she had seen in so many stories and pictures? She began to stammer:

"I don't think—I couldn't, I'm afraid."

"It will save many lives," he said, "many, many lives."

This, he saw at once, was the wrong thing. Her face did not soften.

"You are so frightened," he said gently. He had a voice that he could



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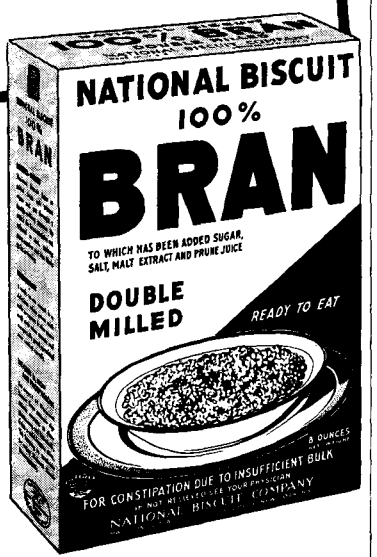

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shape to the tones of music. "This life is too hard for you."

Ah, now he was right. Her lips quivered. He went on:

"Let us forget what I came to say, Mrs. Thomison. Do you know you are not looking well? You stay in the house too much, but who can blame you?"

At the keyhole Siao Fah pursed his underlip. Ah, if only he understood English! And yet who needed to understand the words between a man and woman who looked like this?

"I—it's just I'm not used to—to—everything," Louise said faintly. This morning in a letter to her mother she had said, "The only real understanding word I have had has been from a Japanese—of course I can't say such a thing even to Gray, but the truth is I think I'd like them."

"Of course not," Chung said pityingly. "I have lived for years in America. I know everything that shocks you—the poverty, the dirty streets, the lack of ordinary conveniences in your home, the beggars."

"It is wonderful of you to understand," Louise murmured gratefully.

"I do understand—and I do not blame. And on top of all else, these fearful raids. But they at least could be prevented. At least your life could be safe," Chung said earnestly.

"How?" She was not afraid of him now.

"This Japanese gentleman in the hospital—Mr. Yasuda—if he could get word through to the Japanese army that he was here, their planes would not bomb the hospital. Of course they do not know he is here."

"Then—why doesn't he just tell them, a telegram or something?"

"Our censorship is very strict," Dr. Chung said. "Every telegram, every letter to the enemy is blocked. But you could help, Mrs. Thomison."

"How could I?"

"If your name were signed to a letter, a short, ordinary letter about something else, an American name, and Dr. Thomison is very well known here. Of course I do not ask you to sign his name—only your own. It might be you would have to sign a letter or two every week, merely to let them know Mr. Yasuda is still here. Then the hospital would be safe—your husband, yourself—"

He watched her closely.

"But why shouldn't my husband do it?" she asked.

Chung shook his head. "Dr. Thomison is so generous toward my people. He hates all Japanese. But we know, you and I, that not all Japanese are evil, even if they are our enemies. Mr. Yasuda is a gentleman and a kind man."

She did not answer at once. She knew he was right. Never, never would Gray ask a Japanese for protection. Once when she had dared to say that the Japanese were cleaner than the Chinese he had been furious.

"I'd rather have a man's skin dirty than his heart," he had replied.

She had said nothing. There were many things about which she could say nothing to Gray—more and more, as they went on living together.

She lifted her head. "But the letters wouldn't—incriminate me, would they?"

He laughed. "Not in the least! You shall read them—friendly letters, between a woman and her friend—a friend, say, called Henry Brown."

She looked relieved. "You mean I wouldn't have to write to a Japanese?"

He shook his head and smiled. "No, indeed—to a European!"

And as if the Japanese came to help him there sounded the warning of the approaching air raid.

"Ah," he said, "here they come—shall it be, perhaps, for the last time?"

THEY rose together and she went into the bedroom to put on her coat. Through the keyhole Siao Fah watched intently. Chung doctor was smiling—men smiled when they were able to deceive women. Louise came back with her coat. The second warning sounded.

"They are in a hurry today," Chung remarked. "It's not a good sign. The raid will be severe. Let us go."

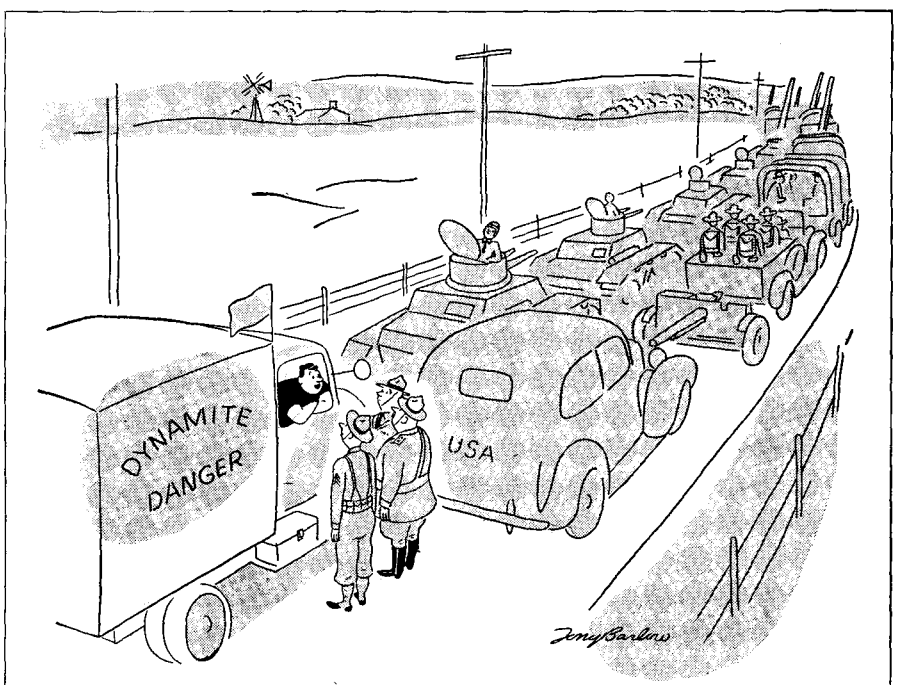
He took the coat from her and held it and she slipped her arms into it. Then she paused to turn her head to look at him. "Let me think it over?" she begged him.

"As long as you like," he said. Nothing, he thought, could have been luckier than this raid.

Siao Fah, not moving, saw her upturned face and the man's answering smile. He watched them go out of the door together before he himself locked the kitchen door to saunter toward the shelter. The only question now remaining in his mind was when would he tell Thomison doctor of what he had seen? Tonight? Tomorrow? The knowledge was like a secret weapon. Not tonight, not tomorrow.

"I will keep it," he thought, "until I need it most."

(To be continued next week)



"We have a certain amount of blasting to do around here and we would be happy to collaborate with you in your war games"

TONY BARLOW

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To Glory

Continued from page 12

on through the black desolation to the harbor. Here, it seemed, the dead had gathered for the final crossing. The jetty was black with their silence. But they were all women. They turned to glance at him. They drew away from him as from some gross intrusion. Where the boats tied up was empty water. Not a mast silhouetted itself against the darkness. But somewhere close at hand an engine chugged. A man's resonant voice shouted an order.

"That's my Fred!" a woman cried.

Desmond turned back and climbed down a rusty iron ladder to the sands. Even the rowboats had gone. What rich catch had called the whole fleet out, he wondered? A lantern burned where his own boat still lay above the water line. It danced like a mad will-o'-the-wisp. Desmond came upon his son. That, at least, did not surprise him. For he had known that they had not finished with each other. He said curtly, "And what the hell do you think you're doing?"

In the lantern light the boy's white face gleamed with sweat.

"I'm going to—" he said.

"You'll leave my boat behind you—"

"If it's yours I'm glad." Suddenly young Peter laughed. "You won't arrest your son for stealing."

"No. But I'll knock his head off—"

"Try, sir."

The boat, under the boy's savage, awkward propulsion was on the move, sliding down to the sea. Desmond caught young Peter by the scruff of the neck. He was glad of this encounter. It had been inevitable from the start.

"I don't want to fight you, sir—"

"But I want to lick you—badly."

He should have been either drunk or sober. The half-state was bad. Desmond missed his right and a hard uppercut caught him square on the jaw. He went down twice before he stayed down. Then he drew himself into a sitting posture and nursed his battered face.

"All right, my dear son. Have it your own way."

He was half amused. The boat was afloat now, bobbing idly on the outgoing tide. By the lantern in the stern he could see Peter at work on Jezebel. He could hear the desperate breathing of the familiar, defiant sputter. There was only one man on earth who could coax that hussy into action. And he sat there, sick and bruised and laughing.

The boy blundered ashore. He leaned over Desmond.

"I'm sorry I hit you. I had to. I've got to go. Help me. I've never asked you for anything before—"

Desmond became aware of a shocking fact. The boy was crying. And that, oddly enough, was something he couldn't stand. He scrambled stiffly to his feet, splashed through the water and climbed on board. With a patient cunning he turned on Jezebel. She knew him and her recalcitrant sputter became a rich, throaty drone. Desmond settled down beside her, nursing her. At least he was still in control. He could steer his own course.

"All aboard, my son!" He spoke softly. "Where do we go from here?"

The boy's voice came back exultantly: "Due south, sir—to Dunkirk."

DESMOND calculated in silence. Dunkirk from where they lay, must be about thirty miles. On this glassy sea Jezebel could make it by daybreak—if he pushed her to it. But he wasn't going to try. He had his own plans.

Peter was talking freely now—almost gaily as to a trusted comrade. His voice, coming out of that black smother, had the ring of high-tempered metal. It forced Desmond to listen. There were thirty thousand men, Peter told him, herded together over there, with their backs to the sea, with death raining on them from the sky and the land, fighting and waiting. He talked as though it were up to Desmond and himself to bring those thirty thousand home.

DESMOND grinned sardonically. Things like that didn't happen—outside a Hollywood studio. He was goaded into a snarl and heard Peter's good-natured laugh answer him:

"Oh, I don't know, sir. They used to happen—quite often—in the Bible, for instance. Take the Red Sea. I bet that gave Pharoah a jolt."

Desmond shrugged. The boy was making a fool of himself—a fine fool. The phrase repeated itself in the man's mind. It evoked a memory. In medieval days they spoke of God's Fool, meaning a man inspired by God to be different from other men. Such men were freaks who made history. There was no rhythm or reason to them—just an absurd faith.

Desmond glanced back uneasily over his shoulder. He was conscious of having lost his own secret direction—of having been caught in a tide that was running against him. And they were no longer alone. Unseen yet sensed were fellow travelers streaming with them through the darkness. Sometimes he thought he heard their voices. And suddenly a lean, black shape, monstrous as a nightmare, tore past them, churning the water to a backwash that threatened to engulf them. It took all his skill to bring the boat out of the trough and back onto an even keel. He cursed. The boy was shouting to him.

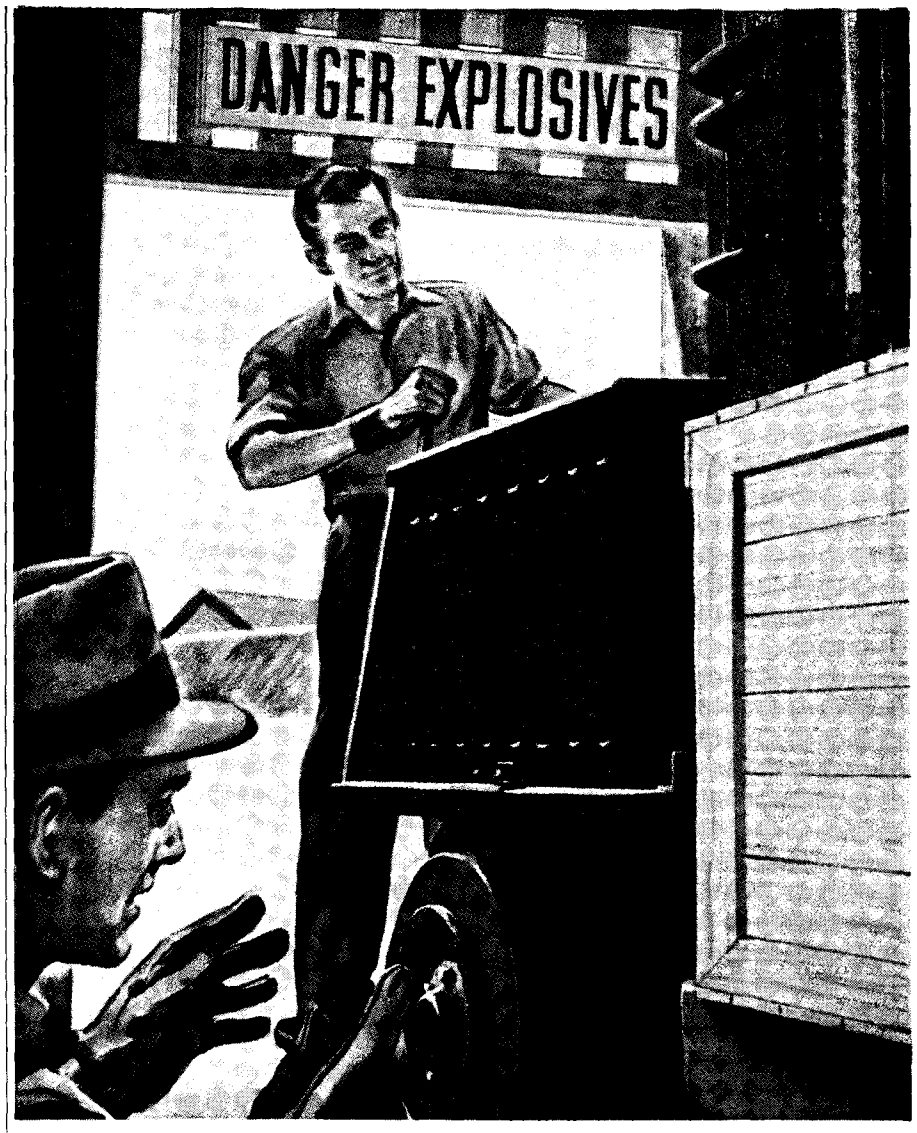
"One of our destroyers, sir!"

"Oh, damn you! Damn you!" Desmond said. But in that tumultuous moment, hanging between life and death, he had changed his course. He had swung south. "I must have gone mad too," he thought. But in fact he was sober enough now to know what he could not do. Let Peter make a fool of himself. He would have no hand in fooling him. Let the boy run himself onto the rocks of human futility.

After that he drove Jezebel in silence, watchful and tense, toward a brightening radiance that was not that of morning. He recognized it. He had seen cities in flames. When dawn came it was livid and cheerless as death. It broke on a blasted shore line, on a flat gray sea on which floated strange craft, unco-ordinated and haphazard as the survivors of a wrecked fleet. The stern of something that had been a freighter lay offshore, thrusting up out of the water like a submerged rock, and shapes that had been men floated past, grimly serene, outbound on their own.

Desmond felt for his pocket—for the half-empty bottle. His hand dropped away helplessly. He was bleakly, bitterly sober. But somewhere in the long night, that line of escape had been cut. Young Peter turned his face to him. It struck Desmond as strange that in a few hours young, unformed features could have been fined down to a man's lean, hard-bitten maturity.

In their fight the boy's glasses had been smashed and his eyes had a brave, defenseless look. Kathy's eyes had had that look. But then she had had nobility in her too—she had thought nobly of the human soul, as he had told her once, mocking her in his growing scorn of himself and of all human endeavor. He had defeated her—dragged her faith down

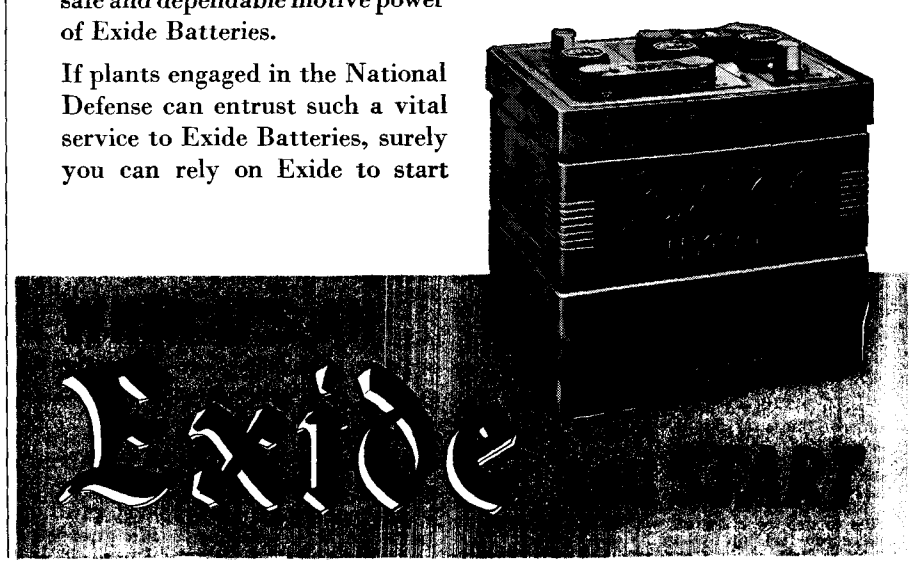


Where a "powder puff" could slow **DEFENSE**

IT is ticklish business at best, trundling explosives around in a powder plant. To reduce the chance of explosion from a stray spark, workmen are put in rubber-soled shoes; and rubber-tired trucks, propelled by storage batteries, carry the explosives about the plant. For this purpose many powder plants employ the safe and dependable motive power of Exide Batteries.

If plants engaged in the National Defense can entrust such a vital service to Exide Batteries, surely you can rely on Exide to start your car. But before you buy *any* battery, have your present one tested on the Exide Sure-Start Tester. This scientific instrument will reveal its true condition. The test is free—wherever you see an Exide Dealer Sign.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO. Philadelphia ... *The World's Largest Manufacturers of Storage Batteries for Every Purpose* Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto



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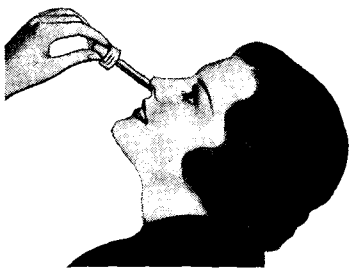
Suffering with a HEAD COLD?



Relieve Your Distress with this 3-PURPOSE Medicine

(1) *Shrinks swollen membranes.*
(2) *Soothes irritation.*
(3) *Helps Clear Out nasal passages.*

Why keep on being miserable? Just a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up your nose works wonders in relieving head cold stuffiness and misery. So breathe easier—with the help of this highly successful 3-purpose medicine.

And remember . . . if used in time, Va-tro-nol helps to *prevent* many colds from developing.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

COUGHING COLDS Relieve coughing and loosen phlegm, ease soreness, tightness in chest and back muscles with Vicks VapoRub. Its poultice-vapor action brings welcome relief, invites restful sleep. **VICKS VAPORUB**

$148 First Week

. . . With Electric Carpet-Washer

L. A. Rowe took in $148 his first week. R. E. Traynor took in $56 in one day and nearly $800 in one month. W. F. Drake took in $186 in three days. Men often take in $100 to $150 in a single week. Hundreds earning quick, easy profits. Electricity does the work. Washes rugs like new on customer's floor. Hundreds of customers in your own vicinity and nearby towns.

Easy Terms Equipment is not expensive. Pay part down—balance monthly. No shop necessary. Used by several great railroads and many large hotels. Manufactured since 1918—every machine guaranteed.

FREE Book

Send today for booklet illustrating Rug-Washer and telling how you can earn large profits at prices below other methods; how you can build a permanent business; and how you can pay on easy terms.

VON SCHRADER Mfg. Co. 152 Pl., Racine, Wis.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

into the dust with his—but not, it seemed, finally. This was her son. Under that familiar, steady gaze Desmond felt something in himself that he had thought dead and buried shocked back to life.

"Peterkins!" he thought wryly. "What a mess you've made of me!"

Peter was laughing.

"Look at that old tub, sir! She's the Gypsy Belle. Used to ferry from Margate to Boulogne—ten and six return, and your lunch thrown in. Mother took me once. I was awfully seasick. I never even saw Boulogne—" He stood up, shouting and waving: "Good for you, old girl!"

The steamer lay offshore, leaning slightly to starboard like a blowsy, drunken harridan. Her decks were black with men—crazily overcrowded. If someone didn't take care, Desmond thought angrily, she'd turn turtle. A man leaning over the rail yelled to Desmond through a megaphone as he chugged past under her stern:

"There's a packet of boys on the east beach—cut off. All our boats are smashed. Maybe you could pick up a few—"

Overhead a covey of huge birds swooped and sang. One of them dived out from their midst, skimming the ship's decks, and where there had been cheering and laughing men there were unsightly, struggling heaps that screamed and then subsided slowly into silence. The plane came so close that Desmond thought he saw a white, grinning face. He yelled at Peter, "Keep down! Keep down!" But he himself, thinking suddenly of Kathy, stood up covering her son's body. Something struck him between the shoulders—a light almost negligent blow. It scarcely hurt.

"They've got me!" he thought, mildly astonished that he should have been caught a second time. But he saw that Peter had been unaware of the death that had brushed past him. His face was turned shoreward, alert and questing.

"I think I see them, sir. Over there to the left—in that little cove. We can make it—"

THERE was a brief interval of time in which Desmond stood poised on the brink of a gulf that had divided him securely from his own past. He could still turn back from this reunion. He could still escape, return to the waiting ship, climb on board (wasn't he decently and legitimately wounded?), and drink himself blind again. Tomorrow he would be safe back in his isolation, cut off finally from those heroic illusions that took men to a futile death.

"Listen, sir! They've seen us! They're shouting to us!"

Desmond scowled into the growing light, his teeth set. Yes, they were there all right. They were wading out into the water, making a chain, holding one another's hands like lost children. A plane swooped again. And the chain broke. They reformed it, patient and quiet.

Desmond saw Peter, crouched like a young panther in the bow, making ready. Kathy's son, riding no doubt to his death, with his damned and drunken father at the helm. What would Kathy have to say to him? "Have you killed him too?" What had the boy said in that first bitter encounter? "I had to tell you—what you did was great—it was worth while—it *is*—"

Belief like that—that shining faith in some far-off victory, perhaps that in itself was enough, justifying death, justifying even a mangled life. Cripes, what a fuss he'd made about *that!* About a pretty face spoiled and a twopenny-halfpenny career. Now he'd stopped one between the shoulders. He guessed it was one of those small deep wounds that didn't bleed much. It didn't hurt. He didn't feel like dying, but strangely, exultantly alive.

They were in shallow water. The first men scrambled on board without haste. Disreputable, scarecrow figures. One of them said good-naturedly, "Thanks. You've had a rough trip. You'll come back for our chums, won't you?"

"Sure," Peter said.

They made the journey between the shore and the Gypsy Belle twice. The last time they were curtly warned: "We've got a hole in us the size of a house. We may not be able to wait for you. Maybe you'd better come on board—"

"You can go to hell," Desmond yelled back.

He swung shoreward. For a second time he knew that there were tears in his son's eyes.

"Well played, sir—well played!"

They had left five men waiting for them. Now only one was left. He knelt at the water's edge, in the midst of his quiet friends, his arms limp at his sides, his head bowed in an attitude of resignation. A machine-gun section must have crept up on their flank. Desmond recognized that malignant chatter. The water in front of the kneeling man kicked up in little jets of spray. The boat's keel grated against the shore and Desmond lurched over to Peter's side and held him again.

"My turn, Peterkin!" he said.

The boy looked up at him, grinning. "Fair enough. Carry on, sir!"

Lifting the wounded man brought something hot and sticky and bitter-tasting into his mouth. He held his burden as a mother might hold a sick child. "That's all, Peterkins. The others—we can't help them now."

But Jezebel had coughed her last.

"We're out of juice, Peterkins. Got to make sail, my hearty."

Peter might be a landlubber, but he could obey orders.

Desmond turned the boat for the last time seaward. The Gypsy Belle had become a smudge melting into the summer haze. They were one among a thousand craft, beating their way home under a hail of death—white, lordly pleasure yachts from Cowes, chubby, unseaworthy rowboats in tow of motor launches, wallowing under their dangerous overload, the riffraff and the butterflies of the water front, trawlers with their sails set to catch the faint, suddenly risen breeze. Perhaps after all, Desmond thought grimly, God had a heart for His Englishmen and had sent His good wind to blow them into port. In the wind he imagined that he heard Drake's homeric laughter.

The wounded soldier lay outstretched at Desmond's feet. He was dying too, uncomplainingly, his grimed, workman's hands clasped meekly over the black wound in his breast. It was comforting to look down into the stranger's gaunt and graying face and to feel such gentle kinship.

Peter had stumbled over to him. "Sir—you're hurt—and I didn't know—"

"It's all right. Don't fuss. We're almost home—"

His son laid him down with his head propped against his knees. His son's shirt was being ripped apart. His son's hands fumbled with a clumsy bandage that came too late. Yet Desmond was pleased with that last tenderness.

"That's fine. Don't worry. We made it, didn't we?"

"You made it, sir—"

"Tell Kathy—" He blinked up slyly into the boy's white and sorrowing face. "Tell your son—sometime—it was worth while—"

"You—you bet, sir—"

A HANDFUL of men saved. One man brought home to sleep quietly among his people. And something more attained—something beyond speech. He and the dead and the living and the unborn had joined hands. His futility had merged into significance. A million years from now, in some golden age, they would remember of him that he had held his little bit of ground. The chain had not broken. Not with him.

That he would be nameless did not matter.

The breeze freshened. It blew till evening. So strong was the joy of life in him that he held death off, telling Peter how to keep his course, his voice having a clear, authoritative ring. And with the failing light he saw the white familiar cliffs come out to meet him. They were no longer hostile. They were fellow countrymen welcoming him home, and he raised himself up and lifted his hand to them for the last time in proud and happy salutation.

"It was ironic. He organized a home-defense unit and three weeks later his landlord evicted him" ROBERT DAY

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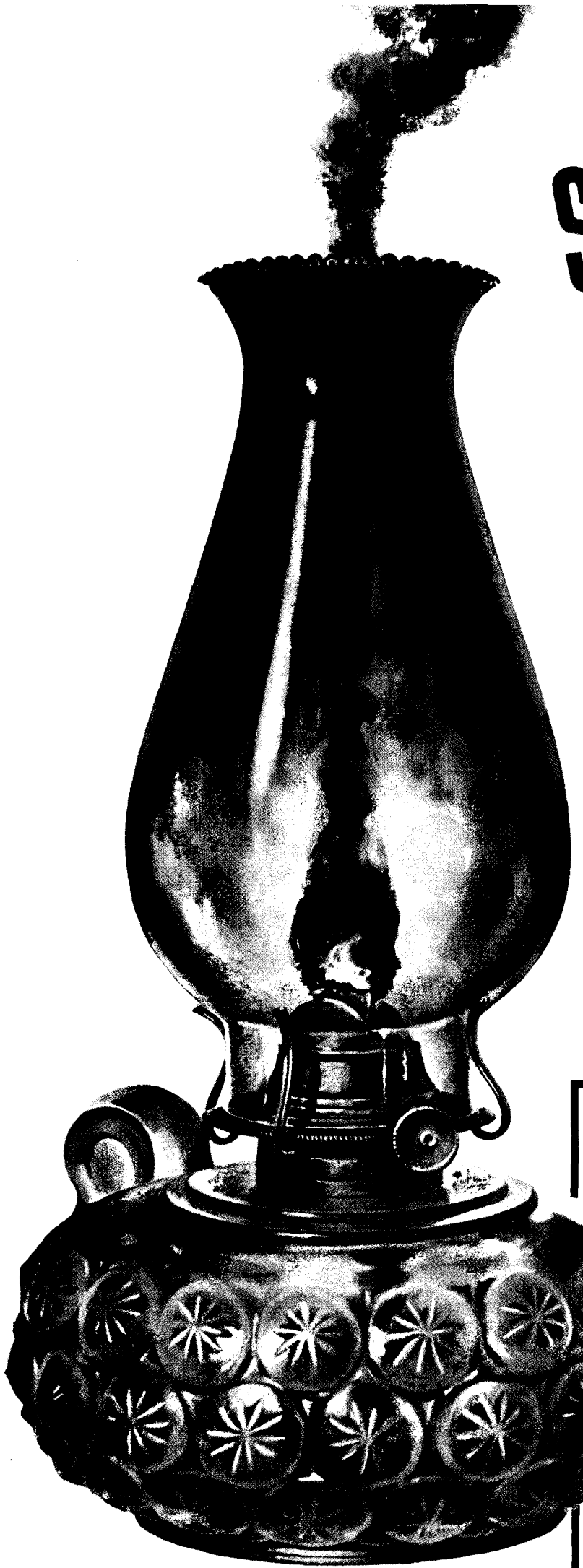


SMOKE MEANS TROUBLE!

In smoking lamps — and "smoking" cars — there is a lesson all motorists should heed!

Whenever you see a car that smokes the chances are this is due to excessive wear. Then a costly repair job is the only sure cure.

So *before* your car becomes a smoker — help safeguard your engine from these three sources of *wear* that so often make cars smoke:

Wear due to heat: Insulated Havoline Motor Oil stands up under today's higher engine heats, which break down ordinary oils — accelerate wear.

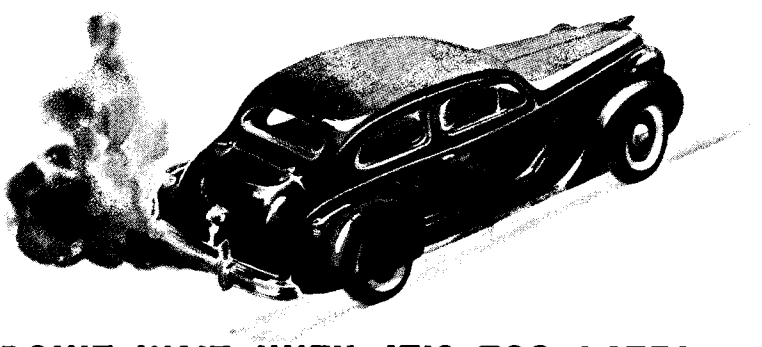
Wear due to cold: Insulated Havoline flows freely at low temperatures, sparing your engine the grinding wear of cold starts.

Wear due to oil impurities: Insulated Havoline is *distilled* to remove carbon-forming impurities that are the allies of wear.

Steer clear of trouble before it's too late for anything but repair bills. Drive in and change to Insulated Havoline Motor Oil *now!* At Texaco and other good dealers.

DISTILLED AND INSULATED

...AGAINST HEAT ...AGAINST COLD



DON'T WAIT UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE!

Your car was never designed to "smoke." Help reduce excessive wear in *your* motor before you join America's caravan of 3,000,000 "smokers." Change *now* to distilled Insulated Havoline Motor Oil.

TEXACO DEALERS INVITE YOU TO ENJOY

FRED ALLEN in a full-hour program every Wednesday night. CBS, 9:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.S.T., 10:00 M.S.T., 9:00 P.S.T.

METROPOLITAN OPERA every Saturday afternoon, NBC. See local newspaper for time and station.

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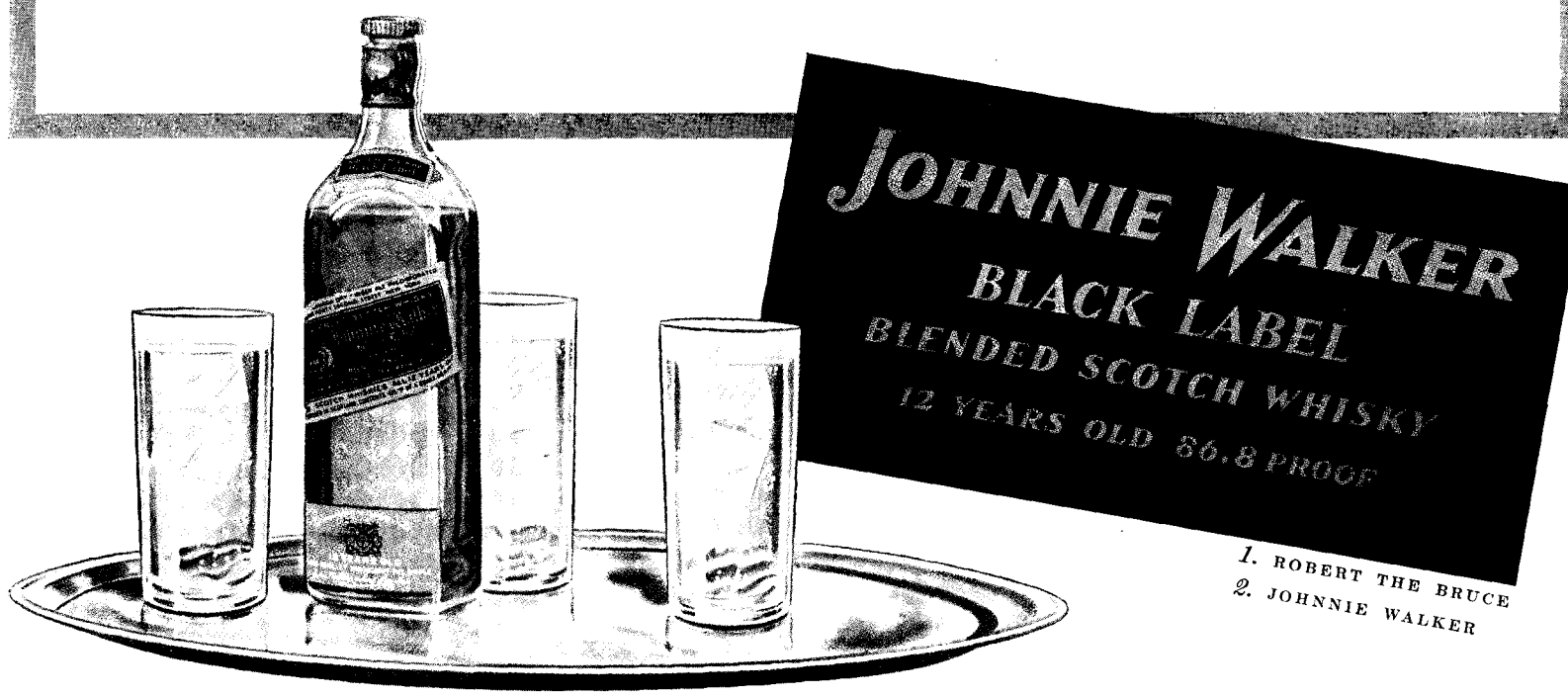
Can you name these Immortal Scotch Figures?

1. A warrior who hid in a cave after losing six campaigns. There he watched a spider finally spin its web after six failures. Taking courage, he gave battle the seventh time—and won. He succeeded to the Scottish throne at Ayr, 12 miles from Kilmarnock, home of Johnnie Walker. *(Answer below.)*

2. A distinctive personality... proud as The Black Douglas ... rich in prestige as The Black Watch. Wearing the significant Black Label, he is often seen in the company of well-known persons. His choice qualities of taste, acquired in a 12 year preparation, are considered most rare. *(Answer below.)*



1. ROBERT THE BRUCE
2. JOHNNIE WALKER

Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., *Sole Importer*

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One-Trip Darling

Continued from page 15

You'd never guess the picture had been took in my back yard with me on a box and that fellow on my hook. I'm on a rock with Paris-green woods behind me and a bright blue lake in front of me, and I'm just yanking up out of this lake a fish of some kind or another which is the size of a fire hydrant. They have given me a tan I never got lying under sinks, and have made words come out of my mouth as follows:

"Brother, I bet you wish *you* had one of those Easy-Pay Super-Safe Extra-Generous Annuity Policies the Frugality folks get out."

As this looks like a spot where there ain't even any Indians, this ad makes me out the sort of fellow who talks to fish.

What's more, my name is there in red letters a foot high, A. B. DARLING (Retired).

I pulled over to the curb, too weak to drive in traffic. Pretty soon, Doll's eyes sank back into their sockets, and she said:

"Humpf, so you've retired, hey, Darling? I see. You've been making out like you were at your plumbing, and you've been sneaking off to goodness knows where and fishing with goodness knows who."

I quietly explained that this was a lie. Doll saw my point and by the time we got to the picture show, we were a pair of oldlyweds again. Just to keep peace with her, I went in and saw Valcour who, as usual, is some kind of prince in some foreign place where all the gents dress like they was high-ups in some colored lodge.

By the time it's over and I'm out in the fresh air again, Valcour has knocked the bewhoozis out of all the men and kissed the bewhatzit out of all the girls, and he winds up marrying a thin blonde who is supposed to be a milkmaid only she milks a cow like she was playing a harp.

AS WE drove home, I began to kid about me on the billboard fishing, and what a joke it was about me being retired, and Doll said what was so funny about it? What sense, she wanted to know, was there in a man lying on his back under a leaky sink when he could be traveling and broadening himself by seeing the Grand Canyon, the Golden Gate and other points of interest in the West and elsewhere? To quiet her, I said we might, in the fall, go on a little trip and take in the World's Series and some rassling matches; but that did not appease her. It would've saved me a lot of wear and tear if I'd give in to her right away instead of trying to put off what was bound to be. Our house was worse than Congress for a week or so; and then I said all right I'd retire but, I warned Doll, I'd probably wear myself out worrying what to do with all that time on my hands.

Doll was as happy and excited as a schoolgirl dressing for her first date. She felt so good I couldn't go on feeling bad. I guess making your wife happy is more important than plumbing, in the long run. Just to make sure I wasn't retiring with my fingers crossed, Doll got me to sell my business to Ed Stutz.

Between us, the day I handed over to Ed the keys of my shop, I went around to the Dutchman's and got quietly stewed in the back room; but I wasn't celebrating. When Dutchy cracked, "Is it easy to quit plumbing, One-Trip, or do you have to wrench yourself away?" I give him a snarl and dared him to come outside and say that again. . . .

The first piece of retiring I did consisted of a little trip to Chi. We took it slow and easy as we was breaking in the new sedan and we had a nice enough journey but it would have been nicer if we hadn't passed so many billboards on which were I and the fish. Those insurance fellows had certainly spread themselves—and me—all over the country.

We stayed in Chi just a day and a night. I went to a picture show with Doll. It was the same as the last one. Valcour kissed and dueled until it was time to marry the blonde and call it a day.

Next morning we shoved off in the sedan; but not east. We took in the Grand Canyon, and when you get that far you might as well go a little farther and see Boulder Dam and Las Vegas, and, when you get *that* far, you might as well go the whole hog and keep on till the Pacific Ocean stops you. At least that was Doll's point of view.

Next thing I knew I was walking up and down Hollywood Boulevard, and Doll was trying to get a look at some movie stars; but all we see was other folks like us doing the same thing. After a few days this sort of began to pall on yours truly.

"Doll," I remarked, "let's go home."

"One-Trip," my wife replied, "we *are* home—or very near it. Tomorrow we move to our new ranch in the San Fernando Valley. And *that*'s final."

"Since when have we had a ranch in San Fernando or any other valley?" I inquired.

"Since an hour ago when I signed a lease for one," Doll informed me.

"All right," I said. "But I warn you, Doretta Phelps Darling, I'll be no use at all as a lone cowhand. I never rode a horse in my life and I have no wish, at fifty, to do so."

"This is a walnut ranch," said Doll.

We moved out to the ranch next day. On the way there I bought me a sombrero. If Doll had set her heart on living in the great open spaces, I might as well see it through, I figured.

We drove out into the country about nine miles from Hollywood, and stopped at a bungalow and Doll said, "Well, here we are."

"Where?" I asked.

"This is it," she said. "Rancho el Darling."

"It looks like what back home we'd call a big back yard with a few nut trees in it," I said.

"It is called here a junior estate," said Doll. "Now stop standing there gawking and carry in the grips."

I must say that raising walnuts is not backbreaking work. We belonged to some sort of association which planted the trees, took care of them, picked the nuts and sold them and gave us a share in the profits, if any. All we had to do is sit and watch the nuts grow. It seemed to me a rather poor way for an able-bodied man with a born talent for plumbing to spend his time; but Doll seemed so happy I didn't kick. Before we got settled in, she went to a drive-in beauty shop, and came back all frizzled and with a new paint job. She put on some blue shorts and wandered out among the walnut trees looking awful pretty and not a day over thirty-five. I could tell there was something going on inside her, but I did not have any idea what it was.

Next day she had to drive into Hollywood to open a bank account, and I stayed home and watched the walnuts grow. I went over the plumbing in the bungalow hoping it was busted so I could fix it, but it was in good shape. Doll had warned me I must keep dressed up at all times but I sneaked into the greasy old pants I clean the car in, and moped down to the back wall of the ranch, and sat there smoking my pipe, with my shoes off and my suspenders showing. A retired man has a right to have some fun.

I WAS sitting there, feeling unnecessary, and then I heard, on the other side of the wall, a tap-tap-tap. It was as sweet a sound as I ever heard. Somebody was tapping a pipe with a hammer. Up I jumped and stuck my head over the wall and there was a fellow installing a washbowl in a small workshop at the rear of the next property. He was a rough-looking fellow of about my age who needed a shave, a bath and a clean pair of pants. He looked up at me and grinned. He was sort of shy of hair and teeth.

"Hi, neighbor," he said.

"Hi, neighbor," I replied. "Excuse me, but you're trying to put that pipe in upside down. Mind if I give you a hand?"

"Glad to have you help me," he said, with another grin. "Know anything about plumbing?"

"Brother," I said, as I climbed over the wall, "I was born with a soldering-iron in my mouth."

It certainly felt good to have tools in my hand again and the smell of putty in my nose.

"Gosh," he said, as he watched me work, "I wish I had your touch."

"Amateur, ain't you?" I inquired.

"Yep," he said, with a sigh.

"Well, some of this work ain't bad for an amateur," I said, just to cheer him up.

He looked tickled.

"Gimme a fill of that tobacco you're smoking," he said. "It smells grand."

"My wife claims that when I smoke it, nice people think I'm cremating a polecat," I said.

"Nice people give me a pain somewhere," he said, and stuffed his pipe, and started to puff. "Thanks—"

"Darling's the name," I told him. "I didn't pick it out myself. Call me One-Trip like they do back home in Ashtabula."

"Shake, One-Trip," he said, and stuck out a paw like a hunk of coal. "I'm an old Ohio boy myself. Yep, Upper Sandusky. My name's Ray Johnston; but the folks in Ohio always called me Buster."

"Glad to know you, Buster," I said. "Hand me that wrench."

I did some plumbing, with Buster Johnston watching. He knew enough to appreciate the fine points. I never had a better audience.

"The folks you work for have got a mighty nice piece of property here," I remarked. "That's a swellelegant house. How many bathrooms has it got?"

"Six and a half," my neighbor said.

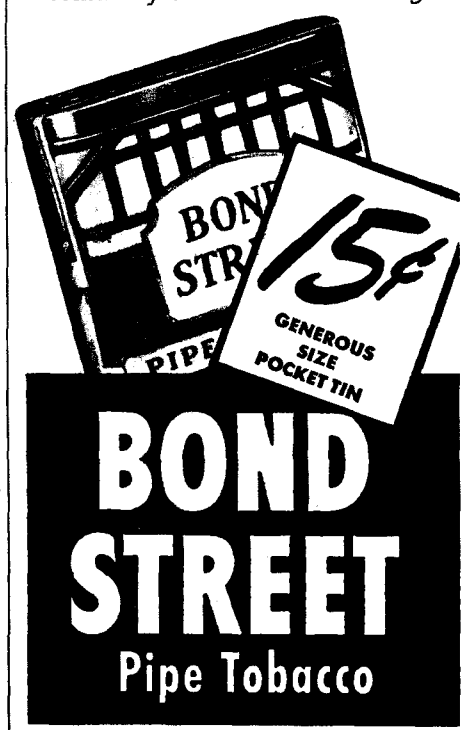
I gave a whistle.

"That's a lot for a residence of that

Out of every 1,000 hard-to-please pipe smokers, a high percentage won't smoke *anything* but BOND STREET once they discover it.

So we know that 123,232 pipe-smoking readers of this magazine *still* have this exciting discovery to make.

Different—genuinely aromatic—BOND STREET contains *a rare aromatic tobacco not hitherto used in a popular priced mixture.* Rich and bite-free as a custom blend. Leaves no tobacco odors in the room—*even the ladies* like the aroma. Try BOND STREET *today.*



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ELMER was a scream LAST NIGHT!

Too much to eat, too much to drink . . . and last night's party is no party today! Take soothing, pleasant Pepto-Bismol.

When your stomach is upset, don't add to the upset with overdoses of antacids or drastic, irritating physics and purges. Take PEPTO-BISMOL and help soothe the irritated stomach and intestines.

PEPTO-BISMOL is not an antacid. It has no laxative action. It is recommended for stomachs distressed by overindulgence, nervous indigestion, change of diet, or improperly prepared or selected food. Its action is soothing and mild and its flavor is decidedly pleasant. Phone your druggist to send over a bottle today!

In two sizes—at your druggist. Or by the dose at drug store fountains.

Norwich*

*Makers of Unguentine**

PEPTO-BISMOL FOR UPSET STOMACH

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

size," I said. "Offhand, I'd say those folks are overbathroomed."

"*I'm* the folks who live there," Buster Johnston said. "I told the builder to leave space for as many bathrooms as possible. I installed the plumbing myself."

"Far be it from me to pass a remark," I said, "but does it work?"

Buster grinned a large grin.

"Nope," he said. "All of 'em get out of kilter at least once a month. Only last night I had to bail out my bedroom."

"I'll fix 'em for you, Bus," I said.

He shook his baldish head.

"I'll do it free, gratis and for nothing," I said.

"Thanks, One-Trip," he said, "but I'd rather let 'em leak. Fixing 'em is the most, if not the only, fun I have these days."

"Don't you get a kick out of your real work?" I asked.

He looked like he had a mouth full of sour caterpillars.

"Not any more," he said. "Same old stuff, day in, day out. I'd a darn' sight rather be a plumber."

"Than what?"

"Than anything," he said, plenty gruff. "So let's plumb."

We plumbed.

"You married, One-Trip?"

"Yep. Pass the putty. Are you?"

"Yep. Got a boy of twenty."

"What does he do, Bus?"

"Eats and sleeps," Bus replied. "Mind you, he's not a no-good. Just hasn't clicked yet. Ray, Junior, is handy with his hands and likes to tinker. He's got the makings of a crackerjack mechanic, and what do you think his mother is trying to make out of him? An actor!"

He made another sour face.

"Now, mind you," he went on, "I'm not knocking Margie, or the movies, or anything. The movies are all right, if you like 'em, and so are wives. But wives are women, and women just naturally are people who want a man to do something else."

JUST then from my nut grove came Doll's voice: "Oh, yooooo-hooooo, One-Trip. Come here and help me carry in the groceries."

"See what I mean about women?" remarked Bus.

A lady with a loud voice hollered from his house, "Oh, Ray—Raaaaaaay. It's nearly dinnertime, and I bet you need a bath."

"I see what you mean," I said.

Bus hollered toward his house, "Be up in a few minutes, Margie."

Then he turned to me and said, "Suppose I didn't go?"

Doll paged me some more. "Oh, One-Trip, I know you're around somewhere. I can smell that glue factory you smoke. Come out, come out, wherever you are."

"Suppose," said Bus, in a low, stubborn voice, "neither of us went! Suppose we just set here and let 'em wait till we got good and ready."

"I'm game," I whispered back.

We smoked a minute, maybe a minute and a quarter.

Then I said, "I guess I'd better go. When you got somebody to worry about you it's sort of mean to worry her. Don't you think so?"

"Glad you said it first," said Bus. "Well, guess that was about the shortest sit-down strike in history."

Doll stuck her head over the wall and saw us. "Oh, there you are, you little rascal," she said, playful enough. Then she saw Bus, and looked none too pleased. I said, "Doll, shake hands with my new pal, Buster Johnston."

She said, "Howdodo," without opening her lips.

"Glad to know you, Mrs. Darling," said Bus. His smile was polite but gummy.

I could tell Doll did not care for his looks. He could, too.

"If I'd 've known I was going to meet a lady," he said, "I'd 've worn my teeth. They're up in the house. So is my hair."

He meant it comical, so Doll smiled; but I've seen bigger, warmer smiles on frozen mice.

"So long, Bus," I said.

"Howz about coming over here tomorrow morning—'bout seven—so we can do some plumbing and gabbing before I go to the treadmill?" Bus asked.

Before I could say "Swell," Doll said, "Sorry, but I have some very important work I want my husband to do for me. It will keep him busy indefinitely. Good night."

I shrugged and followed her into the bungalow. "Say, what's the important work?" I asked. "What do you want me to do?"

"I want you *not* to hang around with that frowsy bum of an odd-job man next door," said Doll. "I don't want our new neighbors to get the idea that you prefer low company, even if you do."

"Doretta Phelps Darling," I said, and was I stern, "Mr. Johnston is, and will remain, I hope, my good friend. He is positively not a bum."

"I've got eyes," wasped back Doll. "If that dirty, disreputable-looking, toothless, bald old bum is not a bum, I never saw a bum."

"Mr. Johnston is a well-to-do gentleman with a weakness for plumbing," I retorted. "He may not be a Ramon Valcour, but he's a right guy, and I intend to go over to his house and plumb with him any time I see fit—"

"What do you mean—his house?" said Doll, in a peculiar voice. "Does *he* live there—?"

"Sure. Him and his wife and his son."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear," said Doll in a sort of long moan. "Oh, dear."

"What ails you?" I asked.

"I should 've known him by his eyes," she said.

"Who?" I asked.

"Ramon Valcour."

"Now what in the hell has that pantywaist got to do with Buster Johnston?" I asked.

"He *is* Buster Johnston," said my wife. "Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear."

"That," I said, "is a slander, a libel and a lie."

"I wish it was," said Doll, "but it's true. I know for a fact that that is Ramon Valcour's residence. The real-estate man showed it to me on the map.

"Ah-ha," I cried. "So you inviggled me all the way out here to this nut ranch just so you could meet your hero."

"One-Trip," said Doll, "you're married to a silly, simple-minded, small-town goose—I'm awful sorry."

"Don't be, baby," I said. "I'm the one who ought to apologize. I had him all wrong. Why, he's regular. He's just folks, like us."

Doll didn't say anything for quite a spell. Then she said:

"Maybe I haven't a lot of sense, One-Trip, but I've got a lot of luck." I knew what she meant so I went over and snuggled her to me and kissed her and said, "*I've* got a lot of luck, too, and most of it is sitting right here on my knee this very minute."

Pretty soon she said, "Well, this isn't getting your supper ready," and I said, "What are we having?" and she said "Ham" and we both enjoyed a hearty laugh.

Next morning I went over and plumbed some with Buster. I asked him was he really Valcour and he said, with a snarl, "Yeah. Want to make anything out of it?" I said I didn't, and we laid off the subject.

We had a lot of fun, working together, Bus and me, and then, after a coupla weeks, one night, at supper, Doll said: "You homesick, One-Trip?"

"Sure. Sometimes," I replied. "But not as much as formerly. After all, Doll, you can't expect me to get the old town and the old shop out of my system in a couple or three months—"

"We *did* have fun in Ashtabula," said Doll, and she hove a sigh.

"Now don't sigh for me," I said. "I'll be hunky-dory."

"But you wouldn't *mind* going home, would you?" Doll asked.

"Great Caesar's goats, do *you* want to, Doll?" I exclaimed in considerable surprise. "I thought living next door to a certain party tickled you pink."

"I'm not ticklish any more," said Doll.

STRANGER in Ashtabula, ain't you, Mister? Well, if it's plumbing you want, you're in the right shop. Yep, I'm back at the old stand and busy and happy as a pup with a slipper. I got a junior partner now. He's still a bit green, but learning fast. He'll be a star some day—in the plumbing world. Hey, come here, young Buster. He'll take care of you, Mister. I want to go down to the Bijou-Dream and see the first show. It's Kings Kiss, Too—and, say, does Old Buster mow down those blond mammas! Don't miss it, Mister. I've seen it three times. But I can't get the wife to go.

"In the fourth act you eat. Will you want the 40¢ or 75¢ dinner deducted from your salary?" ADOLPH SCHUS

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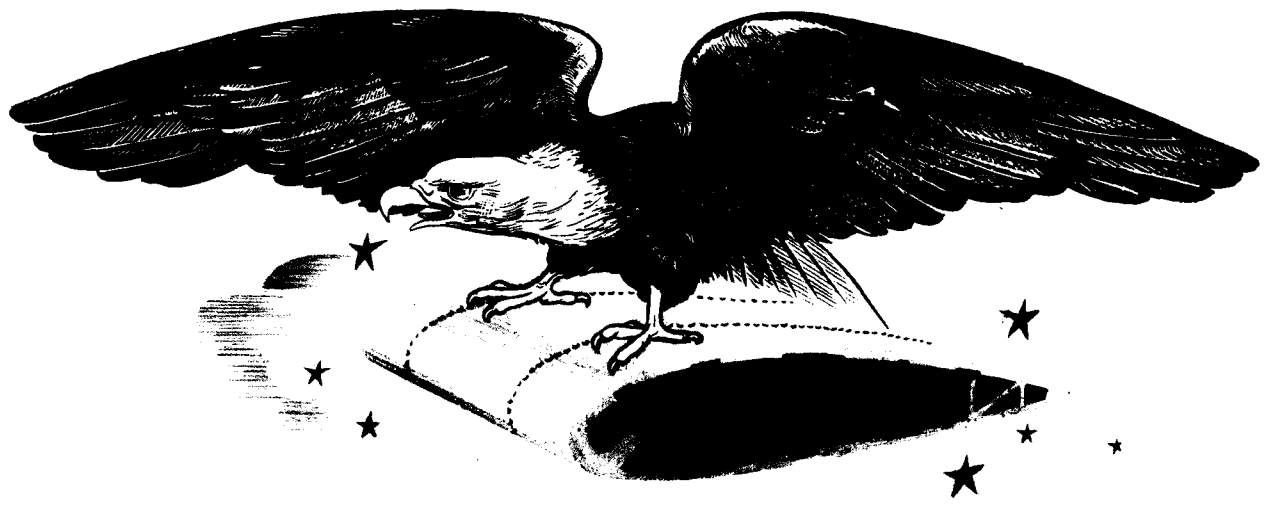

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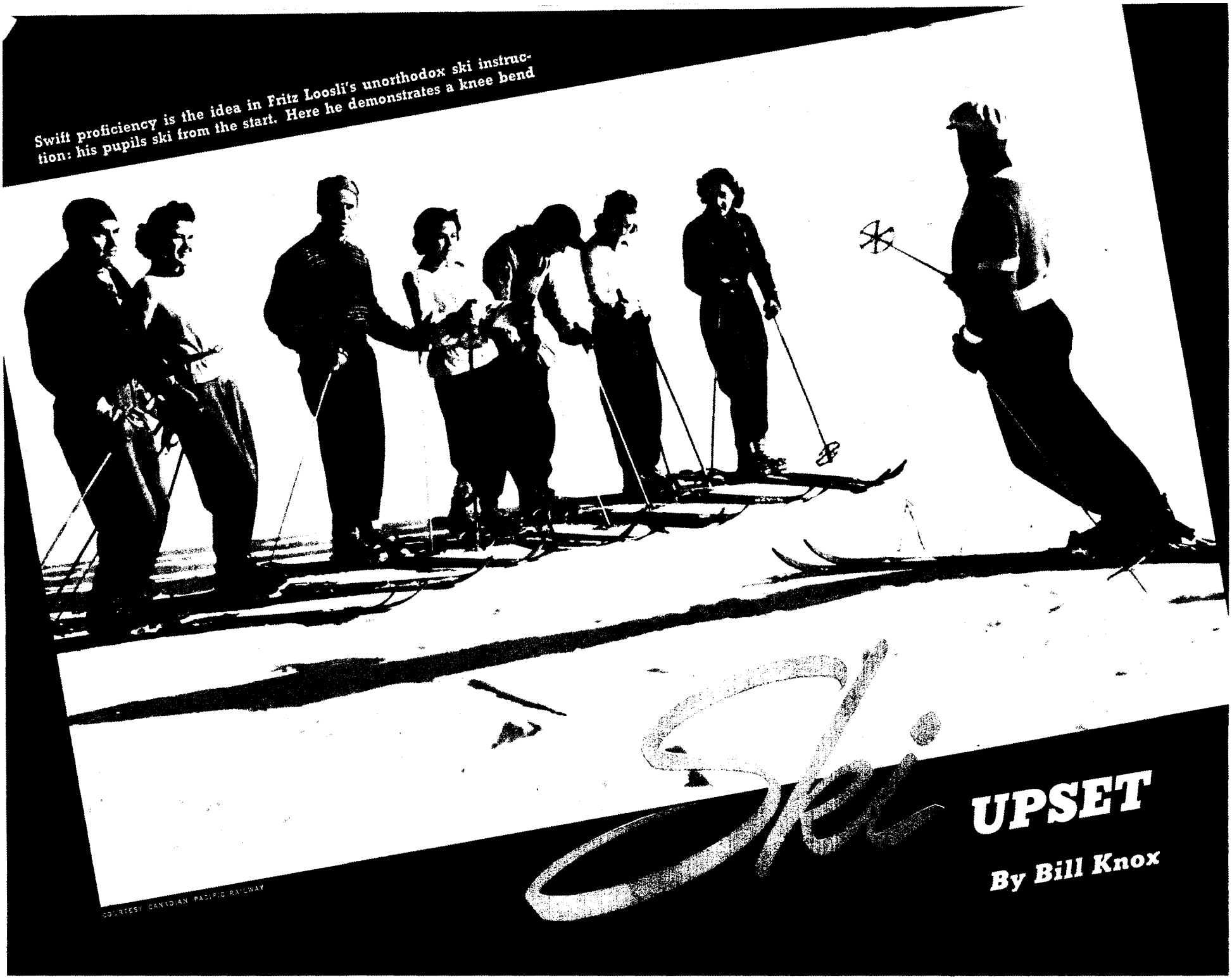
Swift proficiency is the idea in Fritz Loosli's unorthodox ski instruction: his pupils ski from the start. Here he demonstrates a knee bend



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SKI UPSET

By Bill Knox

Here's good news for ski novices—Fritz Loosli will teach you the sport in half the time. You may never be a champ but you'll have fun trying

THE stocky Swiss at the foot of the big slope watched with a poker face that deceived no one. As the last novice sped down at maybe thirty miles an hour, slid around in a Christiania and stopped, still standing, he nodded his bulldog head. In ten days, more or less, he had scientifically demonstrated that the revolution in ski learning was an accomplished fact.

Less than a week before, Fritz Loosli had watched his cheerful guinea pigs on the nursery slope. They had been going downhill a little faster each time, bobbing up and down, sliding first one ski ahead, then the other, shifting weight rhythmically from side to side. In the fifth lesson he broke all the rules and gave them the Christiania.

At this crucial point in his experiment, he prompted his assistant in a hoarse stage whisper: "Not showy, please. Dey lose hope ven you do it too perfect. Discreet, modest simplicity—dot's de vay."

And the aide obediently glided down the baby incline, skidding at the bottom into a discreet and modest Christie. It looked easy, so easy that one after another the pupils followed him down. Nine out of ten got it on the first try.

This was unheard-of on the American slopes, teaching the Christie to novices who had never learned the snowplow. A high-speed turn, the Christie is a deliberate skid, done with a shift of weight and a swing of the body—what you see the experts do when they turn or stop in a swirl of snow.

But in this part of the world the favorite teaching system up to now has been the slow-speed Arlberg method, and the snowplow—the stop—is the A of its ABC. Toes together, the ski tails forced wide apart, your skis form a V like the cowcatcher on a prestreamlined locomotive—whereby you slow up and, if you want to, halt.

The snowplow is one of the fundamentals that Hannes Schneider, the grand old man of skiing, evolved at St. Anton am Arlberg when he had thousands of green Austrian ski troops to train for the first World War. He lowered their center of gravity by putting them into a deep crouch, taught them to stop or brake with the snowplow, and gave them the stem turn, a slow-speed turn in which the outside ski is pushed the way you want to go and the other drags after it. That way he got them and their sixty pounds of soldier stuff from Alp to Alp without falling down and piling up the regiment behind them.

But this, says Loosli, is like learning to ride a bicycle by riding a tricycle. The way to learn to ride a bicycle is to ride it. The way to ski is to learn balance and stability on the hickory runners just as you are going to ride on them thereafter. An accomplished skier keeps his runners parallel; his trail through the snow is like a railroad track. When he turns, the track turns, still parallel. He wouldn't use the snowplow at his speed, for if he did, chances are he would finish the run on his face—you'd get the same effect if you put brakes only on the front wheels of your car. Nor does he stem, unless he is slowed down by deep snow or the nature of the terrain.

So it comes to this: once you've learned the snowplow, you have to forget it. And the majority never get beyond the snowplow stage.

A Hint from the Kibitzers

In his fourteen years of teaching in Canada, and before that at Lausanne and St. Moritz, Loosli had seen youngsters who hadn't the cash to join a class watching the experts and aping them. They seldom bothered about a snowplow and didn't miss it. They learned to run on parallel skis from the start, and very soon they outdistanced the tenderly nursed pupils in Fritz's own classes.

So two winters ago at the Toronto Ski Club, the world's largest, he conducted an experiment. He took twenty new pupils and divided them at random into two classes. One class he labeled for the orthodox Arlberg method. The other he ticketed for parallel skiing.

What happened astonished the pupils, but it surprised Fritz scarcely at all. For the first few days the Arlberg crowd went ahead fast, climbing up the main slope on about the third day while the guinea-pig group were still bobbing up and down on the baby hill. On the sixth day, equipped with an elementary Christie, the guinea pigs were allowed on the tow. From then on it was their mountain. The snowplowers were left far behind.

Those ten days on the Toronto hillside gave the picturesquely accented professors of the American ski schools quite a start. Fritz is teaching his parallel skiing this year at the Ski Hawk School of the big and fashionable Château Frontenac in Quebec, and Jozo Weider, his concertina-playing assistant, is carrying the revolution to the Laurentians.

The speed boys who schuss the Mount Washington Headwall or drive down the Magic Mile on Mount Hood will find that Fritz's revolution makes little difference in their ski life. But to the thousands who cling doggedly to the nursery slopes, tangling with snowplow and stem turn, parallel skiing is good news.

The more elderly of Fritz's pupils astonish him. It's one thing to put a youngster on skis and send him downhill in the wake of an expert. Fritz was on skis at the age of three, and at four his daughter flits down the big hill, blond

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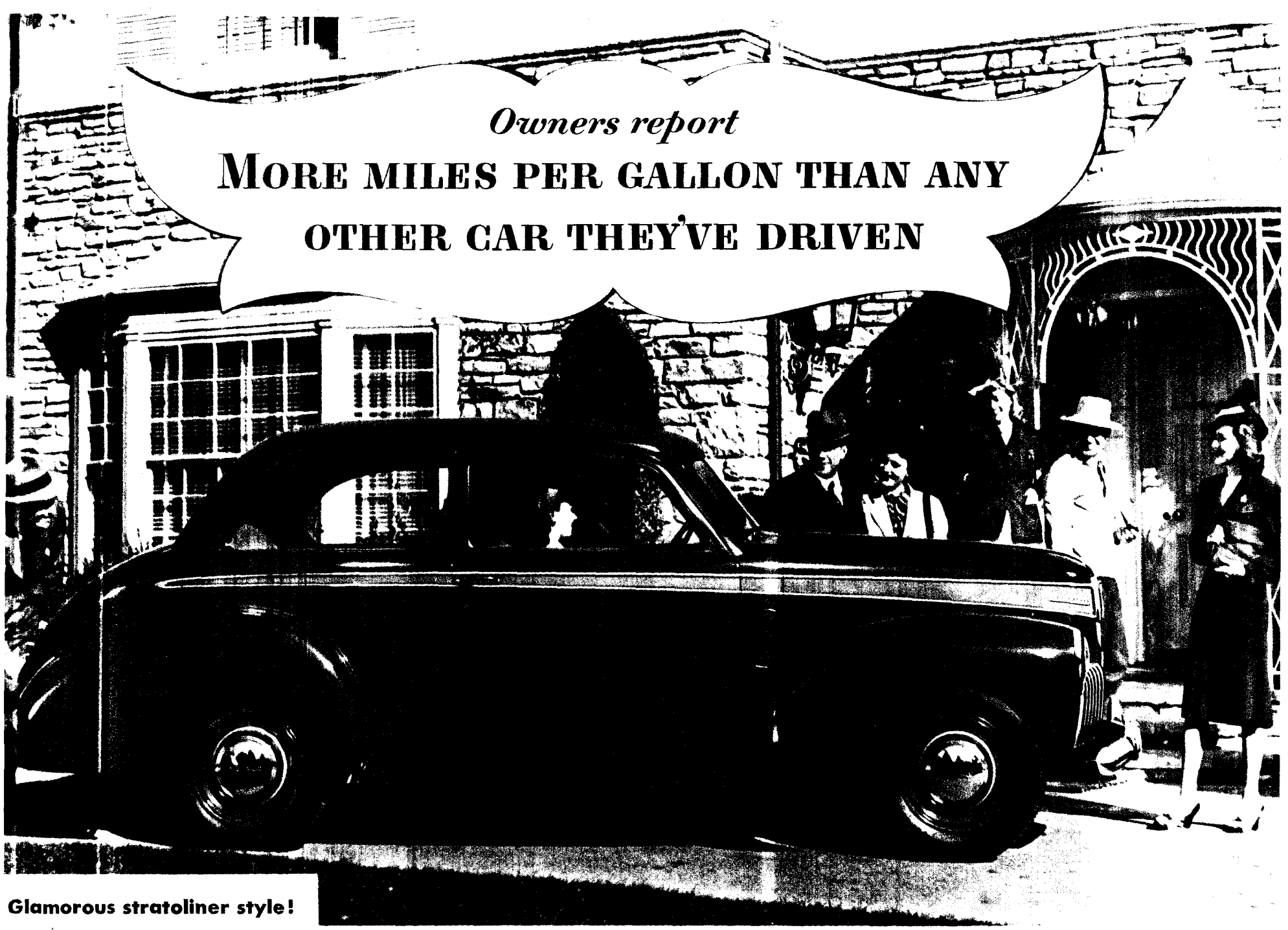

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curls flying, as though her skis were part of her feet. But until he saw the forty- to sixty-year novices take to parallel skiing, he hadn't realized that he was offering such a boon to the older generation.

I took a chemical engineer, father of three children, out skiing for the first time last winter. An average fellow, near fifty, he takes no more exercise than most busy Americans. He sailed down the hill a bit stiffly, and at the bottom he stopped with a Christie! When I told him what he'd done, he said, "Christie, hell! That's the way I stop on skates!"

That just gives you an idea how natural skiing can be. No one pretends it is such a cinch to learn as that. Ski teachers like Loosli know the snags that give us our come-uppance. He once had a week to teach a company of actors who were making a film in the St. Bernard Pass, which ought to give him some kind of championship among the ski fraternity.

Speed from the Beginning

Loosli keeps his pupils going down the nursery slope, bobbing up and down like parallel rulers opening and closing, to learn how to shift their weight. He has them put their weight well forward, backs straight, with the bend at the knees and ankles. Next comes the skating motion, pushing first the right, then the left ski ahead. After that they get to swaying from side to side, making ready to swing into a Christie.

All this time they have been gaining speed. He says you can start your Christies when you feel comfortable skiing downhill as fast as you could run at top speed. He goes further and says you are wasting your time practicing turns at any lesser speeds.

With this charm alone parallel skiing could win America. We like speed. We're used to it. When ski beginners complain, it's against the slow going. They are frustrated by drills and setting-up exercises, as though skiing were unlike any other sport and needed special conditioning. What most people want to do, once they get out on the hill, is ski. Fritz says, go ahead and ski.

Solemn fellow that he seems, he knows the intoxication of the fast downhill run and the lasting happiness of winged flight across snow-mantled hills. He lectures his aides daily, "Dese peoples are here for fun, not vork." Fun is what parallel skiing seems to give from the first day out, not just the promise of it later on, when you have climbed out of the snowplow class.

What you have been doing before you discovered skiing makes a difference. If you've been skating, rowing, riding horses, you're in luck, because those sports aren't right- or left-handed. If you are markedly one-sided, the skiing medico, Dr. Edwin Grace, suggests you walk on the curb with your left shoulder hanging off, traffic permitting. Also walk Indian-footed, one foot directly in front of the other, for balance.

Go out in the back yard, he further proposes, and kick a ball against the house with your left foot. If anyone makes a crack, just look over your shoulder—your left shoulder—and ask, "How's your Christie?"

Buying your skis, you ought to look into the laminated variety. They were introduced in Europe five years ago and have about taken over the Continental slopes still peaceful enough for skiing. Built of strips of hickory and other woods with crosspieces to hold them firm, they have tested seventy per cent stronger and more resistant to warping than hickory skis, and they are thirty-five per cent lighter on the feet. Steel edges are a good idea, but they are up in the graduation class. If you get them, you will want also the new sealskins which fasten with a tape waxed into the groove of your runners, instead of tying over the edges—the steel will cut the old-style tapes.

For parallel skiing, here is the kind of ski and binding Fritz says you need. You don't have to understand it, because the salesman will. The skis should be stiff at the upturn, and the toe iron should be placed an inch or two ahead of the point of balance, giving you a trailing ski. The bend of the upturn should be as near as possible to the tip to allow the longest running surfaces. The peak of the camber—that arch you see between the ski bottom and the floor—should be at the front of the toe iron and not at the heel.

Later on you'll want a cable binding, so you might as well get it at the start. And your ski poles, when you're standing on your skis with the poles resting on the snow, should come no more than an inch or two above your hips, instead of the more usual armpit height.

And now that we've got that settled, how *is* your Christie?

"Last week I put Dot's letter in Ruth's envelope—lucky I call them both 'Babe'"

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Our New Army

Continued from page 23

stiff, high-collared tunics of the last war. But new and more comfortable uniforms are coming fast from factories.

Amateur dramatics are going strong at most posts. In the reception center theater at Fort Lewis, Washington, there are two dressing rooms, each fitted with half a dozen make-up tables and mirrors. Each table has a light, with a star on it. Every soldier-actor is a star.

Under month-old regulations, enlisted men do *not* have to salute commissioned officers away from military posts and reservations. The step is expected to go far in democratizing our peacetime citizens' army. The hitherto sharply defined cleavage between officers and men will not be emphasized in public. The universal salute—and the forced servility read into it during the World War—is out.

YOU may pick up the clinic records at Fort Benning's Army hospital and read as follows:

"Picked up girl at Beechie Howard's." "Picked up girl at Dixie Inn." "Picked up girl at Blue Bonnet." "Picked up girl at Big Apple." "On corner in downtown Columbus, carried to house in Columbus by taxi driver."

This sort of record runs on and on in the venereal charts of the huge fort near Columbus, Ga., and Phenix City, Alabama, just across the muddy Chattahoochee River from Columbus.

All the names mentioned in the records are those of juke joints, dives and "places" in Phenix City, which never in its long history as a brazen, bawdy town has risen from its immoral ashes.

All cities with post towns have a problem. But only Phenix City has been pointed out by the Secretary of War as a festering spot, plaguing the Army. That he mentioned the tripled rents in Columbus, which last March cleaned out its girls, did not assuage the pain of Phenix City, which saw, at last, the beginning of the end.

Secretary Stimson made his accusations in late December and by early 1941 the joints are expected to be shuttered and closed for at least the time being. Or perhaps for the duration of the emergency.

Health departments all over the nation reported months ago, when the great mobilization began, great restlessness among the soiled doves taking treatment at their clinics. They wanted to fly South where our Army posts were located and where armies of workers were building new ones.

They found temporary havens here and there, but usually their stay was not for long. They were moved on.

Jacksonville was having a problem. Arrests there in the past few weeks have shown girls to be present from Akron and Dayton, Ohio; Philadelphia, Louisville, Nashville and other points, north, east, south and west.

At Hinesville, Georgia, a small country town, the sheriff put his foot down and as a result some of the girls who had rented a place in the woods left.

The same story could be told everywhere—except at Phenix City.

There they all found roosting places. No police department arrested them once they were accepted as "hostesses" in the joints or as residents in outlying tourist camps or in the rooms over the stores.

No medical department came around to bother them.

Last spring the Army called for the help of the United States Public Health Service, and they sent an investigator. The American Social Hygiene Society also sent one. They reported:

"Vice is wide open both in Columbus and Phenix City. No effort at control is being made."

This startled staid Columbus, which had always drawn its skirts away from the bawdy, poor little town across the river. Columbus cleaned up.

The girls were all brought in and given two days to leave town. Some went over the river to Phenix, already crowded. Others moved on to other cities. For two days the roads were rather well populated with girls standing beside their suitcases thumbing rides. Taxi drivers hauled them to the county line and deposited them there to wait for rides.

Columbus found out, and laughed ruefully, that one "place" had been across the street from the courthouse; another upstairs next door to the chief's office. The system was different in Columbus. There houses and streetwalkers, the latter using cheap hotels and rooming houses, were the problem. Columbus could—and did—clean house.

But Phenix City had its dives and its jukes and its joints. There most of the girls worked as "waitresses" and as "hostesses."

There were about six joints in Phenix City where it was dangerous for a stranger to go and show any money. Phenix City had more than its share of killings, slashing and stabbings. Not more than half of them were reported.

There were other joints not so tough. There were still others where officers could go to gamble. These places were crooked and no one ever won.

Phenix City has many good citizens. They make up the majority. But Phenix City is broke. It is in receivership. It has few taxable values. So, Phenix City deliberately has lived off vices, gambling and other lawlessness. It did so during the prohibition days.

Now that the Secretary of War has pointed the accusing finger and now that alarmed mothers over the nation have read of it, something is being done. Mayor Elmer E. Reese has proposed a curtailment of municipal revenues obtained from "liberal amusements."

The most famous city of vice in America actually is a tawdry, poor, struggling town of a few mills and a few businesses.

The town always has had those who worked to make it better. Chief among them is Father James Salway, pastor of St. Patrick Church:

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The Prisoners of Riom

By Hans Habe

Gamelin and Reynaud and those other men of the France of yesterday are at the Castle of Chazeron—living ghosts who await judgment day, each in his own way. An intimate glimpse into their lives as prisoners of the state they once served

BRITISH PRESS COMBINE

France's destiny lay in the hands of Premier Daladier and Commander in Chief Gamelin when they met in Paris in March, 1940, to discuss a war that was about to blaze into action. Now both are prisoners awaiting the day when they must justify their conduct of that war to the French people. Gamelin will probably be acquitted, Daladier banished. Below, another of France's ex-statesman prisoners, ex-Premier Reynaud and his eighteen-year-old daughter

BLACK STAR

A MAN cried out in the night. Two steel-helmeted soldiers walking the walls of the castle looked at each other.

"Daladier!" one of them said.

The other cleared his throat and said nothing. They shook the snow from their shoes and continued their patrol.

Lights burned in two windows of the solitary castle. Gamelin was awake and Mandel worked. The only difference between the Castle of Chazeron and an ordinary prison is that prisoners are allowed to work at night if they can't sleep.

But who among them can sleep?

The Castle of Chazeron, situated in the heart of France, today houses five important men. Not so long ago each lived in his own mansion. Today each is assigned one room, austere and unfriendly though spacious. In front of each room an armed guard paces. All night long the prisoners can hear the heavy tramp of the guards' boots.

For many months the castle has sheltered France's former rulers. They await their trials behind its high walls. Marie Gustave Gamelin, former commander in chief of the French army, on whose word every Frenchman's life depended for nine months, occupies a damp, unheated room—as does former Premier Daladier, who during the first months of the war was regarded as France's coming dictator. The castle is large enough so that the prisoners can be kept separated from one another, and a special organization of *Gardes Mobiles* sees to it that all communication between the five men is made impossible.

This organization has been particularly alert since a zealous policeman discovered a note Reynaud was trying to smuggle to Daladier. The commander of the guards, persuaded that the note contained an important state secret, sent it to Vichy. There, government officials solemnly opened it and read the following significant words: "Please send me a new toothbrush, if possible." The policemen and politicians were somewhat disappointed. Nevertheless the guard was reinforced.

Men Who Walk Alone

The Château de Chazeron, for many centuries the home of French aristocrats—it was once owned by the La Rochefoucaulds—is situated near Riom, not far from Vichy, midway between the seat of the government and the court. Its very geographical position symbolizes the road from power to prison. For many years the castle was uninhabited. At the beginning of the war it was requisitioned by the state authorities. The original plan was to use it as a refuge for children, but the course of events has transformed the children's home into an internment camp for the former leaders of France.

A glance across the high walls of the castle reveals an ancient, austere building in the midst of a vast, neglected park. Every morning between nine and ten, and every afternoon between four and five, solitary men can be seen walking up and down separate paths bordered by lime trees. The men are absorbed in their own thoughts or exchange a few words with their wary guards.

Of the eighty rooms in the castle only ten are occupied. Each of the former masters of France must content himself with one room. To those who remember Reynaud's suite in the premier's mansion in Paris, his book-filled room in the castle seems particularly sad. The contrast is more striking than if these rooms were real prison cells, for Chazeron is full of objects that evoke its former splendor. It is true that the rooms are unfriendly and almost impossible to heat, but they are furnished with antiques from the castle, so that sometimes the prisoners must forget momentarily where they are. The unceasing tramp of the heavy steps in front of their doors soon brings them back to reality.

Discipline but no Luxuries

The prisoners must wash in their rooms and are allowed only one bath a week. There is only one bathroom in the entire castle.

The food is rationed and is about equal in quality and quanity to that served in a small restaurant. Reynaud wanted to have a chef come from Paris, but his request was refused. The army chef who cooks for the guards—a former restaurant owner of Vichy—cooks also for Their Excellencies. The prisoners of Riom have ration cards like all French citizens, and regularly receive allotted portions of sugar and soap. They are allowed to receive one extra parcel a week from outside.

Until recently the guard consisted of 24 police officials and 150 *Gardes Mobiles*. The entire personnel has been changed twice. Every one of these guards was once a French voter. One of the guards was severely reprimanded and later dismissed for allowing Gamelin to paint the portrait of his three-year-old daughter. Painting is Gamelin's avocation.

The French commander in chief was dismissed from his office after the German offensive began. At that time I was at the front, near the Belgian border. I remember the deep impression made on us soldiers by the removal of Gamelin. The day before, in the fighting line, we had listened to Gamelin's order of the day, which repeated that once given by General Pétain at Verdun: "All troops unable to advance must die where they stand: they must not retreat." And the next day Gamelin was dismissed.

A few weeks later, the generalissimo was arrested. After his dismissal he lived with Monsieur L. A. Gaboriaud, editor of the patriotic weekly *Ere Nouvelle*. While Gaboriaud was host to his friend the censor would not allow a word in defense of Gamelin to appear in Gaboriaud's publication.

During the days that saw the completion of France's defeat many wondered what had happened to the generalissimo. Some asserted that he had committed suicide, like Samsonov after the disaster of Tannenberg. Others maintained that he had taken a boat to America under a false name and in disguise. None of these rumors did justice to the disciple of Foch and Joffre. With

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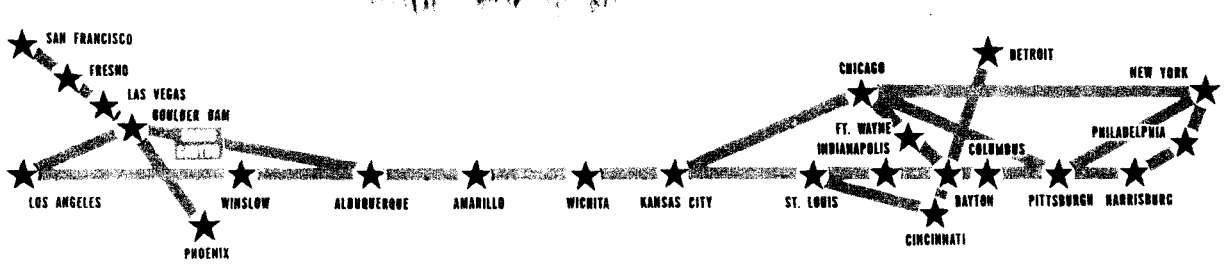

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his host, Gamelin fled from Paris when the Germans reached the gates of the capital. He went to Vichy, the seat of the new government. From the day of his dismissal he never again donned his uniform. But up to the days immediately preceding his arrest he was frequently seen at the Hotel du Parc in Vichy, and they say that the day before his imprisonment he talked with Pétain for three hours.

In Chazeron, Gamelin lives the simple life of a soldier. Of all the prisoners, he suffers least from the change. During the period of his glory he often complained that he had no time to give to painting. Now he is working simultaneously on two pictures, a still-life and a portrait. He usually wears a dark civilian suit and he looks more like a distinguished surgeon than a famous former army commander. On Thursday, visiting day, he receives only his friend Gaboriaud. His guards told me that he hardly seems to be concerned with his defense. He said to one of them: "A clear conscience is the best defense."

Gamelin had a hard time finding a lawyer. Unlike his fellow prisoners, he is not an orator. He was known as a man of few words. For this reason he cannot undertake his own defense in court. Most of France's great lawyers, Moro-Giafferi; the Corsican, Torrès, and Julien Reinach are now refugees or politically suspect. Finally, an obscure lawyer from a Paris suburb agreed to represent Gamelin.

Reynaud, too, once the most popular man in France, who was hailed as the "new Clemenceau," is having great difficulty in finding counsel. De Monzie, former member of Reynaud's cabinet, who sat on the same side of Parliament with Reynaud, has refused to undertake his ex-colleague's defense. Earlier, Jean Zay, former minister of education, who has been sentenced to lifelong deportation for desertion, had tried to secure de Monzie's services. But de Monzie is too closely tied up with the new regime. He refused in both cases. At the time of my visit to Chazeron, Reynaud still had no lawyer. He will probably be obliged to accept a lawyer appointed by the court. But the issue is not really important. Reynaud is a great legal mind and he will probably prefer to conduct his own defense.

The Charming M. Reynaud

The character of the supple little man, known in the Palais Bourbon as "the little Chinaman," has not changed in the least. Even in Chazeron, Reynaud remains the charming Frenchman whose Gallic intelligence allows him to adapt himself to any situation.

He was almost submerged in his fur coat—this little man with the Mongol face whom I saw disappearing inside the large gray gates of the park. He was arrested at Barcelonette, his birthplace in Southern France. Almost without exception the important politicians of pre-war France came from the south of France. Most of the men of Vichy are from the north.

Reynaud's arrest took place under dramatic circumstances. Immediately after his resignation he went to St. Maxime, a small resort on the Riviera, west of Cannes. He intended to see his only daughter, who is now eighteen years old and to whom he is extremely attached. In 1919 Reynaud married the daughter of Henri Robert, president of the French bar association. Later he and his wife were divorced and he has since become devoted to his child. Outwardly a cynic and a favorite of the salons, Reynaud was in reality a frustrated family man who spent every free moment with his daughter or his mother in Barcelonette.

During the fifteen years of his career as a statesman Reynaud had many affairs with women, but only one love: his daughter. Only during the last two years did a woman succeed in dominating him. She was the Countess Hélène de Portès, an adventuress in the grand manner. The Countess de Portès was born Mademoiselle Rebuffet in Paris. For the past fifteen years she has served various masters. After the pact of Munich, her favorites were German. Reynaud was infatuated with her and clung to her desperately.

On that day last June she was going with him to St. Maxime. In circumstances that remain unexplained his car became involved in an accident. The countess was killed and Reynaud injured. He was brought to Barcelonette, and his daughter was summoned. When the police arrived they found Reynaud in the care of his mother and daughter. The *Gardes Mobiles* took him directly to the Castle of Chazeron.

It has recently become known that Reynaud had an opportunity to escape before he was taken to prison. The British government was ready to dispatch a warship for him to Marseille. One of the strongest points in Reynaud's defense is that he rejected this offer.

Hans Habe, the author of The Prisoners of Riom, is only 29 years old. But few men have packed into so young a life the excitement and experiences of Hans Habe. A member of an old Hungarian family, he was foreign editor of the Viennese newspaper "Morgen" and later, as foreign correspondent for the "Prague Tageblatt," traveled continuously all over Europe to satisfy a double appetite for adventure and news. He became intimately acquainted with most of Europe's leaders—the big men and the little men whose personalities and convictions shaped the Continent's destiny.

Habe's novels, two of which have been published successfully in this country, were publicly burned in Germany and the author blacklisted. Viennese Nazis tried to kill Habe, but he escaped, went to France. At the war's outbreak he volunteered for service in the 21st Regiment Infantry and was captured by the Germans after one of the futile battles on the Belgian frontier. To hide his real identity, he persuaded a French soldier to give him part of his papers and the two were fortunately sent to different concentration camps by the Germans. Habe escaped in a junked ambulance, assumed successively the identities of a wine salesman, a railway employee and a secret agent. He swam the River Doubs between occupied and unoccupied France, made his way to America across Spain and Portugal after visiting Riom, where the men who are accused of having betrayed France are prisoners in the Castle of Chazeron.

He asked for some light reading to supplement his juridical and political books and was permitted to have a number of detective stories, including several by Agatha Christie. Every Thursday the former premier is the cause of a series of quarrels. Only relatives and lawyers are admitted to Chazeron. But regularly, every visiting day, many other persons, among them ladies, throng into the château to try to see Reynaud.

For a short time Chazeron also harbored Guy La Chambre, former air minister who, accompanied by his charming and famous wife, one of the most fascinating actresses of Paris, flew directly from New York to jail. Like Pierre Cot, his predecessor in office, Guy La Chambre was living in New York when the Riom court was constituted. But whereas I saw Pierre Cot with his beautiful Venezuelan wife dining in a Russian restaurant in New York only a few days ago, Guy La Chambre took the first available Clipper to report to his government. Vichy has little use for such chivalrous gestures—the former minister was promptly taken to Chazeron. La Chambre tried in vain to obtain an audience with Pétain. Later he was transferred to the Castle of Bourassol, which shelters the "second-class" former "excellencies."

Solitude that Hurts

When you speak with the guards of Chazeron—day and night eighteen of them patrol the high gray walls of the castle—you can feel that what most impresses these simple men is not their prisoners' downfall but their solitude. Formerly, their antechambers were crowded daily with hundreds of distinguished visitors; thousands of beautiful women competed for their favors; scientists, writers, army commanders and financiers flattered their vanity. It comes as a shock to learn that Daladier, the "bull of Vaucluse," who, people feared, might become an all-powerful dictator, has not received a single visit since his imprisonment. The only person who asked for permission to see him was his son, Jean Daladier, but his request was refused because of his previous political activities.

No other visitor appeared. After three months of solitude Daladier asked, for the first time, for the Marquise de Crussol. For many years the marquise had been Daladier's friend and adviser; in Paris she was known as "Madame Lucifer." The difference between the two men, Daladier and Reynaud, is clearly revealed by their women. The two men came from the middle classes, both had a secret respect for names, titles and society. Both were attracted by the life of the salons. But whereas Reynaud, an educated and witty man, chose an adventuress with great intellectual qualities, Daladier was attracted by the Marquise de Crussol, who was noted for her aristocratic elegance. Reynaud's "Lady of Catastrophe" remained at his side after the little man had lost the great game. The marquise left Daladier with a smile after his fall. For months Daladier had been desperately asking for a letter, a word. His guards can hardly bear to tell him the truth. Not a line, not a word has come from the marquise.

Of all the prisoners of Chazeron, Daladier is most adept at handling his guards. He knows the language of the people. His guards have been replaced three times, because the government discovered that they had become too friendly with their prisoner.

What Daladier misses most in his prison is his beloved *Pastis*, a liquor high in alcoholic content, similar to Pernod, of which his enemies never failed to mention that he used to drink

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seven or eight glasses a day. Today, beverages containing more than 12 per cent alcohol are banned in France, and the prisoners of Chazeron are allowed but one liter of red wine a day.

Daladier is a great letter writer. The prisoners of Riom may write as much as they please, but mail leaves only once a week. It goes without saying that it is censored many times. First the letters are read by police officials in Chazeron, then they are sent to Vichy where they are examined again, photographed and copied. Daladier writes mostly to his son. In the first letter to him, opened by the censor, there were these beautiful words: "Never forget that it was not your father who lost the war." This single sentence speaks volumes for Daladier's intentions. The former Premier will not be satisfied with merely defending himself. He intends to show who *did* lose the war. That is the reason why the trials of Riom present so many difficulties, why they have been postponed time and again. That is why the court formed to judge the ex-masters of France has already changed its own presiding judge twice, before the trials have even begun.

During his years in office Daladier never wore a uniform, although he distinguished himself as an officer in the World War and returned from the front with the rank of captain and numerous decorations. During the speech that he intends to make before the trial court, however, the former president of the council will probably wear his uniform. His great oratorical powers will doubtless count for much. Frenchmen still remember Daladier's speech at the outbreak of the war, in which he said that if France lost she would inevitably fall into "the most abject slavery." It is doubtful, however, whether rhetoric will be enough to save a broken man.

Five Men—Five Problems

Every prisoner of Riom presents a different psychological problem. Gamelin became famous against his will. He is almost happy to have been removed from the spotlight. Reynaud never took himself nor the world seriously. He remains as he was. Daladier is going through the tragedy of a little man first exalted and then destroyed by fate. This man never trusted himself. He was filled with a sense of inferiority. And it is not to be wondered at that the silent Castle of Chazeron is often roused in the night by the terrible cries uttered by Daladier in his dreams. They are the dreams of a man whose high position was more than he could bear.

Whereas Daladier has been abandoned by his friends, the opposite is true of the man who during his years in power always acted on his own—Georges Mandel.

The former Minister of the Post Office, Colonies and Interior is the man whose conduct in prison is the most dignified. Of all the accused, Mandel is the only one whose life is at stake. The maximum penalty for the other imprisoned ministers is deportation for life. But Mandel is charged not with responsibility for measures dangerous to the state, but with high treason, the same crime for which de Gaulle was sentenced to death. Mandel is accused of having intended to form a new government in Meknès, Africa, and of continuing the war with the help of the undefeated African forces and the undefeated fleet.

There are other reasons why so much hatred is concentrated on Mandel. Mandel, a Jew, was once the favorite and disciple of Clemenceau. The French conservatives and especially the army officers cannot forgive this man for having gained the "Old Tiger's" absolute confidence. Mandel is also the man most hated by the Germans. From the very beginning Germany has demanded the death of this "warmonger."

Despite all this, no one has yet seen Mandel despair. In his long, black coat, with his high white collar and carefully parted, oily black hair, he still has a challenging and inspiring air. He has changed neither his habits nor his manner of speaking. He treats his guards with cool friendliness, as if they were clerks in his ministry.

Here, too, character plays an enormous role. Gamelin was a victim of politics, Daladier of overestimation, Reynaud of a world poor in heroes, Mandel is not a victim. He was not the object, but the subject of politics. He was never a pawn in other people's game—he was a passionate gambler himself.

Imprisonment is a true measure of character. The black-clad man with the pointed head has not changed even in Chazeron.

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The story of our most important Caribbean naval base—

GIBRALTAR ON SAND

By Frank Gervasi

●

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

Like all things political, Mandel's bearing has, to a great extent, personal causes. One is clear to everybody. As Minister of the Post Office, Colonies and Interior, Mandel acquired an astounding knowledge of people. No one is more dangerous than this man who was thrice refused permission to have his dossiers transferred from his residence, who asserts that his "head is France's greatest dossier," and whose appearance in Paris often caused people to whisper: "That's Mandel! He knows everything!"

Mandel's visitors are surprised at his knowledge of what is going on in the world. Though he was refused a radio—whereas, several other prisoners are allowed to listen to broadcasts—the great, silent man seems well informed. "My memoirs are my defense," he once said to one of his visitors. He often makes coffee at night on a small stove, precious coffee sent to him by friends. And he works steadily at the memoirs that will perhaps prevent the trials of Riom from being held at all. Unlike Napoleon banished at Elba, Mandel does not trust history to judge him.

But Mandel's excellent bearing has still another, more intimate cause.

A few days after his arrest, Mademoiselle Beatrice Bretty, a beautiful actress of the Comédie Française, appeared in Vichy. The talented young woman was received with the greatest cordiality. The reception grew cooler when it was learned that she had come in order to obtain permission to visit Mandel.

"What do you want to do at Chazeron, Mademoiselle?" the men of Vichy asked her.

"I want to speak to M. Mandel."

"What is your business with M. Mandel?"

"I would like to marry him."

The surprise was immense. No one had suspected that the silent man who used to spend sixteen hours a day in his office had any relations with the beautiful young actress. Mademoiselle Bretty was warned. Her career was at stake, the benevolent old gentlemen of Vichy explained. But Beatrice remained adamant. There were many deliberations. Finally Mademoiselle Beatrice Bretty of the Comédie Française was allowed to marry M. Georges Mandel. The wedding took place in the castle. The friends of the bride—"unpolitical visitors"—served as witnesses.

Of course, Mandel was never allowed any contact with Léon Blum, the former Premier of the Popular Front government, during the latter's stay at the Castle of Chazeron.

No Help from the Law

Blum was arrested in Narbonne, the charming city at the edge of the Pyrenees, which he had represented in Parliament for many years. For some time he had been living there with a rich industrial family, the Montels. To the officials who had come in a car to take him to Chazeron, he declared that his arrest was illegal. He quoted codes and articles.

Even in Chazeron, Léon Blum lost himself in political considerations. He refused to realize that in present-day Europe the laws of force are stronger than is written law and that no article could defend him against Laval's thirst for revenge. From the first day of his confinement Léon Blum has been sick. He never recovered from the shock of the death in 1937 of his wife Thérèse, his constant companion and collaborator.

Blum, too, had an extremely hard time finding a defense counsel. Every day, the man whose defense would have once brought fame and riches to any Paris lawyer received polite but firm refusals.

No French lawyer wanted to be branded as "Blum's defense counsel." But he finally found a lawyer from the suburbs of Paris, a Russian named Samuel Spanien, who formerly appeared in court in behalf of strikers or unemployed lawbreakers.

In the wintry park of Chazeron the former masters of France walk up and down. They have turned up their collars and scuff through the snow, their heads bowed. Now and then they see one another at a distance.

Nobody knows what they think. Their thoughts are as different as are the men themselves. Different fates await them: Mandel faces death, Daladier and Reynaud will probably be banished from France for life, and Gamelin is almost certain of acquittal. And yet it is probable that they have one thought in common. Every one of them has witnessed the fall of the others. Daladier followed Blum, and Reynaud followed Daladier. They know, these former rulers, better than anybody else the ephemeral quality of all human power. They must certainly reflect upon the words of Danton to his executioners: "You will follow me, Robespierre!" They must know that no Robespierre can be safe once Danton has mounted the guillotine.

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Evil Under the Sun

Continued from page 18

Edward Corrigan was in the train coming down from London where he'd gone up for the day on business. Four other people were in the carriage with him. From the station he took the local bus, two of his fellow passengers traveling by it also. He got off at the Pine Ridge Café where he'd arranged to meet his wife for tea. Time then was four twenty-five. He ordered tea for them both, but said not to bring it till she came. Then he walked about outside waiting for her. When, by five o'clock she hadn't turned up, he was getting alarmed—thought she might have sprained her ankle.

"The arrangement was that she was to walk across the moors from the village where they were staying to the Pine Ridge Café and go home by bus. Caesar's Grove is not far from the café and it's thought that as she was ahead of time she sat down there to admire the view for a bit before going on, and that some tramp or madman came upon her there and caught her unawares. Once the husband was proved to be out of it, naturally they connected up her death with that of Nellie Parsons—that rather flighty servant girl who was found strangled in Marley Copse. They decided that the same man was responsible for both crimes but they never caught him—and what's more they never came near to catching him! Drew a blank everywhere."

He paused and then he said slowly: "And now—here's a third woman strangled—and a certain gentleman we won't name right on the spot."

HE STOPPED. His small, shrewd eyes came around to Poirot. He waited hopefully.

Poirot's lips moved. Inspector Colgate leaned forward.

Poirot was murmuring, "It's so difficult to know which pieces are part of the fur rug and which are the cat's tail."

"I *beg* pardon, sir?" said Inspector Colgate, startled.

Poirot said quickly: "I apologize. I was following a train of thought of my own."

"What's this about a fur rug and a cat?"

"Nothing—nothing at all." He paused. "Tell me, Inspector Colgate, if you suspected someone of telling lies—many, many lies but you had no proof, what would you do?"

Inspector Colgate considered. "It's difficult, that is. But it's my opinion that if anyone tells enough lies, he's bound to trip up in the end."

Poirot nodded.

"Yes, that is very true. You see, it is only in my mind that certain statements are lies. I *think* that they are lies, but I cannot *know* that they are lies. But one might perhaps make a test—a test of one little not very noticeable lie. And if that were proved to be a lie—why, then, one would know that all the rest were lies, too!"

Inspector Colgate looked at him curiously. "Your mind works a funny way, doesn't it, sir? But I dare say it comes out all right in the end. If you'll excuse me asking what put you on to asking about strangulation cases in general?"

Poirot said slowly: "You have a word in your language—*slick*. This crime seemed to me a very slick crime! It made me wonder if, perhaps, it was not a first attempt."

"I see," Inspector Colgate said.

Poirot went on: "I said to myself, 'Let us examine past crimes of a similar kind and if there is a crime that closely resembles this one—*eh bien,* we shall have there a very valuable clue.' "

"You mean using the same method of death, sir?"

"No, no. I mean more than that. The death of Nellie Parsons, for instance, tells me nothing. But the death of Alice Corrigan—tell me, Inspector Colgate, do you not notice one striking form of similarity to this crime?"

Inspector Colgate turned the problem over in his mind. He said at last, "No, sir, I can't say that I do really. Unless it's that in each case the husband has got a cast-iron alibi."

Poirot said softly, "Ah, so you *have* noticed that?"

"HA, POIROT. Glad to see you. Come in. Just the man I want."

Hercule Poirot responded to the invitation.

The chief constable pushed over a box of cigarettes, took one himself and lighted it. Between puffs he said: "I've decided, more or less, on a course of action. But I'd like your opinion on it before I act decisively."

"Tell me, my friend," Hercule Poirot said.

"I've decided to call in Scotland Yard and hand the case over to them," Weston said. "In my opinion, although there have been grounds for suspicion against one or two people, the whole case hinges on dope smuggling. It seems clear to me that that place, Pixy's Cave, was a definite rendezvous for the stuff."

Poirot nodded. "I agree."

"Good man. And I'm pretty certain who our dope smuggler is. Horace Blatt."

Again Poirot assented. "That, too, is indicated," he said.

"I see our minds have both worked the same way. Blatt used to go sailing in that boat of his. Sometimes he'd invite people to go with him, but most of the time he went out alone. He had some rather conspicuous red sails on that boat but we've found that he had some white sails as well stowed away. I think he sailed out on a good day to an appointed spot, and was met by another boat—sailing boat or motor yacht—something of the kind and the stuff was handed over. Then Blatt would run ashore into Pixy Cove at a suitable time of day—"

Hercule Poirot smiled.

"Yes, yes, at half past one. The hour of the British lunch when everyone is quite sure to be in the dining room. The island is private. It is not a place where outsiders come for picnics. People take their tea sometimes from the hotel to Pixy Cove in the afternoon when the sun is on it, or if they want a picnic they would go somewhere far afield, many miles away."

THE chief constable nodded. "Quite," he said. "Therefore Blatt ran ashore there and stowed the stuff on that ledge in the cave. Somebody else was to pick it up there in due course."

Poirot murmured: "There was a couple, you remember, who came to the island for lunch on the day of the murder? That would be a way of getting the stuff. Some summer visitors from a hotel on the moor or at St. Loo, come over to Smugglers' Island. They announce that they will have lunch. They walk around the island first. How easy to descend to the beach, pick up the sandwich box, place it, no doubt, in Madame's bathing bag which she carries—and return for lunch to the hotel—a little late, perhaps, say at ten minutes to two, having enjoyed their walk while everyone else was in the dining room."

"Yes," Weston said, "it all sounds

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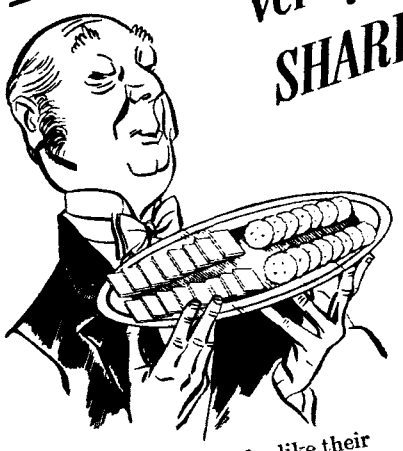

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practicable enough. Now these dope organizations are pretty ruthless. If anyone blundered in and got wise to things they wouldn't make any bones about silencing that person. It seems to me that that is the right explanation of Arlena Marshall's death. It's possible that on that morning Blatt was actually at the cove stowing the stuff away. His accomplices were to come for it that very day. Arlena arrives on her float and sees him going into the cave with the box. She asks him about it and he kills her then and there and sheers off in his boat as quick as possible."

"You think definitely," Poirot said, "that Blatt is the murderer?"

"It seems the most probable solution. Of course, it's possible that Arlena might have got onto the truth earlier, said something to Blatt about it and some other member of the gang fixed a fake appointment with her and did her in. As I say, I think the best course is to hand the case over to Scotland Yard. They've a far better chance than we have of proving Blatt's connection with the gang."

Hercule Poirot nodded thoughtfully.

Weston said: "You think that's the wise thing to do—eh?"

Poirot was thoughtful. He said at last: "It may be."

"Dash it all, Poirot, have you got something up your sleeve, or haven't you?"

"If I have," Poirot said gravely, "I am not sure that I can prove it."

Weston said, "Of course, I know that you and Colgate have other ideas. Seems a bit fantastic to me but I'm bound to admit there may be something in it. But even if you're right, I still think it's a case for the Yard. We'll give them the facts and they can work in with the Surrey police. What do you think, Poirot? What do you feel ought to be done about it?"

Poirot seemed lost in thought. At last he said: "I know what I should like to do."

"Yes?"

Poirot murmured, "I should like to go for a picnic."

Colonel Weston stared at him.

"A PICNIC, M. Poirot?"

Emily Brewster stared at him as though he were out of his senses.

Poirot said engagingly: "It sounds to you, does it not, very outrageous? But indeed it seems to me a most admirable idea. We need something of the every day, the usual, to restore life to the normal. I am most anxious to see something of Dartmoor, the weather is good. It will—how shall I say, it will cheer everybody up! So aid me in this matter. Persuade everyone."

The idea met with unexpected success. Everyone was at first dubious and then grudgingly admitted it might not be such a bad idea after all.

It was not suggested that Captain Marshall should be asked. He had himself announced that he had to go to Plymouth that day. Mr. Blatt was of the party, enthusiastically so. He was determined to be the life and soul of it. Besides him, there was Emily Brewster, the Redferns, Stephen Lane, the Gardeners, who were persuaded to delay their departure by one day, Rosamund Darnley and Linda.

Poirot had been eloquent to Rosamund and had dwelt on the advantage it would be to Linda to have something to take her out of herself. To this Rosamund agreed. She said: "You're quite right. The shock has been very bad for a child of that age. It has made her terribly jumpy."

"That is only natural, Mademoiselle. But at that age one soon forgets. Persuade her to come. You can, I know."

Major Barry had refused firmly. He said he didn't like picnics. "Lots of baskets to carry," he said. "And darned uncomfortable. Eating my food at a table's good enough for me."

The party assembled at ten o'clock. Three cars had been ordered. Mr. Blatt was loud and cheerful, imitating a tourist guide:

"This way, ladies and gentlemen—this way for Dartmoor. Heather and bilberries, Devonshire cream and convicts. Bring your wives, gentlemen, if you wish! Everyone welcome! Scenery guaranteed. Walk up. Walk up."

At the last minute Rosamund Darnley came down, looking concerned.

She said: "Linda's not coming. She says she's got a frightful headache."

"But," Poirot cried, "it will do her good to come. Persuade her, Mademoiselle."

Rosamund said firmly: "It's no good. She's absolutely determined. I've given her some aspirin and she's gone to bed."

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 26

A dyed-in-the-cactus Texan, Tom Holloway was born in Ennis, educated at the University, and later hired by a San Antonio advertising agency. In Manhattan for the past decade he has done promotional layouts for a publishing company, with cartoons (sample on facing page) as a side line; and enjoys the distinction of being the only person in the world who likes to sit through double-feature movies twice.

She hesitated and said: "I think, perhaps, I won't go, either."

"Can't allow that, dear lady, can't allow that," cried Mr. Blatt seizing her facetiously by the arm. "No refusals!"

He led her firmly to the first car. Rosamund threw a black look at Hercule Poirot.

"I'll stay with Linda," said Christine Redfern. "I don't mind a bit."

"Oh, come on, Christine," Patrick said.

"No, no," Poirot said, "you must come, Madame. With a headache one is better alone. Come, let us start."

THE three cars drove off. They went first to the real Pixy's Cave on Sheepstor and had a good deal of fun looking for the entrance and at last finding it, aided by a picture post card.

It was precarious going on the big boulders, and Hercule Poirot did not attempt it. He watched indulgently while Christine Redfern sprang lightly from stone to stone and observed that her husband was never far from her. Rosamund Darnley and Emily Brewster had joined in the search though the latter slipped once and gave a slight twist to her ankle. Stephen Lane was indefatigable, his long, lean figure turning and twisting among the boulders. Mr. Blatt contented himself with going a little way and shouting encouragement, also taking photographs of the searchers.

The Gardeners and Poirot remained staidly sitting by the wayside while Mrs. Gardener's voice upraised itself in a pleasant, even-toned monologue punctuated now and then by the obedient, "Yes, darlings," of her spouse.

"—and what I always have felt, M. Poirot, and Mr. Gardener agrees with me—is that snapshots can be very annoying. Unless, that is to say, they are taken among friends. That Mr. Blatt has just no sensitiveness of any kind. He just comes right up to everyone and talks away and takes pictures of you and, as I said to Mr. Gardener, that really is very ill-bred. That's what I said, Odell, wasn't it?"

"Yes, darling."

"That group he took of us all sitting on the beach. Well, that's all very well, but he should have asked first. As it was, Miss Brewster was just getting up from the beach and it certainly makes her look a very peculiar shape."

"I'll say it does," said Mr. Gardener with a grin.

"And there's Mr. Blatt giving around copies of all these pictures he's been taking, to everybody, without so much as asking first. He's been giving copies to you, M. Poirot, I noticed."

Poirot nodded. He said: "I value those pictures very much."

AT THIS moment the discovery of the Pixy's Cave was hailed from below with loud cries.

The party now drove on, under Hercule Poirot's directions, to a spot where a short walk from the car down a hillside of heather led to a delightful spot by a small river.

A narrow plank bridge crossed the river and Poirot and Mr. Gardener induced Mrs. Gardener to cross it to where a delightful heathery spot, free from prickly furze, looked an ideal spot for a picnic lunch.

Talking volubly about her sensations when crossing on a plank bridge, Mrs. Gardener sank down. Suddenly there was a slight outcry.

The others had run across the bridge lightly enough, but Emily Brewster was standing in the middle of the plank, her eyes shut, swaying to and fro.

Poirot and Patrick Redfern rushed to the rescue.

Emily Brewster was gruff and ashamed.

"Thanks, thanks. Sorry. Never was good at crossing running water. Get giddy. Stupid, very."

Lunch was spread out and the picnic began.

All the people concerned were secretly surprised to find how much they enjoyed this interlude. It was, perhaps, because it afforded an escape from an atmosphere of suspicion and dread. Here, with the trickling of the water, the soft, peaty smell in the air and the warm coloring of bracken and heather, a world of murder and police inquiries and suspicion seemed blotted out as though it had never existed. Even Mr. Blatt forgot to be the life and soul of the party.

It was quite a grateful party of people who packed up the picnic baskets and congratulated Hercule Poirot on his good idea.

The sun was sinking as they returned along the narrow, winding lanes. From the top of the hill above Leathercombe Bay they had a brief glimpse of the island with the white hotel on it.

It looked peaceful and innocent in the setting sun.

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Major Barry came out to greet them on arrival.

"Hullo," he said. "Had a good day?"

Mrs. Gardener said, "Indeed we did. The moors were just too lovely for anything. So English and old world.

A chambermaid had come out of the hotel. She was a little out of breath. She hesitated for a moment then came swiftly up to Christine Redfern. Poirot recognized her as Gladys Narracott. Her voice came quick and uneven:

"Excuse me, Madam, but I'm worried about the young lady. About Miss Marshall. I took her up some tea just now and I couldn't get her to wake and she looks so—so queer somehow."

Christine looked around helplessly. Poirot was at her side in a moment. His hand under her elbow, he said quietly: "We will go up and see."

THEY hurried up the stairs and along the passage to Linda's room.

One glance at her was enough to tell them both that something was very wrong. She was an odd color and her breathing was hardly perceptible.

Poirot's hand went to her pulse. At the same time he noticed an envelope stuck up against the lamp on the bedside table. It was addressed to himself.

Captain Marshall came quickly into the room. He said: "What's this about Linda? What's the matter with her?"

A small, frightened sob came from Christine Redfern.

Hercule Poirot turned from the bed. He said to Marshall: "Get a doctor—as quick as you possibly can. But I'm afraid it may be too late."

He took the letter with his name on it and ripped open the envelope. Inside were a few lines of writing in Linda's prim, schoolgirl hand:

"I think this is the best way out. Ask Father to try to forgive me. I killed Arlena. I thought I should be glad—but I'm not. I am very sorry for everything. . . ."

They were assembled in the lounge—Marshall, the Redferns, Rosamund Darnley and Hercule Poirot.

They sat there silent—waiting. . . .

The door opened and Dr. Neasdon came in. He said curtly, "I've done all I can. She may pull through—but I'm bound to tell you that there's not much hope."

He paused. Marshall, his face stiff, his eyes a cold, frosty blue asked: "How did she get hold of the stuff?"

Neasdon opened the door again and beckoned. The chambermaid came into the room. She had been crying.

Neasdon said: "Just tell us again what you saw."

Sniffing, the girl said:

"I never thought—I never thought for a minute there was anything wrong—though the young lady did seem rather strange about it." A slight gesture of impatience from the doctor started her off again: "She was in the other lady's room. Mrs. Redfern's. Your room, Madam. Over at the washstand and she took up a little bottle. She did give a bit of a jump when I came in and I thought it was queer her taking things from your room, but then, of course, it might be something she'd lent you. She just said: 'Oh, this is what I'm looking for,' and went out."

Christine said almost in a whisper: "My sleeping tablets."

"How did she know about them?" the doctor said brusquely.

"I gave her one," Christine said. "The night after it happened. She told me she couldn't sleep. She—I remember her saying: 'Will one be enough?'—and I said: 'Oh, yes, they are very strong—I've been cautioned never to take more than two at most.' "

Neasdon nodded. "She made pretty sure," he said. "Took a lot of them."

Christine sobbed again. "Oh, dear, I feel it's my fault. I should have kept them locked up."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "It might have been wiser, Mrs. Redfern."

Christine said despairingly: "She's dying—and it's my fault. . . ."

Kenneth Marshall stirred in his chair. "No, you can't blame yourself," he said. "Linda knew what she was doing. She took them deliberately. Perhaps—perhaps it was best."

He looked down at the crumpled note

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TOM HOLLOWAY

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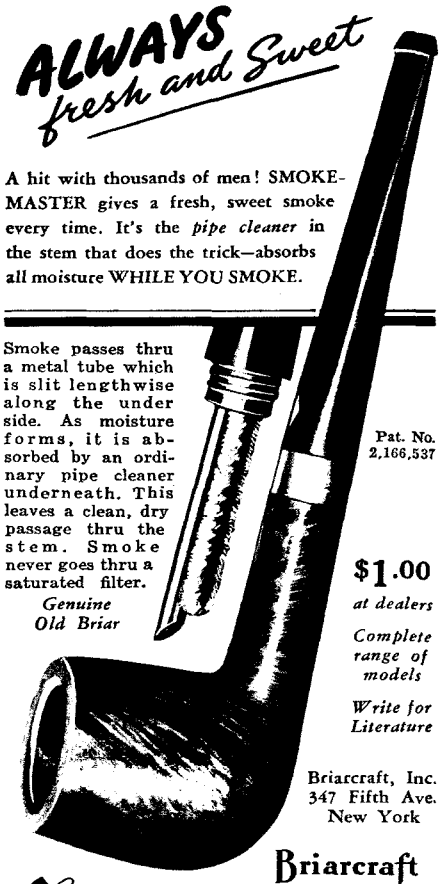

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in his hand—the note that Poirot had silently handed to him.

The door opened and Colonel Weston came in. "What's all this I hear?" he said.

Dr. Neasdon took the note from Marshall's hand and handed it to the chief constable. The latter read it. He exclaimed incredulously: "What? But this is nonsense—absolute nonsense! It's impossible." He repeated with assurance: "Impossible! Isn't it, Poirot?"

Hercule Poirot moved for the first time. He said in a slow, sad voice: "No, I'm afraid it is not impossible."

"But I was with her, M. Poirot," Christine Redfern said. "I was with her up to a quarter to twelve. I told the police so."

Poirot said: "Your evidence gave her an alibi—yes. But what was your evidence based on? It was based on *Linda Marshall's own wrist watch.* You do not know *of your own knowledge* that it was a quarter to twelve when you left her—you only know that she told you so. You said yourself the time seemed to have gone very fast."

She stared at him stricken.

"Now think, Madame," he said, "when you left the beach, did you walk back to the hotel fast or slow?"

"I—well, fairly slowly, I think."

"Do you remember much about that walk back?"

"Not very much, I'm afraid. I—I was thinking."

POIROT said, "I am sorry to ask you this, but will you tell just what you were thinking about during that walk?"

Christine flushed. "I suppose—if it is necessary—I was considering the question of—of leaving here. Just going away without telling my husband. I—I was very unhappy just then, you see."

Patrick Redfern cried: "Oh, Christine! I know . . . I know . . ."

Poirot's precise voice cut in: "Exactly. You were concerned over taking a step of some importance. You were, I should say, deaf and blind to your surroundings. You probably walked very slowly and occasionally stopped for some minutes while you puzzled things out."

Christine nodded. "How clever you are. It was just like that. I woke up from a kind of dream just outside the hotel and hurried in thinking I should be very late but when I saw the clock in the lounge I realized I had plenty of time."

"Exactly," Hercule Poirot said again. He turned to Marshall.

"I must now describe to you certain things I found in your daughter's room after the murder. In the grate was a large blob of melted wax, some burnt hair, fragments of cardboard and paper and an ordinary household pin. The paper and the cardboard might not be relevant but the other three things were suggestive—particularly when I found tucked away in the bookshelf a volume from the local library here dealing with witchcraft and magic. It opened very easily at a certain page. On that page were described various methods of causing death by molding in wax a figure supposed to represent the victim. This was then slowly roasted till it melted away—or alternatively you would pierce the wax figure to the heart with a pin. Death of the victim would ensue.

"I later heard from Mrs. Redfern that Linda Marshall had been out early that morning and had bought a packet of candles and had seemed embarrassed when her purchase was revealed. I had no doubt what had happened after that. Linda had made a crude figure of the candle wax—possibly adorning it with a snip of Arlena's red hair to give the magic force—had then stabbed it to the heart with a pin and finally melted the figure away by lighting strips of cardboard under it.

"It was crude, childish, superstitious, but it revealed one thing: the desire to kill.

"Was there any possibility that there had been more than a desire? Could Linda Marshall have *actually* killed her stepmother?

"At first sight it seemed as though she had a perfect alibi—but in actuality, as I have just pointed out, the time evidence was supplied *by Linda herself.* She could easily have declared the time to be a quarter of an hour later than it really was.

"It was quite possible, once Mrs. Redfern had left the beach, for Linda to follow her up and then strike across the narrow neck of land to the ladder, hurry down it, meet her stepmother there, strangle her and return up the ladder before the boat containing Miss Brewster and Patrick Redfern came in sight. She could then return to Gull Cove, take her bath and return to the hotel at her leisure.

"But that entailed two things: She must have definite knowledge that Arlena Marshall would be at Pixy Cove and she must be physically capable of the deed.

"Well, the first was quite possible—if Linda Marshall had written a note to Arlena herself in someone else's name. As to the second, Linda has very large, strong hands. They are as large as a man's. As to the strength, she is at the age when one is prone to be mentally unbalanced. Mental derangement often is accompanied by unusual strength. There was one other small point. Linda Marshall's mother had actually been accused and tried for murder."

Kenneth Marshall lifted his head. He said fiercely: "She was also acquitted."

"She was acquitted," Poirot agreed.

"And I'll tell you this, M. Poirot," Marshall said, "Ruth—my wife—was innocent. That I know with complete and absolute certainty. In the intimacy of our life I could not have been deceived. She was an innocent victim of circumstances."

He paused. "And I don't believe that Linda killed Arlena. It's ridiculous—absurd!"

Poirot said: "Do you believe that letter, then, to be a forgery?"

Marshall held out his hand for it and Weston gave it to him. Marshall studied it attentively. Then he shook his head.

"No," he said unwillingly. "I believe Linda did write this."

"Then if she wrote it," Poirot said, "there are only two explanations: Either she wrote it in all good faith, knowing herself to be the murderess or—or, I say—*she wrote it deliberately to shield someone else,* someone whom she feared was suspected."

Kenneth Marshall said: "You mean me?"

"It is possible, is it not?"

MARSHALL considered for a moment or two, then he said quietly: "No, I think that idea is absurd. Linda may have realized that I was regarded with suspicion at first. But she knew definitely by now that that was over and done with—that the police had accepted my alibi and turned their attention elsewhere."

"And supposing," Poirot said, "that it was not so much that she thought that you were suspected as that she *knew* you were guilty."

Marshall stared at him. He gave a short laugh. "That's absurd."

"I wonder," Poirot said. "There are, you know, several possibilities about Mrs. Marshall's death. There is the theory that she was being blackmailed, that she went that morning to meet the blackmailer and that the blackmailer killed her. There is the theory that Pixy Cove and Pixy's Cave were being used for drug running and that she was killed because she accidentally learned something about that. There is a third possibility—that she was killed by a religious maniac. And there is a fourth possibility—you stood to gain a lot of money by your wife's death, Captain Marshall."

"I've just told you—"

"Yes, yes—I agree that it is impossible that you could have killed your wife—if you were acting alone. But . . . *supposing someone helped you?*"

(To be concluded next week)

"Now, generally speaking, if the wings flap, it's a bird"

CHARLES PEARSON

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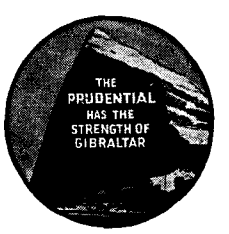

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"Ma Says It Tastes of Coal Oil!"

MA IS probably right. The clerk who had to fit shoes and horse collars, measure out nails and putty, and draw kerosene couldn't always stop to wash his hands before he handled the butter and crackers. And every so often the potato on the spout of the oil can would joggle off.

Today, for most of us, the mixture of food and kerosene odor has ceased to be a problem. More and more of our food, packed by electric machines, comes to us in sanitary containers. Electricity does the work, too, of washboard and carpet beater. Automobiles and good roads have shortened distances to town and work. And because so many of the unpleasant jobs which occupied our parents' time are now only memories, we have more opportunities for enjoying life.

Practically every industry in America has helped to bring about this progress. And every industry, in doing so, has made use of the economies and manufacturing improvements that electricity brings. General Electric scientists, engineers, and workmen have been, for more than 60 years, finding ways for electricity to help raise American living standards—to create More Goods for More People at Less Cost. Today their efforts are helping further to build and strengthen the American way of life.

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You Can't Say That!

Continued from page 19

sor, or failing to select a man who can pass the administration's stern requirements, the administration has its own nomination—Mr. Lowell Mellett, at present Director of the Office of Government Reports and administrative assistant to the President of the United States. Whether the publishers can fix upon a better censor than Mr. Mellett we don't know; it is unlikely that anyone could nominate an abler journalist or a man more passionately devoted to the democratic ideal.

However, we'll come to Mr. Mellett later. Before we go further you ought to know what the plan is in its present outlines—and how it will be introduced. It won't be necessary for Congress to bless it with permissive legislation. The National Defense Act of 1916 still exists and therein are the enabling clauses for censorship. That much for the press. The radio is already in the President's hands, the law stipulating that he may take broadcasting over at any time he deems that an emergency warrants it. All he has to do is to speak to the Federal Communications Commission and the nation's broadcasting stations will be told precisely what not to do.

All Ready with the Plan

To begin with, then, the President will call to Washington certain publishers representing the American Newspaper Publishers Association, publishers of magazines, representatives of radio broadcasting stations and chains and, so that a delicate job be done as tidily as possible, a few Washington correspondents. The talk will be general, the guests being warned that the problem is all theirs. A few of the bolder ones will pay tribute to the traditions of the American press, to its Constitutional guarantees, to the right of the people to know the truth. And they will cite horrible examples of censorship's past. And no one present will applaud this louder than Mr. Roosevelt himself. Presently the conference will dissolve, the participants having agreed to appoint a working committee that will proceed without much delay to evolve a voluntary censorship plan.

As we've told you, a plan already exists. By the time the publishers meet it will be on paper. In its present form it is a compromise between a censorship and a sales campaign—a campaign to sell the war to the halfhearted, the fearful and the doubtful. Washington is almost unanimous in that never in the memory of the oldest militarist has there been less enthusiasm for war. There is none of the spirit of high adventure that swept the country in 1917. In 1917 America viewed war as a lark. American arms hadn't fired a gun in anger since 1865, the affair in Cuba having been a mere skirmish fought by a few volunteers. There is none of 1917's exhilaration around these days. The ballyhoo has a banshee motif.

Therefore, an important part of the present plan is to sell the war to the masses. What can be said in the praise thereof will be mortised neatly into what may not be said that the praise be not tarnished. The sales campaign will glorify ship launchings, military parades, camp festivities, naval displays. But revelations of strikes, sabotage and laggard production will be discouraged—at best minimized. If the spirit that Washington hopes to see prevails, the radio will ring with soldiers' choruses, workers' glee clubs and patriotic talks by mothers whose sons are in uniform.

That gives you a hint. And the movies will thrill you with martial glory and doughboy humor. The newspapers and magazines will regale you with the brilliance of victories, safe landings, heroisms and the misfortunes of the enemy. Our own reverses will be belittled and failures ignored. Hallelujah shouters may be missing from the platforms of 1917, but not because they do not exist. The radio has chased oratory indoors.

In conjunction with Hollywood, the government proposes to resume producing movies. Films as ambitious (and as impressive, they hope) as The River, The Plow that Broke the Plains and The Fight for Life, three major pictures produced by Pare Lorenz for the government under the auspices of Mr. Mellett, will be attempted. The scenarios are not yet written but unless a better idea is found these major productions will treat of the war in a broad, subjective manner, informing the country what it fights for. Simpler will be the movie shorts which, they hope, will serve the cause of democracy as the many one-reelers were supposed to serve the Agriculture, Interior and Commerce departments a couple of years ago—until Congress cut out appropriations for them.

You may or may not have seen some of the shorts—The CCC Down Mobile Way, The CCC in the Blue Ridge Mountains, The CCC in A Crisis, Duck Sickness, How to Handle Foxes, Know Your Coal, The How and Why of Bird Banding, Better Days in Dixie, Fairy Fantasies in Stone, Four Little Mice and others.

These quickies will endeavor to tell you how well your favorite soldier is doing, looking, eating, sleeping, playing and working. They will illustrate the physical benefits enjoyed by the long-necked, narrow-shouldered and pasty-faced lad who is eased out of the office, shop or factory into his country's service. Such major films as The River cost the government $60,000. The shorts can be ground out for about $5,000 apiece.

A Fast-Growing Baby

In addition to these films and the radio, special movies and broadcasts will be prepared for Latin-American consumption, the desire being obvious. Not the least of the censors jobs will be to light the fire in South America and to keep it going. To this end Latin-American playwrights, actors and scenarists will be hired and charged with flooding our southern neighbors with cementing propaganda against totalitarianism. The whole project will be a huge one; the censor's office might very well become one of the largest of all government agencies. The present idea is to have it all administered from one central office in Washington, by one man—probably Mr. Mellett. But there will be several hundred field officers who will devote themselves more to straight censorship and observation than to selling.

Details will be left to the publishers, film producers and the broadcasters—the working committee. But the details will represent a vast amount of labor, to say nothing of much suspicion and discontent. For example, it must be decided whether the central office of the censor will have command over all the publicity agencies and public information sections of all the existing departments, bureaus and other agencies of the government whether they are directly or indirectly related to the active prosecution of the war. The tendency is in that direction, giving rise to a fear that dis-

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turbs the sleep of a number of those members of Congress who do not love Mr. Roosevelt.

Such a consolidation of press sections might, they contend, give Mr. Roosevelt's own Director of Public Information an exclusive authority over all government news, propaganda, information and general ballyhoo. And if private industry, fearful of displeasing the government and incidentally of being slighted in government broadcasts and releases, should prefer to make the censor's office the outlet for their facts, the anti-Roosevelt forces think that the situation might develop into something that even Mr. Hitler's Goebbels and Mr. Mussolini's Gayda might respect.

Quite frankly, there is nothing in the current plan which lends substance to the ghost these resentful gentlemen appear to be seeing. And the completely rational Mr. Mellett merely looks just a little wearier whenever such fears are spoken in his hearing. Were his own inclinations to be served, Mr. Mellett would be just as pleased if he were to have nothing whatever to do with censorship. However, he is the one man in Mr. Roosevelt's confidence best fitted for the job.

Friction is Bound to Come

Nevertheless, the publishers, movie producers and broadcasters will have to consider censorship from a number of angles, some of which may curtail their peacetime freedom. They may agree to a central information dispensary system, thus saving time and speeding up news publication. But they are not going to be willing to go along with the government in the censorship of what they regard as "exclusive information"—facts and semifacts—dredged up by individual newspapers.

For example, if a reporter by dint of a bit of extra and intelligent leg work digs up a nice, jarring sensation, neither his editors nor his publishers are going to be happy if required to submit the "beat" to the censor. And they are going to be even less happy if the censor, deciding that it would not be in the best interests of the public to publish the piece, should kill it. But we have no room for details. Please take our word for it that the business of setting up a censorship is not going to be a joyous one for anybody.

Among Mr. Roosevelt's private information are a number of reports on censorship as it is operated in England. Among them is one telling of England's chowderhead setup in the early days of the current war. England's censorship woes were traceable then to the record-threatening stupidity of the men she entrusted with censorship's functions—most of them dullards whose experience in journalism had not extended beyond writing windy mumbles to The Times. If Mr. Roosevelt's wishes are respected (and it shouldn't be surprising if they are) none but experienced newspapermen and radiomen will fill any important position in the office of the Director of Public Information. Moreover, it is upon these reports that much of the idea of a comprehensive and all-inclusive office is based.

There is considerable argument as to whether the central office of Public Information should have authority over the Army Intelligence and the Navy Intelligence services insofar as news releases, broadcasts and pictures—still and movie—are concerned. The central office won't, if the Army and Navy have anything to say about it. Not that they are not sympathetic to censorship, but neither does publicity of the more flattering variety nauseate them. Each will continue to maintain its own intelligence service, set up its own listening posts within its own organization and apply the reports of its intelligence officers to the military problem immediately at hand. But it is yet to be decided whether the Army, Navy and Air Force will announce results of their operations independently to the press or through the office of the Director of Public Information—the censor.

These are merely a few of the aspects of censorship that are now being considered. Others will present themselves. It is our private suspicion that nothing quite as comprehensive or anything so closely related to efficiency will happen—certainly not at first. Or if such hard-boiled centralization is attempted at the beginning, it is not unlikely that it will either buckle under its own weight or that Congress, nagged into action by an outraged press, interdepartmental resentments and lack of co-operation, will say it's Nazi and the hell with it.

Both the Army and the Navy have efficient intelligence sections. Both have and will assign to these sections officers who have either made a specialty of intelligence work or reserve officers who have had newspaper, publicity, advertising or kindred training. If censorship

"Which South American republic wants us the most?"

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becomes as tough as some of its current enthusiasts hope, a number of these officers may be assigned to field offices to keep their wise eyes on the publications within the region of the field offices.

Advocates of this idea do not put it that bluntly; they'll tell you that such officers will be there merely to "advise" editors. What would happen if the editor, perplexed though he may be, rejects the deputy censor's "advice" we don't know. It is likely that most of such regional work will consist of observing the pages of foreign-language publications and standing by with lid in hand lest the more radical press let go with a few unpatriotic remarks.

Housecleaning Begins at Home

In the beginning—perhaps at the preliminary conference at the White House—the press and radio will be asked to be sure their own houses are clean. The Federal Bureau of Investigation is reported to have made a rather wide inspection of the American press and to have compiled an interesting mass of dossiers on editors and writers. The F.B.I. denies that such members of the community have been given any particularly searching going-over—no more, that is, than any other group nor half as much as such chronic nuisances as the German-American Bund and the various malcontent mobs and "shirt" racketeers.

Nevertheless, we have it on authority that we trust that journalism has had quite an inspection by the F.B.I. lads, with particular attention being lavished upon editors and writers who do not always regard the status quo as holy. Anyway, the publishers and broadcasters who will be asked to set up a censorship of their own devising will be asked to make sure that their staffs do not include men and women who have un-American affiliations or who are not wholeheartedly opposed to the German, Italian and Russian ways of life.

American information services maintained in this country by foreign governments will be closed as a matter of course. This will not apply to offices financed by England or any other ally we may pick up. It is expected that the British Intelligence Service, which has been exceedingly active here for years, will co-operate with our Bureau of Public Information.

At the offices of the Defense Commission they'll tell you that as far as they know there are few men in the United States who aren't convinced that they could do a better job of rearming the country and simultaneously aiding Britain. But as far as we've found out the country is populated exclusively by men and women who know precisely what to do about censoring the newspapers. Moreover, there's not one of them who isn't sure that, at the lift of a finger, he or she could run a newspaper and magazine far better than the beef-witted rabble who are doing it now.

But Washington is going to do its best to keep the office of the Public Information Service out of the rodeo class. At the moment there are those who would set up a censorship that would make Mr. Stalin's seem democratic and Mr. Hitler's a liberty-loving thing, the only aim of which was to furnish the masses with the ultimate syllable of truth. The job of making censorship in America airtight would be just a little more than democracy could bear. For example, there's Congress itself.

Since the creation of the Defense Commission, several members of Congress have introduced resolutions demanding that the whole truth of munitions production be made public, or at least given to Congress where such reports are regarded as a constitutional right.

Probably the resolution that has won the most publicity is the one introduced by Senator Harry Flood Byrd of Virginia. Senator Byrd's demand is for periodic reports in complete detail. The resolution was still languishing in committee when we inquired into it—and had an excellent chance of staying there. Ordinarily the various departments of government and special agencies, too, are scarcely bold enough to deny information to Congress however loath they may be to reveal their secrets. In ordinary circumstances they give in because Congress, to whom they must go for money, is likely to get economical with those who oppose its demands.

But these are not ordinary days and Congress is in no position to deny appropriations for defense building. And the Defense Commission, having appealed to the President to sustain its reluctance, is much less than willing to tell Congress all. The Commission's position is that there are a number of things, statistical and otherwise, that the enemies of democracy would enjoy knowing. To reveal all of its secrets to Congress would be tantamount to giving the story to the public, too many reporters having friends in Congress eager to tell them everything they know.

The total censorship set in Washington is in complete accord with the Commission. They would go so far, in an emergency, as to make congressmen, too, submit off-the-floor statements to and through the censor. They refer you, also, to the legal advisers of Congress. And there you discover that while there is no law compelling agencies of the government to comply with congressional demands for information, neither are there statutes protecting the departments who don't want to tell.

The Mysterious Mr. Mellett

There are precedents, however. Several of them are in the form of riders to resolutions demanding facts, the riders stipulating that the President may specify that publication of the information (from the State Department in particular) would not be in the best interests of the public.

But there you have the censorship outlook as it exists before it starts. It is rather generally conceded that when it comes the censor will be Mr. Mellett who is probably as deeply embedded in the President's confidence just now as any man in Washington. Mr. Mellett is middle-aged, gray, scholarly, shy, spare, of medium height and, in the estimation of a number of competent judges, handsome. He is one of the President's idolators. On Capitol Hill he is regarded by the opposition as the most mysterious of all of Mr. Roosevelt's mystery men, past and present. By these men he is feared as well as disliked.

In politics and journalism he has been a fearless and uncompromising liberal. He absorbed his first lessons in independent thinking and political liberalism from his father, Jesse Mellett, who was editor of The Free Press in Elwood, Indiana, the birthplace of Mr. Lowell Mellett, and a town which came to the surface in the latter half of 1940. Jesse Mellett's Free Press was a Democratic newspaper but not blindly so, its editor being of the opinion that his conscience was a more reliable guide than the Democratic National Committee. In those days it didn't take much to make a sensation. Therefore, when Jesse Mellett refused in 1892 to support Grover Cleveland, because Mr. Cleveland didn't measure up to his ideals, he became a marked man, a renegade, a villainous apostate. If they had been calling them Reds in those days, Jesse Mellett would have been called a Red.

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Lowell Mellett's brother, Don, was murdered by gangsters in Canton, Ohio, in 1926. He was editor of the Canton News. In spite of repeated threats and warnings, he persisted in exposing the tie-up between mobsters and the city government, in particular the police force. He was fatally successful. Don Mellett defied the official and non-official hoodlums to their faces and in his news and editorial columns. One evening as he got out of his car in front of his home, gunmen killed him from ambush.

Lowell Mellett was managing editor of Collier's for one year. He served in various editorial capacities on several Scripps-Howard newspapers, the latest being the Washington (D. C.) News. Twice he resigned the editorship of that paper, the second time because he could not agree with the ownership's opposition to President Roosevelt's Supreme Court fight—the furor popularly known as the President's court-packing bill. Flattering inducements to return to his post were rejected by him.

Mr. Roosevelt appointed him head of the National Emergency Council—a misnamed agency which furnished New Deal information (and some propaganda) to the newspapers, radio, the movies and the magazines. Furthermore, it was a newspaper and magazine clipping bureau which was supposed to keep the New Deal informed of how it was doing with the public—for better or worse. As a propaganda agency it was furiously active. For example, it produced or distributed 2,847 government movies and therefore got itself denounced by Republican Congressmen—Representative Dirksen of Illinois for one—as "the biggest piece of fakery in the government establishment." Nevertheless even the bitter Mr. Dirksen described Mr. Mellett as "a man of ability, a man of capacity."

Mr. Mellett got $10,000 a year and his NEC received upward of a million dollars annually from Congress until it asked for a million and a half for 1940 and got itself hamstrung by a fed-up Senate. But Mr. Mellett had done a rather large job in his quiet way. He had set up machinery to co-ordinate relief and recovery agencies throughout the country although the machine never quite got going. He organized state lobbies to promote New Deal legislation in legislatures and guide the same to adoption. He did a lot of wire pulling in congressional committee rooms for the White House and was a painstaking researcher for members of Congress. That gives you an idea—but only an idea.

Not a minor part of his job was to whoop it up for new New Deal projects and enterprises—the Wage and Hour Act, the Home Owners Loan and the like. His "confidential reports" to Mr. Roosevelt are still confidential in spite of many vigorous and frequently angry demands by congressmen that they be made public. As a propaganda-film producer, Mr. Mellett was unable to finish what would have been his masterpiece and which Mr. Roosevelt wanted more than any other. It was to be called Ecce Homo, to cost $165,000 and in Mr. Mellett's own words to be a "documentary film designed to dramatize certain aspects of the unemployed problem—man in the machine age." Congress refused to appropriate the money.

When the National Emergency Council withered for the want of appropriation, it reappeared, considerably abbreviated, as the Office of Government Reports with somewhat similar but less expensive duties to discharge. And to keep Mr. Mellett busy at his work on Capitol Hill, he was made Administrative Assistant to the President—one of those jobs for men with a passion for anonymity.

Thus Mr. Mellett—the very capable gentleman who will very likely be the American censor should the United States slip into this war. Some time ago Mr. Roosevelt assigned Mr. Mellett to work up a plan. He is still working on it. He says that drafting such a plan is simple enough.

"But the administrator," he adds, "is going to win no popularity contests."

"The men won't leave the women, and the women can't get their shoes on"

GARRETT PRICE

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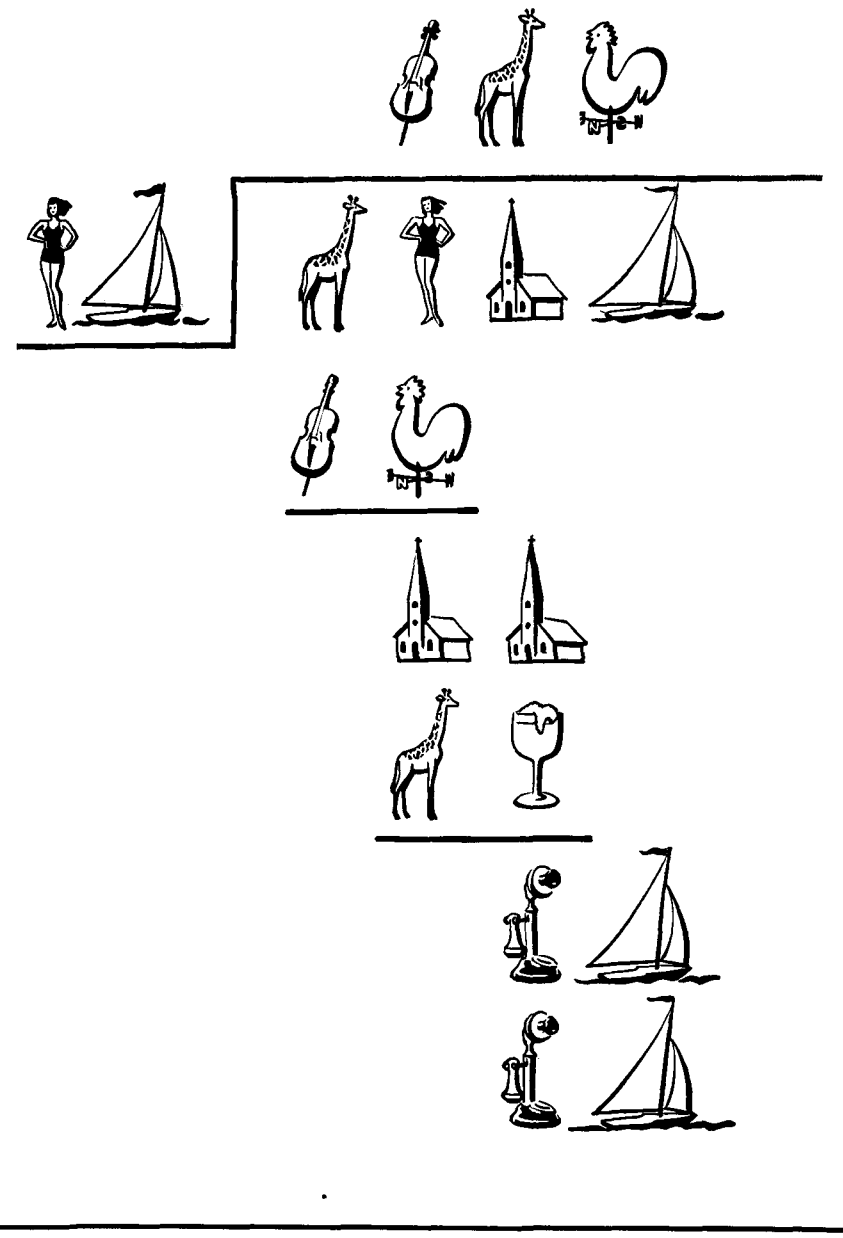

4152 divided by 12 is a very simple problem in arithmetic.

It looks a bit confusing, of course, if you use a bathing beauty as a symbol for one, a sailboat for two, a fiddle for three, and so on—though there's no reason except convenience and convention why you shouldn't. (They're much more interesting than the symbols "1," "2," "3," etc.)

We're not advocating the reform, of course . . . merely making the point that figures, as employed by Business and Industry, *are* symbols, abstract and meaningless except in terms of dollars, or customers, or carloads, or what have you.

And, in this modern blitzworld, the validity of yesterday's figures is almost as questionable as the validity of yesterday's headlines. Management needs *accurate, up-to-the-minute, intelligently interpreted* figures if its decisions are to be sound and profitable.

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Collier's WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor • CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor • THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director

Churchill was Right

THE more we ponder Italy's misfortune in this war, the wiser seems Winston Churchill's advice to Italy to get out of it—even if that entails booting Benito Mussolini out to some new St. Helena for life.

We feel this way in spite of the loud howls of loyalty going up from the wheel horses of the Fascist party, and the echoes of same emitted in this country by Italians who don't chew Fascist propaganda long enough before swallowing it.

It has been an open secret since Italy entered the war that the Italian masses' hearts weren't in it. It has been an even opener secret that the Germans despise their Italian ally, and hope after a German victory in the main war to cut Italy down rapidly to vassal status.

Benito Mussolini hasn't done anything at this writing to sell his people on the war or to sell the Germans on Italy's power and prestige.

He attempted a blitzkrieg in Greece; and by the time that fight was a month old was making big victory speeches to the Italians with his mouth but wigwagging behind his back to Adolf to do something for heaven's sake to stop those Greeks. The last we heard, Adolf wasn't falling all over himself to oblige.

As if this wasn't grief enough for one Invincible in one winter, the British fleet's air arm knifed into Taranto one night and cut down three of Benito's six battleships. The British navy followed this one up by sending light units into Mussolini's own personal Adriatic to toss 100 1-ton shells into Valona, his main Albanian base.

At the same time, Mussolini's greatest tragedy of the war to date was warming into its first act in Egypt. Marshal Rodolfo Graziani had taken Sidi Barrani from the British long since, and had made it into a strong advance base for a drive on Cairo, Alexandria and the Suez Canal. The British in Egypt had been looking pretty sick all fall.

Came a day in December, though, and the British sickness turned out to have been faked. Gen. Sir Archibald Wavell, commanding the British and Imperial Army of the Nile, cut loose on Nibeiwa and Sidi Barrani with a full-dress blitzkrieg, in the latest approved German style and then some. And whereas Benito's blitz had backfired on him in Greece, Wavell's blitz all but blew the shirt off Graziani's back in North Africa.

Sidi Barrani was down in almost no time, and so was Buqbuq, or Bagbag. Solum and Sidi Omar cracked five days later, with Fort Capuzzo going capoot and the British storming across the Libyan border to take their first piece of enemy territory captured in this war.

A 20-day, long-range, man-saving siege of the big port and base of Bardia followed, with Wavell's artillery and dive bombers hammering the town from the land side and British warships showing up periodically to throw everything but their gun turrets into it from the sea.

And proceedings paused with the swarming of the Anzacs into Bardia, singing "We're Going to See the Wizard, the Wonderful Wizard of Oz." They didn't find the wizard. The commanding general, who went by the wondrous name and nickname of Gen. Annibale (Electric Whiskers) Bergonzoli, had done a truly wizard-like vanishing act. Bardia was down, though. The British reckoned the total package taken from Graziani as 94,000 men killed, wounded or captured, plus mountains of loot. Then they struck for Tobruk, 70 miles west.

Well, as we started out to say, can the Italian people afford to stand much more of Mussolini and what he is doing to them? He was inspiring and picturesque before the shooting began; but we'd hate to live in a country headed by such a liability as he has become since then. He and the generals and politicians he has placed in power, we mean, of course.

It does seem that Churchill, though warring against Italy with every weapon he can spare from his war against Germany, gave the Italians the best and friendliest advice possible when he counseled them to give Benito the boot and tell Adolf to finish his own war.

Stand by the President

Let us say to the democracies: "We Americans are vitally concerned in your defense of freedom. We are putting forth our energies, our resources and our organizing powers to give you the strength to regain and maintain a free world. We shall send you, in ever-increasing numbers, ships, planes, tanks, guns . . ."

In fulfillment of this purpose we will not be intimidated by the threats of dictators . . .

The nation's hands must not be tied. We must prepare to make the sacrifices that the emergency —as serious as war itself—demands. Whatever stands in the way . . . must give way to the national need. —*President Franklin D. Roosevelt.*

In the words above quoted, we believe President Roosevelt spoke the majority American mind with regard to this war.

For better or for worse, most Americans have decided that this nation cannot and will not stand idly by while the dictators knock out the remaining free nations of the world.

One reason for this decision is that this nation cannot be happy, and may not be able to remain free, in a world of slave nations.

Another and probably more potent reason is the inborn American sympathy for anybody who will stand up and fight for freedom.

The illimitable courage of the British—the fatalistic doggedness of the Chinese—the heroism of the Greeks—the grim and dauntless sabotage known to be going forward day after day in conquered Holland, Belgium, France, Czechia, Norway and Denmark—all these things have fired anew the ancient American determination to help the underdog.

That is the way this people is made, for better or for worse. Dictators who do not understand this cardinal American trait do not understand us at all. It may be a foolish trait. Certainly in this war democracy faces fearful odds. But so we are made; and according to these lights the majority of us are resolved to act, come what may.

The word for Americans, we believe, is: Stand by the President.

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